

emotions not very favourable to the lady whose conduct occasioned it.

In one of his memorandum-books I find, "Sunday, went to church at Streatham. *Templo valedixi cum osculo.*"

He met Mr. Philip Metcalfe often at Sir Joshua Reynolds's and other places, and was a good deal with him at Brighthelmstone this autumn, being pleased at once with his excellent table and animated conversation. Mr. Metcalfe showed him great respect, and sent him a note that he might have the use of his carriage whenever he pleased. Johnson (3d October, 1782), returned this polite answer:—"Mr. Johnson is very much obliged by the kind offer of the carriage, but he has no desire of using Mr. Metcalfe's carriage, except when he can have the pleasure of Mr. Metcalfe's company." Mr. Metcalfe could not but be highly pleased that his company was thus valued by Johnson, and he frequently attended him in airings. They also went together to Chichester, and they visited Petworth and Cowdry, the venerable seat of the Lords Montacute^s. "Sir (said Johnson), I should like to stay here four and twenty hours. We see here how our ancestors lived."

That his curiosity was still unabated appears from two letters to Mr. John Nichols, of the 10th and 20th of October this year. In one he says, "I have looked into your 'Anecdotes,' and you will hardly thank a lover of literary history for telling you that he has been much informed and gratified. I wish you would add your own discoveries and intelligence to those of Dr. Rawlinson, and undertake the Supplement to Wood. Think of it." In the other, "I wish, sir, you

^s [This venerable mansion has since been totally destroyed by fire. M.]

could obtain some fuller information of Jortin, Markland, and Thirlby. They were three contemporaries of great eminence."

" TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

" DEAR SIR,

" I HEARD yesterday of your late disorder, and should think ill of myself if I had heard of it without alarm. I heard likewise of your recovery, which I sincerely wish to be complete and permanent. Your country has been in danger of losing one of its brightest ornaments, and I of losing one of my oldest and kindest friends; but I hope you will still live long, for the honour of the nation: and that more enjoyment of your elegance, your intelligence, and your benevolence is still reserved for,

" DEAR SIR,

" Your most affectionate, &c.

" SAM. JOHNSON."

" Brighthelmstone, Nov. 14, 1782."

The Reverend Mr. Wilson having dedicated to him his "Archæological Dictionary," that mark of respect was thus acknowledged:

" TO THE REVEREND MR. WILSON, CLITHEROE,
LANCASHIRE.

" REVEREND SIR,

" THAT I have long omitted to return you thanks for the honour conferred upon me by your Dedication, I entreat you with great earnestness not to consider as more faulty than it is. A very importunate and oppressive disorder has for some time debarred me from the pleasures, and ob-

THE
LIFE
OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

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COMPREHENDING
AN ACCOUNT OF HIS
STUDIES AND NUMEROUS WORKS,
IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER;

A SERIES OF HIS
EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE AND CONVERSATIONS
WITH MANY EMINENT PERSONS;

AND VARIOUS
ORIGINAL PIECES OF HIS COMPOSITION,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED;

THE WHOLE EXHIBITING
A View of Literature and Literary Men in Great Britain
FOR NEAR HALF A CENTURY DURING WHICH HE FLOURISHED.

BY JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND BIOGRAPHICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY MALONE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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1823.

THE
LIFE
OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

THIS year the Reverend Dr. Franklin having published a translation of "Lucian," inscribed to him the *Demonax* thus:

"TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the *Demonax* of the present age, this piece is inscribed by a sincere admirer of his respectable talents,
"THE TRANSLATOR."

Though upon a particular comparison of *Demonax* and Johnson, there does not seem to be a great deal of similarity between them, this Dedication is a just compliment from the general character given by Lucian of the ancient Sage, "αριστον ὧν οἶδα ἐγὼ φιλοσοφῶν γενομενον, the best philosopher whom I have ever seen or known."

In 1781, Johnson at last completed his "Lives of the Poets," of which he gives this account: "Some time in March I finished the 'Lives of the Poets,' which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste¹." In a memorandum previous to this, he says of them: "Written, I

¹ Prayers and Meditations; p. 190.

hope, in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety?"

This is the work which, of all Dr. Johnson's writings, will perhaps be read most generally, and with most pleasure. Philology and biography were his favourite pursuits, and those who lived most in intimacy with him, heard him upon all occasions, when there was a proper opportunity, take delight in expatiating upon the various merits of the English Poets: upon the niceties of their characters, and the events of their progress through the world which they contributed to illuminate. His mind was so full of that kind of information, and it was so well arranged in his memory, that in performing what he had undertaken in this way he had little more to do than to put his thoughts upon paper; exhibiting first each Poet's life, and then subjoining a critical examination of his genius and works. But when he began to write, the subject swelled in such a manner that, instead of prefaces to each poet, of no more than a few pages, as he had originally intended, he produced an ample, rich, and most entertaining view of them in every respect. In this he resembled Quintilian, who tells us, that in the composition of his Institutions of Oratory, "*Latine re tamen operante materia, plus quam imperitetur operis sponte suscipi.*" The booksellers, justly sensible of the great additional value of the copyright, presented him with another

hundred pounds over and above two hundred, for which his agreement was to furnish such prefaces as he thought fit.

This was, however, but a small recompense for such a collection of biography, and such principles and illustrations of criticism as, if digested and arranged in one system by some modern Aristotle or Longinus, might form a code upon that subject, such as no other nation can show. As he was so good as to make me a present of the greatest part of the original and indeed only manuscript of this admirable work, I have an opportunity of observing with wonder the correctness with which he rapidly struck off such glowing composition. He may be assimilated to the Lady in Waller, who could impress with "Love at first sight:"

"Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy."

That he, however, had a good deal of trouble and some anxiety in carrying on the work, we see from a series of letters to Mr. Nichols the printer⁴, whose variety of literary inquiry and obliging disposition rendered him useful to Johnson. Mr. Steevens appears, from the papers in my possession, to have supplied him with some

⁴ Thus:—"In the Life of Waller, Mr. Nichols will find a reference to the Parliamentary History, from which a long quotation is to be inserted. If Mr. Nichols cannot easily find the book, Mr. Johnson will send it from Streatham."

"Clarendon is here returned."

"By some accident I laid *your* note upon Duke up so safely that I cannot find it. Your informations have been of great use to me. I must beg it again it; with another list of our authors, for I have laid that with the other. I have sent Stepney's Epitaph. Let me have the revises as soon as can be. Dec. 1778."

"I have sent Philips, with his Epitaphs, to be inserted. The fragment of a preface is hardly worth the impression, but that we may

anecdotes and quotations; and I observe the fair hand of Mrs. Thrale as one of his copyists of select passages. But he was principally indebted to my steady friend Mr. Isaac Reed, of Staple Inn, whose extensive and accurate knowledge of English literary History I do not express with exaggeration when I say it is wonderful; indeed his labours have proved it to the world; and all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance can bear testimony to the frankness of his communications in private society.

It is not my intention to dwell upon each of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," or attempt an analysis of their merits, which, were I able to do it, would take up too much room in this work; yet I shall make a few observations upon some of them, and insert a few various readings.

The Life of COWLEY he himself considered as the best of the whole, on account of the dissertation which it contains on the *Metaphysical Poets*. Dryden, whose critical abilities were equal to his

seem to do something. It may be added to the Life of Philips. The Latin page is to be added to the Life of Smith. I shall be at home to revise the two sheets of Milton. March 1, 1779."

"Please to get me the last edition of Hughes's Letters; and try to get Dennis upon Blackmore, and upon Cato, and any thing of the same writer against Pope. Our materials are defective."

"As Waller professed to have imitated Fairfax, do you think a few pages of Fairfax would enrich our edition? Few readers have seen it, and it may please them. But it is not necessary."

"An Account of the Lives and Works of some of the most eminent English Poets. By, &c.—'The English Poets, biographically and critically considered, by SAM. JOHNSON.'—Let Mr. Nichols take his choice, or make another to his mind. May, 1781."

"You somehow forgot the advertisement for the new edition. It was not enclosed. Of Gay's Letters I see not that any use can be made, for they give no information of any thing. That he was a member of a Philosophical Society is something; but surely he could be but a corresponding member. However, not having his life here, I know not how to put it in, and it is of little importance."

See several more in "The Gentleman's Magazine," 1785. The Editor of that Miscellany, in which Johnson wrote for several years, seems justly to think that every fragment of so great a man is worthy of being preserved.

poetical, had mentioned them in his excellent Dedication of his *Juvenal*, but had barely mentioned them. Johnson has exhibited them at large, with such happy illustration from their writings, and in so luminous a manner, that indeed he may be allowed the full merit of novelty, and to have discovered to us, as it were, a new planet in the poetical hemisphere.

It is remarked by Johnson, in considering the works of a poet⁵, that "amendments are seldom made without some token of a rent;" but I do not find that this is applicable to prose⁶. We shall see that, though his amendments in this work are for the better, there is nothing of the *pannus assutus*; the texture is uniform: and, indeed, what had been there at first is very seldom unfit to have remained.

Various Readings⁷ of the Life of COWLEY.

"All [future votaries of] *that may hereafter pant for solitude.*

"To conceive and execute the [agitation or perception] *pains and the pleasures* of other minds.

"The wide effulgence of [the blazing] *a summer noon.*"

In the Life of WALLER, Johnson gives a distinct and animated narrative of publick affairs in that variegated period, with strong yet nice touches of character; and having a fair opportunity to display his political principles, does it with an unqualified manly confidence, and satis-

⁵ Life of Sheffield.

⁶ [See, however, vol. iii. p. 456, where the same remark is made, and Johnson is there speaking of *prose*. In his Life of Dryden, his observations in the Opera of "King Arthur" furnish a striking instance of the truth of this remark. M.]

⁷ The original reading is enclosed in crotchets, and the present one is printed in Italicks.

fies his readers how nobly he might have executed a *Tory History* of his country.

So easy is his style in these *Lives*, that I do not recollect more than three uncommon or learned words; one, when giving an account of the approach of Waller's mortal disease, he says, "he found his legs grow *tumid*;" by using the expression his legs *swelled*, he would have avoided this; and there would have been no impropriety in its being followed by the interesting question to his physician, "What that *swelling* meant?" Another, when he mentions that Pope had *emitted* proposals; when *published* or *issued* would have been more readily understood; and a third, when he calls Orrery and Dr. Delany writers both undoubtedly *veracious*; when *true*, *honest*, or *faithful*, might have been used. Yet, it must be owned, that none of these are *hard* or *too big* words: that custom would make them seem as easy as any others; and that a language is richer and capable of more beauty of expression by having a greater variety of synonymes.

His dissertation upon the unfitness of poetry for the awful subjects of our holy religion, though I do not entirely agree with him, has all the merit of originality, with uncommon force and reasoning.

Various Readings in the Life of WALLER.

"Consented to [the insertion of their names] *their own nomination*.

"[After] *paying* a fine of ten thousand pounds.

"Congratulating Charles the Second on his [coronation] *recovered right*.

"He that has flattery ready for all whom the vicissitudes of the world happen to exalt must be [confessed to degrade his powers] *scorned as a prostituted mind*.

“The characters by which Waller intended to distinguish his writings are [elegance] *sprightliness* and dignity.

“Blossoms to be valued only as they [fetch] *foretell* fruits.

“Images such as the superficies of nature [easily] *readily* supplies.

“[His] *Some* applications [are sometimes] *may* be thought too remote and un consequential.

“His images are [sometimes confused] *not always distinct*.”

Against his Life of MILTON the bounds of Whiggism have opened in full cry. But of Milton's great excellence as a poet, where shall we find such a blazon as by the hand of Johnson? I shall select only the following passage concerning “*Paradise Lost* :”

“Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked his reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting, without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation.”

Indeed even Dr. Towers, who may be considered as one of the warmest zealots of *The Revolution Society* itself, allows that “Johnson has spoken in the highest terms of the abilities of that great poet, and has bestowed on his principal poetical compositions the most honourable encomiums^s.”

^s See “An Essay on the Life, Character, and Writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson,” London, 1787; which is very well written, making a proper allowance for the democratical bigotry of its authour: whom I

That a man, who venerated the Church and Monarchy as Johnson did, should speak with a just abhorrence of Milton as a politician, or rather as a daring foe to good polity, was surely to be expected; and to those who censure him, I would recommend his commentary on Milton's celebrated complaint of his situation, when by the lenity of Charles the Second, "a lenity of which (as Johnson well observes) the world has had perhaps no other example, he, who had written in justification of the murder of his Sovereign, was safe under an *Act of Oblivion*." "No sooner is he safe than he finds himself in danger; *fallen on evil days and evil tongues, with darkness and with dangers compassed round*. This darkness; had his eyes been better employed, had undoubtedly deserved compassion; but to add the mention of danger was ungrateful and unjust. He was fallen, indeed, on *evil days*; the time was come in which regicides could no longer boast their wickedness. But of *evil tongues* for Milton to complain required impudence at least equal to his other powers; Milton, whose warmest advocates must allow that he never spared any asperity of reproach or brutality of insolence."

I have, indeed, often wondered how Milton,

cannot however but admire for his liberality in speaking thus of my illustrious friend:

"He possessed extraordinary powers of understanding, which were much cultivated by study, and still more by meditation and reflection. His memory was remarkably retentive, his imagination uncommonly vigorous, and his judgment keen and penetrating. He had a strong sense of the importance of religion; his piety was sincere, and sometimes ardent; and his zeal for the interests of virtue was often manifested in his conversation and in his writings. The same energy which was displayed in his literary productions was exhibited also in his conversation, which was various, striking, and instructive; and perhaps no man ever equalled him for nervous and pointed repartees.

"His Dictionary, his moral Essays, and his productions in polite literature will convey useful instruction and elegant entertainment, as long as the language in which they are written shall be understood."

“an acrimonious and surly Republican⁹,”—“a man who in his domestick relations was so severe and arbitrary¹,” and whose head was filled with the hardest and most dismal tenets of Calvinism, should have been such a poet; should not only have written with sublimity, but with beauty, and even gaiety; should have exquisitely painted the sweetest sensations of which our nature is capable; imaged the delicate raptures of connubial love; nay, seemed to be animated with all the spirit of revelry. . It is a proof that in the human mind the departments of judgment and imagination, perception and temper, may sometimes be divided by strong partitions; and that the light and shade in the same character may be kept so distinct as never to be blended².

In the Life of Milton, Johnson took occasion to maintain his own and the general opinion of the excellence of rhyme over blank verse, in English poetry; and quotes this apposite illustration of it by “an ingenious critick,” that *it seems to be verse only to the eye*³. The gentleman whom he thus characterizes is (as he told Mr. Seward) Mr. Lock, of Norbury Park, in Surrey, whose knowledge and taste in the fine arts is universally celebrated; with whose elegance of manners the writer of the present work has felt himself much impressed, and to whose virtues a common friend, who has known him long, and is not much addicted to flattery, gives the highest testimony.

⁹ Johnson's Life of Milton.

¹ Ibid.

² Mr. Malone thinks it is rather a proof that he felt nothing of those cheerful sensations which he has described: that on these topics it is the poet, and not the man, that writes.

³ One of the most natural instances of the effect of blank verse occurred to the late Earl of Hopeton. His Lordship observed one of his shepherds poring in the fields upon Milton's “Paradise Lost;” and having asked him what book it was, the man answered, “An't please your Lordship, this is a very odd sort of an authour: he would fain rhyme, but cannot get at it.”

Various Readings in the Life of MILTON.

“I cannot find any meaning but this which [his most bigoted advocates] *even kindness and reverence* can give.

“[Perhaps no] *scarcely any* man ever wrote so much, and praised so few.

“A certain [rescue] *preservative* from oblivion.

“Let me not be censured for this digression, as [contracted] *pedantick* or paradoxical.

“Socrates rather was of opinion that what we had to learn was how to [obtain and communicate happiness] *do good and avoid evil*.

“Its elegance [who can exhibit?] *is less attainable*.”

I could, with pleasure, expatiate upon the masterly execution of the Life of DRYDEN, which we have seen⁴ was one of Johnson's literary projects at an early period, and which it is remarkable that, after desisting from it from a supposed scantiness of materials, he should, at an advanced age, have exhibited so amply.

His defence of that great poet against the illiberal attacks upon him, as if his embracing the Roman Catholick communion had been a time-serving measure, is a piece of reasoning at once able and candid. Indeed, Dryden himself, in his “Hind and Panther,” hath given such a picture of his mind that they who know the anxiety for repose as to the awful subject of our state beyond the grave, though they may think his opinion ill founded, must think charitably of his sentiment:

“But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.

⁴ See Vol. III. page 70.

O! teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
 And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
 But Her alone for my director take,
 Whom thou hast promised never to forsake:
 My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;
 My manhood long misled by wandering fires,
 Follow'd false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
 My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
 Such was I, such by nature still I am;
 Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame.
 Good life be now my task: my doubts are done;
 What more could shock my faith than Three in One?"

In drawing Dryden's character, Johnson has given, though I suppose unintentionally, some touches of his own. Thus: "The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. Upon all occasions that were presented, he studied rather than felt; and produced sentiments not such as Nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the simple and elemental passions as they spring separate in the mind, he seems not much acquainted. He is, therefore, with all his variety of excellence, not often *pathetick*⁵; and had so little sensibility of the power of effusions purely natural that he did not esteem them in others."—It may indeed be observed that in all the numerous writings of Johnson, whether in prose or verse, and even in his Tragedy, of which the subject is the distress of an unfortunate Princess, there is not a single passage that ever drew a tear.

Various Readings in the Life of DRYDEN.

"The reason of this general perusal, Addison has attempted to [find in] *derive from* the delight which the mind feels in the investigation of secrets.

⁵ [It seems to me, that there are many *pathetick* passages in Johnson's works, both prose and verse. K.]

“His best actions are but [convenient] *inability* of wickedness.

“When once he had engaged himself in disputation, [matter] *thoughts* flowed in on either side.

“The abyss of an unideal [emptiness] *vacancy*.

“These, like [many other harlots,] *the harlots of other men*, had his love though not his approbation.

“He [sometimes displays] *descends to display* his knowledge with pedantick ostentation.

“French words which [were then used in] *had then crept into conversation*.”

The Life of Pope was written by Johnson *con amore*, both from the early possession which that writer had taken of his mind, and from the pleasure which he must have felt in for ever silencing all attempts to lessen his poetical fame, by demonstrating his excellence, and pronouncing the following triumphant eulogium :—“After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, Whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, if Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only show the narrowness of the definer; though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us inquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed.”

I remember once to have heard Johnson say, “Sir, a thousand years may elapse before there shall appear another man with a power of versification equal to that of Pope.” That power must

undoubtedly be allowed its due share in enhancing the value of his captivating composition.

Johnson who had done liberal justice to Warburton in his edition of Shakspeare, which was published during the life of that powerful writer, with still greater liberality took an opportunity, in the life of Pope, of paying the tribute due to him when he was no longer in "high place," but numbered with the dead⁶.

It seems strange that two such men as Johnson and Warburton, who lived in the same age and country, should not only not have been in any degree of intimacy, but been almost personally unacquainted. But such instances, though we must wonder at them, are not rare. If I am rightly informed, after a careful inquiry, they never met but once, which was at the house of Mrs. French, in London, well known for her elegant assemblies, and bringing eminent characters

⁶ Of Johnson's conduct towards Warburton a very honourable notice is taken by the Editor of "Tracts by Warburton, and a Warburtonian, not admitted into the Collection of their respective Works." After an able and "soud, though not undistinguishing" consideration of Warburton's character, he says, "In two immortal works, Johnson has stood forth in the foremost rank of his admirers. By the testimony of such a man, impertinence must be abashed, and malignity itself must be softened. Of literary merit, Johnson, as we all know, was a sagacious but a most severe judge. Such was his discernment that he pioresed into the most secret springs of human actions: and such was his integrity, that he always weighed the moral characters of his fellow-creatures in the 'balance of the sanctuary.' He was too courageous to propitiate a rival, and too proud to truckle to a superiour. Warburton he knew, as I know him, and as every man of sense and virtue would wish to be known,—I mean, both from his own writings, and from the writings of those who dissented from his principles, or who envied his reputation. But, as to favours, he had never received or asked any from the Bishop of Gloucester: and, if my memory fails me not, he had seen him only once, when they met almost without design, conversed without much effort, and parted without any lasting impression of hatred or affection. Yet, with all the ardour of sympathetick genius, Johnson had done that spontaneously and ably, which, by some writers, had been before attempted injudiciously, and which, by others, from whom more successful attempts might have been expected, has not *hitherto* been

together. The interview proved to be mutually agreeable.

I am well informed that Warburton said of Johnson; "I admire him, but I cannot bear his style:" and that Johnson being told of this, said, "That is exactly my case as to him." The manner in which he expressed his admiration of the fertility of Warburton's genius and of the variety of his materials, was, "The table is always full, sir. He brings things from the north, and the south, and from every quarter. In his 'Divine Legation,' you are always entertained. He carries you round and round, without carrying you forward to the point; but then you have no wish to be carried forward." He said to the Reverend Mr. Strahan, "Warburton is perhaps the last man who has written with a mind full of reading and reflection."

It is remarkable that, in the Life of Broome,

done at all. He spoke well of Warburton, without insulting those whom Warburton despised. He suppressed not the imperfections of this extraordinary man, while he endeavoured to do justice to his numerous and transcendental excellences. He defended him when living, amidst the clamours of his enemies; and praised him when dead, amidst the *silence of his friends*."

Having availed myself of this editor's eulogy on my departed friend, for which I warmly thank him, let me not suffer the lustre of his reputation, honestly acquired by profound learning and vigorous eloquence, to be tarnished by a charge of illiberality. He has been accused of invidiously dragging again into light certain writings of a person respectable by his talents, his learning, his station, and his age, which were published a great many years ago, and have since, it is said, been silently given up by their author. But when it is considered that these writings were not *sins of youth*, but deliberate works of one well advanced in life, overflowing at once with flattery to a great man of great interest in the Church, and with unjust and acrimonious abuse of two men of eminent merit; and that, though it would have been unreasonable to expect a humiliating recantation, no apology whatever has been made in the cool of the evening for the oppressive fervour of the heat of the day; no slight relenting indication has appeared in any note, or any corner of later publications; is it not fair to understand him as superciliously persevering? When he allows the shafts to remain in the wounds, and will not stretch forth a lenient hand, is it wrong, is it not generous to become an indignant avenger?

Johnson takes notice of Dr. Warburton using a mode of expression which he himself used; and that not seldom, to the great offence of those who did not know him. Having occasion to mention a note, stating the different parts which were executed by the associated translators of "The Odyssey," he says, "Dr. Warburton told me, in his warm language, that he thought the relation given in the note *a lie*." The language is *warm* indeed; and, I must own, cannot be justified in consistency with a decent regard to the established forms of speech. Johnson had accustomed himself to use the word *lie*, to express a mistake or an error in relation; in short, when the *thing was not so as told*, though the relator did not *mean* to deceive. When he thought there was intentional falsehood in the relator, his expression was, "He *lies*, and he *knows* he *lies*."

Speaking of Pope's not having been known to excel in conversation, Johnson observes that, "traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, or sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid; wise or merry: and that one apophthegm only is recorded." In this respect, Pope differed widely from Johnson, whose conversation was, perhaps, more admirable than even his writings, however excellent. Mr. Wilkes has, however, favoured me with one repartee of Pope, of which Johnson was not informed. Johnson, after justly censuring him for having "nursed in his mind a foolish disesteem of Kings," tells us, "yet a little regard shown him by the Prince of Wales melted his obduracy; and he had not much to say when he was asked by his Royal Highness, *how he could love a Prince, while he disliked Kings?*" The answer which Pope made, was, "The young lion is harmless, and even playful; but when his claws are full grown he becomes cruel, dreadful, and mischievous."

But although we have no collection of Pope's sayings, it is not therefore to be concluded that he was not agreeable in social intercourse; for Johnson has been heard to say, "that the happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered, but a general effect of pleasing impression." The late Lord Somerville⁷, who saw much both of great and brilliant life, told me that he had dined in company with Pope, and that after dinner the *little man*, as he called him, drank his bottle of Burgundy, and was exceedingly gay and entertaining.

I cannot withhold from my great friend a censure of at least culpable inattention to a nobleman, who, it has been shown, behaved to him with uncommon politeness. He says, "Except Lord Bathurst, none of Pope's noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity." This will not apply to Lord Mansfield, who was not ennobled in Pope's lifetime; but Johnson should have recollected that Lord Marchmont was one of those noble friends. He includes his Lordship along with Lord Bolingbroke, in a charge of neglect of the papers which Pope left by his will; when, in truth, as I myself pointed out to him, before he wrote that poet's life, the papers were "committed to *the sole care and judgment* of Lord Bolingbroke, unless he (Lord Bolingbroke) shall

⁷ [James Lord Somerville, who died in 1766. M.]

Let me here express my grateful remembrance of Lord Somerville's kindness to me, at a very early period. He was the first person of high rank that took particular notice of me in the way most flattering to a young man fondly ambitious of being distinguished for his literary talents; and by the honour of his encouragement made me think well of myself, and aspire to deserve it better. He had a happy art of communicating his varied knowledge of the world, in short remarks and anecdotes, with a quiet pleasant gravity, that was exceedingly engaging. Never shall I forget the hours which I enjoyed with him at his apartments in the Royal Palaco of Holy Rood House, and at his seat near Edinburgh, which he himself had formed with an elegant taste.

not survive me;" so that Lord Marchmont had no concern whatever with them. After the first edition of the Lives, Mr. Malone, whose love of justice is equal to his accuracy, made, in my hearing, the same remark to Johnson; yet he omitted to correct the erroneous statement^s. These particulars I mention, in the belief that there was only forgetfulness in my friend; but I owe this much to the Earl of Marchmont's reputation, who, were there no other memorials, will be immortalized by that line of Pope, in the verses on his Grotto:

"And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul."

Various Readings in the Life of POPE.

"[Somewhat free] *sufficiently bold* in his criticism.

"All the gay [niceties] *varieties* of diction."

"Strikes the imagination with far [more] *greater* force.

"It is [probably] *certainly* the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen.

"Every sheet enabled him to write the next with [less trouble] *more facility*.

"No man sympathizes with [vanity depressed] *the sorrows of vanity*.

"It had been [criminal] *less easily excused*.

"When he [threatened to lay down] *talked of laying down* his pen.

"Society [is so named emphatically in opposition to] *politically regulated is a state contradistinguished from a state of nature*.

^s [This neglect, however, assuredly did not arise from any ill will towards Lord Marchmont, but from inattention; just as he neglected to correct the statement concerning the family of Thomson, the poet, after it had been shown to be erroneous. M.]

“ A fictitious life of an [absurd] *infatuated* scholar.

“ A foolish [contempt, disregard] *disesteem* of Kings.

“ His hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows [were like those of other mortals] *acted strongly upon his mind*.

“ Eager to pursue knowledge and attentive to [accumulate] *retain it*.

“ A mind [excursive] *active*, ambitious, and adventurous.

“ In its [noblest] *widest* searches still longing to go forward.

“ He wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few [neglects] *hazards*.

“ The [reasonableness] *justice* of my determination.

“ A [favourite] *delicious* employment of the poets.

“ More terrifick and more powerful [beings] *phantoms* perform on the stormy ocean.

“ The inventor of [those] *this* petty [beings] *nation*.

“ The [mind] *heart* naturally loves truth.”

In the Life of ADDISON we find an unpleasing account of his having lent Steel a hundred pounds, and “reclaimed his loan by an execution.” In the new edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, the authenticity of this anecdote is denied. But Mr. Malone has obliged me with the following note concerning it:—

“Many persons having doubts concerning this fact, I applied to Dr. Johnson to learn on what authority he asserted it. He told me he had it from Savage, who lived in intimacy with Steel, and who mentioned that Steel told him the story with tears in his eyes.—Ben Victor, Dr. Johnson

said, likewise informed him of this remarkable transaction from the relation of Mr. Wilkes the comedian, who was also an intimate of Steele's⁹.

—Some, in defence of Addison, have said that 'the act was done with the good natured view of rousing Steele, and correcting that profusion which always made him necessitous.'—'If that were the case (said Johnson), and that he only wanted to alarm Steele, he would afterwards have *returned* the money to his friend, which it is not pretended he did.'—'This too (he added) might be retorted by an advocate for Steele, who might allege that he did not repay the loan *intentionally*, merely to see whether Addison would be mean and ungenerous enough to make use of legal process to recover it. But of such speculations there is no end: we cannot dive into the hearts of men; but their actions are open to observation.'

"I then mentioned to him that some people thought that Mr. Addison's character was so pure, that the fact, *though true*, ought to have been suppressed. He saw no reason for this. 'If nothing but the bright side of characters should be shown, we should sit down in despondency and think it utterly impossible to imitate them in *any thing*. The sacred writers (he observed) related the vicious as well as the virtuous actions of men; which had this moral effect, that it kept mankind from *despair*, into which otherwise they would naturally fall, were they not supported by the recollection that others had offended like themselves, and by penitence and amendment of life had been restored to the favour of Heaven.'

"March 15, 1782."

"E. M."

⁹ [The late Mr. Burke informed me, in 1792, that Lady Dorothea Primrose, who died at a great age, I think in 1768, and had been well acquainted with Steele, told him the same story. M.]

The last paragraph of this note is of great importance; and I request that my readers may consider it with particular attention. It will be afterwards referred to in this work.

Various Readings in the Life of ADDISON.

“ [But he was our first example] *He was, however, one of our earliest examples* of correctness.

“ And [overlook] *despise* their masters.

“ His instructions were such as the [state] *character* of his [own time] *readers* made [necessary] *proper*.

“ His purpose was to [diffuse] *infuse* literary curiosity by gentle and unsuspected conveyance [among] *into* the gay, the idle, and the wealthy.

“ Framed rather for those that [wish] *are learning* to write.

“ Domestick [manners] *scenes*.”

In his Life of PARNELL, I wonder that Johnson omitted to insert an Epitaph which he had long before composed for that amiable man, without ever writing it down, but which he was so good as, at my request, to dictate to me, by which means it has been preserved.

“ *Hic requiescit* THOMAS PARNELL, S. T. P.

“ *Qui sacerdos pariter et poeta,
Utrasque partes ita implevit,
Ut neque sacerdoti suavitas poetæ,
Nec poetæ sacerdotis sanctitas, deesset.*”

Various Readings in the Life of PARNELL.

“ About three years [after] *afterwards*.

“ [Did not much want] *was in no great need of* improvement.

“ But his prosperity *did not last long* [was clouded with that which took away all his

powers of enjoying either profit or pleasure, the death of his wife, whom he is said to have lamented with such sorrow as hastened his end¹.] His end, whatever was the cause, was now approaching.

“In the Hermit, the [composition] *narrative*, as it is less airy, is less pleasing.”

In the Life of BLACKMORE we find that writer's reputation generously cleared by Johnson from the cloud of prejudice which the malignity of contemporary wits had raised around it. In this spirited exertion of justice he has been imitated by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his praise of the architecture of Vanbrugh.

We trace Johnson's own character in his observations on Blackmore's “magnanimity as an authour.”—“The incessant attacks of his enemies, whether serious or merry, are never discovered to have disturbed his quiet, or to have lessened his confidence in himself.” Johnson, I recollect, once told me, laughing heartily, that he understood it had been said of him, “He *appears* not to feel; but when he is *alone*, depend upon it, he *suffers sadly*.” I am as certain as I can be of any man's real sentiments, that he *enjoyed* the perpetual shower of little hostile arrows as evidences of his fame.

Various Readings in the Life of BLACKMORE.

“To [set] *engage* poetry [on the side] *in the cause of virtue*.”

¹ I should have thought that Johnson, who had felt the severe affliction from which Parnell never recovered, would have preserved this passage.

[He omitted it, doubtless, because he afterwards learned that, however he might have lamented his wife, his end was hastened by other means. M.]

“ He likewise [established] *enforced* the truth of Revelation.

“ [Kindness] *benevolence* was ashamed to favour.

“ His practice, which was once [very extensive] *invidiously great*.

“ There is scarcely any distemper of dreadful name [of] which he has not [shown] *taught his reader* how [it is to be opposed] *to oppose*.

“ Of this [contemptuous] *indecent* arrogance.

“ [He wrote] *but produced* likewise a work of a different kind.

“ At least [written] *compiled* with integrity.

“ Faults which many tongues [were desirous] *would have made haste* to publish.

“ But though he [had not] *could not boast of* much critical knowledge.

“ He [used] *waited for* no felicities of fancy.

“ Or had ever elated his [mind] *views to* that ideal perfection which every [mind] *genius* born to excel is condemned always to pursue and never overtake.

“ The [first great] *fundamental* principle of wisdom and of virtue.”

Various Readings in the Life of PHILIPS.

“ His dreadful [rival] *antagonist* Pope.

“ They [have not often much] *are not loaded with* thought.

“ In his translation from Pindar, he [will not be denied to have reached] *found the art of reaching* all the obscurity of the Theban bard.”

Various Readings in the Life of CONGREVE.

“ Congreve’s conversation must surely have been *at least* equally pleasing with his writings.

“ It apparently [requires] *presupposes* a familiar knowledge of many characters.

“ Reciprocation of [similes] *conceits*.

“ The dialogue is quick and [various] *sparkling*.

“ Love for Love ; a comedy [more drawn from life] *of nearer alliance to life*.

“ The general character of his miscellanies is, that they show little wit and [no] *little* virtue.

“ [Perhaps] *certainly* he had not the fire requisite for the higher species of lyrick poetry.”

Various Readings in the Life of TICKELL.

“ [Longed] *long wished* to peruse it.

“ At the [accession] *arrival* of King George.

“ Fiction [unnaturally] *unskilfully* compounded of Grecian deities and Gothick fairies.”

Various Readings in the Life of AKENSIDE.

“ For [another] *a different* purpose.

“ [A furious] *an unnecessary* and outrageous zeal.

“ [Something which] *what* he called and thought liberty.

“ A [favourer of innovation] *lover of contradiction*.

“ Warburton's [censure] *objections*.

“ His rage [for liberty] *of patriotism*.

“ Mr. Dyson with [a zeal] *an ardour* of friendship.”

In the Life of LYTTLETON, Johnson seems to have been not favourably disposed towards that nobleman. Mrs. Thrale suggests that he was offended by *Molly Aston's* preference of his Lordship to him². I can by no means join in the

² Let not my readers smile to think of Johnson's being a candidate for female favour; Mr. Peter Garrick assured me that he was

censure bestowed by Johnson on his Lordship, whom he calls "poor Lyttelton," for returning thanks to the Critical Reviewers for having "kindly commended" his "*Dialogues of the Dead*." Such "acknowledgments (says my friend) never can be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice." In my opinion, the most upright man, who has been tried on a false accusation, may, when he is acquitted, make a bow to his jury. And when those, who are so much the arbiters of literary merit, as in a considerable degree to influence the publick opinion, review an authour's work, *placido lumine*, when I am

told by a lady that in her opinion Johnson was "a very *seducing man*." Disadvantages of person and manner may be forgotten, where intellectual pleasure is communicated to a susceptible mind; and that Johnson was capable of feeling the most delicate and disinterested attachment appears from the following letter, which is published by Mrs. Thrale, with some others to the same person, of which the excellence is not so apparent:

"TO MISS BOOTHBY.

"DEAREST MADAM,

January, 1775.

"THOUGH I am afraid your illness leaves you but little leisure for the reception of airy civilities, yet I cannot forbear to pay you my congratulations on the new year; and to declare my wishes that your years to come may be many and happy. In this wish, indeed, I include myself, who have none but you on whom my heart reposes; yet surely I wish your good, even though your situation were such as should permit you to communicate no gratifications to,

"DEAREST, DEAREST MADAM,

"Your, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

[There is still a slight mistake in the text. It was not Molly Aston, but Hill Boothby, for whose affections Johnson and Lord Lyttelton were rival candidates. See Mrs. Piozzi's "*Anecdotes*", p. 160. After mentioning the death of Mrs. Fitzherbert (who was a daughter of Mr. Meynell, of Bradley, in Derbyshire), and Johnson's high admiration of her, she adds, "the friend of this lady, Miss Boothby, succeeded her in the management of Mr. Fitzherbert's family, and in the esteem of Dr. Johnson; though, he told me, she pushed her piety to bigotry, her devotion to enthusiasm; that she somewhat disqualified herself for the duties of *this* life, by her perpetual aspirations after the *next*: such was, however, the purity of her mind, he said, and such the graces of her manner, that Lord Lyttelton and he used to strive for her preference with an emulation that

afraid mankind in general are better pleased with severity, he may surely express a grateful sense of their civility.

Various Readings in the Life of LYTTTELTON.

“He solaced [himself] *his* grief by writing a long poem to her memory.

“The production rather [of a mind that means well than thinks vigorously] *as it seems of leisure than of study, rather effusions than compositions.*

“His last literary [work] *production.*

“[Found the way] *undertook* to persuade.”

As the introduction to his critical examination

occasioned hourly disgust, and ended in lasting animosity. You may see (said he to me, when the Poets' Lives were printed) that dear Boothby is at my heart still.”

Miss Hill Boothby, who was the only daughter of Brook Boothby, Esq. and his wife, Elizabeth Fitzherbert, was somewhat older than Johnson. She was born October 27, 1708, and died January 16, 1756. Six Letters, addressed to her by Johnson in the year 1755, are printed in Mrs. Piozzi's Collection; and a Prayer composed by him on her death may be found in his “Prayers and Meditations.” His affection for her induced him to preserve and bind up in a volume thirty-three of her Letters, which were purchased from the widow of his servant, Francis Barber, and published by R. Phillips, in 1805.

But highly as he valued this lady, his attachment to Miss *Molly* Aston (afterwards Mrs. Brodie), appears to have been still more ardent. He burned (says Mrs. Piozzi) many letters in the last week [of his life], I am told, and those written by his mother drew from him a flood of tears, when the paper they were written on was all consumed. Mr. Sastres saw him cast a melancholy look upon their ashes, which he took up and examined, to see if a word was still legible.—Nobody has ever mentioned what became of Miss Aston's letters, though he once told me himself, they should be the last papers he would destroy, and added these lines with a very faltering voice:

“Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more.”

Additions to Mrs. Piozzi's Collection of
Dr. Johnson's Letters. M.]

of the genius and writings of YOUNG; he did Mr. Herbert Croft, then a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn, now a clergyman, the honour to adopt a Life of Young written by that gentleman, who was the friend of Dr. Young's son, and wished to vindicate him from some very erroneous remarks to his prejudice. Mr. Croft's performance was subjected to the revision of Dr. Johnson, as appears from the following note to Mr. John Nichols³:

"This Life of Dr. Young was written by a friend of his son. What is crossed with black is expunged by the authour, what is crossed with red is expunged by me. If you find any thing more that can be well omitted, I shall not be sorry to see it yet shorter."

It has always appeared to me to have a considerable share of merit, and to display a pretty successful imitation of Johnson's style. When I mentioned this to a very eminent literary character⁴, he opposed me vehemently, exclaiming, "No, no; it is *not* a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength." This was an image so happy that one might have thought he would have been satisfied with it; but he was not. And setting his mind again to work, he added, with exquisite felicity, "It has all the contortions of the Sibyl, without the inspiration."

Mr. Croft very properly guards us against supposing that Young was a gloomy man; and mentions, that "his parish was indebted to the good humour of the authour of the '*Night Thoughts*' for an Assembly and a Bowling Green." A letter from a noble foreigner is quoted, in which he

³ Gentleman's Magazine, vol. iv. p. 10.

⁴ [The late Mr. Burke. M.]

is said to have been "very pleasant in conversation."

Mr. Langton, who frequently visited him, informs me, that there was an air of benevolence in his manner, but that he could obtain from him less information than he had hoped to receive from one who had lived so much in intercourse with the brightest men of what has been called the Augustan age of England; and that he showed a degree of eager curiosity concerning the common occurrences that were then passing, which appeared somewhat remarkable in a man of such intellectual stores, of such an advanced age, and who had retired from life with declared disappointment in his expectations.

An instance at once of his pensive turn of mind, and his cheerfulness of temper, appeared in a little story which he himself told to Mr. Langton, when they were walking in his garden; "Here (said he) I had put a handsome sundial with this inscription; *Eheu fugaces!* which (speaking with a smile) was sadly verified, for by the next morning my dial had been carried off."

It gives me much pleasure to observe, that however Johnson may have casually talked, yet when he sits, as "an ardent judge zealous to his trust, giving sentence" upon the excellent works of Young, he allows them the high praise to which they are justly entitled. "The *Universal Passion* (says he) is indeed a very great performance, —his distichs have the weight of solid sentiment, and his points the sharpness of resistless truth."

⁵ The late Mr. James Ralph told Lord Macartney, that he passed an evening with Dr. Young at Lord Melcombe's (then Mr. Doddington) at Hammersmith. The Doctor happening to go out into the garden, Mr. Doddington observed to him, on his return, that it was a dreadful night, as in truth it was, there being a violent storm of rain and wind. "No, sir (replied the Doctor), it is a very fine night. The Lord is abroad."

But I was most anxious concerning Johnson's decision upon "Night Thoughts," which I esteem as a mass of the grandest and richest poetry that human genius has ever produced; and was delighted to find this character of that work: "In his 'Night Thoughts' he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflection and striking allusions: a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme, but with disadvantage." And afterwards, "Particular lines are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity."

But there is in this Poem not only all that Johnson so well brings in view, but a power of the *Pathetick* beyond almost any example that I have seen. He who does not feel his nerves shaken, and his heart pierced by many passages in this extraordinary work, particularly by that most affecting one which describes the gradual torment suffered by the contemplation of an object of affectionate attachment visibly and certainly decaying into dissolution, must be of a hard and obstinate frame.

To all the other excellences of "Night Thoughts" let me add the great and peculiar one, that they contain not only the noblest sentiments of virtue, and contemplations on immortality, but the *Christian Sacrifice*, the *Divine Propitiation*, with all its interesting circumstances, and consolations to "a wounded spirit," solemnly and poetically displayed in such imagery and language as cannot fail to exalt, animate, and sooth the truly pious. No book whatever can be recommended

to young persons, with better hopes of seasoning their minds with *vital religion* than “Young’s Night Thoughts.”

In the Life of Swift it appears to me that Johnson had a certain degree of prejudice against that extraordinary man, of which I have elsewhere had occasion to speak. Mr. Thomas Sheridan imputed it to a supposed apprehension in Johnson, that Swift had not been sufficiently active in obtaining for him an Irish degree when it was solicited⁶, but of this there was not sufficient evidence; and let me not presume to charge Johnson with injustice, because he did not think so highly of the writings of this authour as I have done from my youth upwards. Yet that he had an unfavourable bias is evident, were it only from that passage in which he speaks of Swift’s practice of saving, as, “first ridiculous and at last detestable;” and yet after some examination of circumstances, finds himself obliged to own, that “it will perhaps appear that he only liked one mode of expense better than another, and saved merely that he might have something to give.”

One observation which Johnson makes in Swift’s life should be often inculcated: “It may be justly supposed, that there was in his conversation what appears so frequently in his letters, an affectation of familiarity with the great, an ambition of momentary equality, sought and enjoyed by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another. This transgression of regularity was by himself and his admirers termed greatness of soul; but a great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away.

⁶ See Vol. i. p. 95.

He that encroaches on another's dignity puts himself in his power; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension."

Various Readings in the Life of SWIFT.

"Charity may be persuaded to think that it might be written by a man of *a peculiar* [opinions] *character*, without ill intention.

"He did not [disown] *deny* it.

"[To] *by* whose kindness it is not unlikely that he was [indebted for] *advanced* to his benefices.

"[With] *for* this purpose he had recourse to Mr. Harley.

"Sharpe whom he [represents] *describes* as 'the harmless tool of others' hate.'

"Harley was slow because he was [irresolute] *doubtful*.

"When [readers were not many] *we were not yet a nation of readers*.

"[Every man who] *he that could say he knew him*.

"Every man of known influence has so many [more] petitions [than] *which* he [can] *cannot* grant, that he must necessarily offend more than he [can gratify] *gratifies*.

"Ecclesiastical [preferments] *benefices*.

"Swift [procured] *contrived* an interview.

"[As a writer] *in his works* he has given very different specimens.

"On all common occasions he habitually [assumes] *affects* a style of [superiority] *arrogance*.

"By the [omission] *neglect* of those ceremonies.

"That their merits filled the world [and] *or that there was no [room for] hope of more*."

I have not confined myself to the order of the "Lives" in making my few remarks. Indeed, a different order is observed in the original publication; and in the collection of Johnson's Works. And should it be objected, that many of my various readings are inconsiderable, those who make an objection will be pleased to consider, that such small particulars are intended for those who are nicely critical in composition, to whom they will be an acceptable selection.

"Spence's Anecdotes," which are frequently quoted and referred to in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," are in a manuscript collection, made by the Reverend Mr. Joseph Spence⁷, containing a number of particulars concerning eminent men. To each anecdote is marked the name of the person on whose authority it is mentioned. This valuable collection is the property of the Duke of Newcastle, who, upon the application of Sir Lucas Pepys, was pleased to permit it to be put into the hands of Dr. Johnson, who, I am sorry to think, made but an awkward return. "Great assistance (says he) has been given me by Mr. Spence's Collection, of which I consider the communication as a favour worthy of publick acknowledgment;" but he has not owned to whom he was obliged; so that the acknowledgment is unappropriated to his Grace.

While the world in general was filled with admiration of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," there were narrow circles in which prejudice and resentment were fostered, and from which attacks of different sorts issued against him⁸. By some

⁷ [The Rev. Joseph Spence, A.M. Rector of Great Harwood, in Buckinghamshire, and Prebendary of Durham, died at Byfleet, in Surrey, August 20, 1768. He was a Fellow of New College in Oxford, and held the office of Professor of Poetry in that University from 1728 to 1738. M.]

⁸ From this disreputable class I except an ingenious though not

violent Whigs he was arraigned of injustice to Milton; by some Cambridge men of depreciating Gray; and his expressing with a dignified freedom what he really thought of George Lord Lyttelton gave offence to some of the friends of that nobleman, and particularly produced a declaration of war against him from Mrs. Montagu, the ingenious Essayist on Shakspeare, between whom and his Lordship a commerce of reciprocal compliments had long been carried on. In this war the smallest powers in alliance with him were of course led to engage, at least on the defensive, and thus I, for one, was excluded from the enjoyment of "A Feast of Reason," such as Mr. Cumberland has described, with a keen yet just and delicate pen, in his "Observer." These minute inconveniences gave not the least disturbance to Johnson. He nobly said, when I talked to him of the feeble, though shrill outcry which had been raised, "Sir, I considered myself as entrusted with a certain portion of truth. I have given my opinion sincerely; let them show where they think me wrong."

While my friend is thus contemplated in the splendour derived from his last and perhaps most admirable work, I introduce him with peculiar propriety as the correspondent of Warren Hastings! a man whose regard reflects dignity even upon Johnson; a man, the extent of whose abilities was equal to that of his power; and who, by those who are fortunate enough to know him in private life, is admired for his literature and taste, and beloved for the candour, moderation, and

satisfactory defence of Hammond, which I did not see till lately, by the favour of its authour, my amiable friend, the Reverend Mr. Devill, who published it without his name. It is a juvenile performance, but elegantly written, with classical enthusiasm of sentiment, and yet with a becoming modesty, and great respect for Dr. Johnson.

mildness of his character. Were I capable of paying a suitable tribute of admiration to him, I should certainly not withhold it at a moment⁹ when it is not possible that I should be suspected of being an interested flatterer. But how weak would be my voice after that of the millions whom he governed. His condescending and obliging compliance with my solicitation, I with humble gratitude acknowledge; and while by publishing his letter to me, accompanying the valuable communication, I do eminent honour to my great friend, I shall entirely disregard any invidious suggestions, that as I in some degree participate in the honour, I have, at the same time, the gratification of my own vanity in view.

“TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

“SIR,

Park Lane, Dec. 2, 1790.

“I HAVE been fortunately spared the troublesome suspense of a long search, to which, in performance of my promise, I have devoted this morning, by lighting upon the objects of it among the first papers that I laid my hands on: my veneration for your great and good friend, Dr. Johnson, and the pride, or I hope something of a better sentiment, which I indulge in possessing such memorials of his good will towards me, having induced me to bind them in a parcel containing other select papers, and labelled with the titles appertaining to them. They consist but of three letters, which I believe were all that I ever received from Dr. Johnson. Of these, one, which was written in quadruplicate, under the different dates of its respective despatches, has already been made publick, but not from any communi-

⁹ January, 1791.

cation of mine. This, however, I have joined to the rest; and have now the pleasure of sending them to you for the use to which you informed me it was your desire to destine them.

“My promise was pledged with the condition, that if the letters were found to contain any thing which should render them improper for the publick eye, you would dispense with the performance of it. You will have the goodness, I am sure, to pardon my recalling this stipulation to your recollection, as I shall be loath to appear negligent of that obligation which is always implied in an epistolary confidence. In the reservation of that right I have read them over with the most scrupulous attention, but have not seen in them the slightest cause on that ground to withhold them from you. But, though not on that, yet on another ground I own I feel a little, yet but a little reluctance to part with them: I mean on that of my own credit, which I fear will suffer by the information conveyed by them, that I was early in the possession of such valuable instructions for the beneficial employment of the influence of my late station, and (as it may seem) have so little availed myself of them. Whether I could, if it were necessary, defend myself against such an imputation, it little concerns the world to know. I look only to the effect which these relicks may produce, considered as evidences of the virtues of their authour: and believing that they will be found to display an uncommon warmth of private friendship, and a mind ever attentive to the improvement and extension of useful knowledge, and solicitous for the interests of mankind, I can cheerfully submit to the little sacrifice of my own fame, to contribute to the illustration of so great and venerable a character. They cannot be better applied, for that end, than by being

entrusted to your hands. Allow me, with this offering, to infer from it a proof of the very great esteem with which I have the honour to profess myself,

“SIR,

“Your most obedient

“And most humble servant,

“WARREN HASTINGS.”

“P. S. At some future time, and when you have no further occasion for these papers, I shall be obliged to you if you will return them.”

The last of the three letters thus graciously put into my hands, and which has already appeared in publick, belongs to this year; but I shall previously insert the first two in the order of their dates. They altogether form a grand group in my biographical picture.

“TO THE HONOURABLE WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

“SIR,

“THOUGH I have had but little personal knowledge of you, I have had enough to make me wish for more; and though it be now a long time since I was honoured by your visit, I had too much pleasure from it to forget it. By those whom we delight to remember we are unwilling to be forgotten; and therefore I cannot omit this opportunity of reviving myself in your memory by a letter which you will receive from the hands of my friend Mr. Chambers¹; a man whose purity of manners and vigour of mind are sufficient to make every thing welcome that he brings.

¹ Afterwards Sir Robert Chambers, one of his Majesty's Judges in India.

“That this is my only reason for writing will be too apparent by the uselessness of my letter to any other purpose. I have no questions to ask; not that I want curiosity after either the ancient or present state of regions, in which have been seen all the power and splendour of wide extended empire; and which, as by some grant of natural superiority, supply the rest of the world with almost all that pride desires, and luxury enjoys. But my knowledge of them is too scanty to furnish me with proper topicks of inquiry; I can only wish for information; and hope, that a mind comprehensive like yours will find leisure, amidst the cares of your important station, to inquire into many subjects of which the European world either thinks not at all, or thinks with deficient intelligence and uncertain conjecture. I shall hope, that he who once intended to increase the learning of his country by the introduction of the Persian language, will examine nicely the traditions and histories of the East; that he will survey the wonders of its ancient edifices, and trace the vestiges of its ruined cities; and that, at his return, we shall know the arts and opinions of a race of men, from whom very little has been hitherto derived.

“You, sir, have no need of being told by me, how much may be added by your attention and patronage to experimental knowledge and natural history. There are arts of manufacture practised in the countries in which you preside, which are yet very imperfectly known here, either to artificers or philosophers. Of the natural productions, animate and inanimate, we yet have so little intelligence that our books are filled, I fear, with conjectures about things which an Indian peasant knows by his senses.

“Many of those things my first wish is to see;

my second to know, by such accounts as a man like you will be able to give.

"As I have not skill to ask proper questions, I have likewise no such access to great men, as can enable me to send you any political information. Of the agitations of an unsettled government, and the struggles of a feeble ministry, care is doubtless taken to give you more exact accounts than I can obtain. If you are inclined to interest yourself much in publick transactions, it is no misfortune to you to be distant from them.

"That literature is not totally forsaking us, and that your favourite language is not neglected, will appear from the book², which I should have pleased myself more with sending, if I could have presented it bound: but time was wanting. I beg, however, sir, that you will accept it from a man very desirous of your regard; and that if you think me able to gratify you by any thing more important you will employ me.

"I am now going to take leave, perhaps a very long leave, of my dear Mr. Chambers. That he is going to live where you govern may justly alleviate the regard of parting; and the hope of seeing both him and you again, which I am not willing to mingle with doubt, must, at present, comfort as it can,

"SIR,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"March 30, 1774."

TO THE SAME.

"SIR,

"BEING informed that by the departure of a ship, there is now an opportunity of writing to Bengal, I am unwilling to slip out of your memory by my

² Jones's "Persian Grammar."

own negligence, and therefore take the liberty of reminding you of my existence, by sending you a book which is not yet made publick.

"I have lately visited a region less remote, and less illustrious than India, which afforded some occasions for speculation; what has occurred to me I have put into the volume³, of which I beg your acceptance.

"Men in your station seldom have presents totally disinterested; my book is received, let me now make my request.

"There is, sir, somewhere within your government, a young adventurer, one Chauncey Lawrence, whose father is one of my oldest friends. Be pleased to show the young man what countenance is fit, whether he wants to be restrained by your authority, or encouraged by your favour. His father is now President of the College of Physicians, a man venerable for his knowledge, and more venerable for his virtue.

"I wish you a prosperous government, a safe return, and a long enjoyment of plenty and tranquillity.

"I am, SIR,

"Your most obedient

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"London, Dec. 20, 1774."

TO THE SAME.

"SIR,

Jan. 9, 1781.

"AMIDST the importance and multiplicity of affairs in which your great office engages you, I take the liberty of recalling your attention for a moment to literature, and will not prolong the in-

³ "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland."

terruption by an apology which your character makes needless.

“Mr. Hoole, a gentleman long known, and long esteemed in the India House, after having translated Tasso, has undertaken Ariosto. How well he is qualified for his undertaking he has already shown. He is desirous, sir, of your favour in promoting his proposals, and flatters me by supposing that my testimony may advance his interest.

“It is a new thing for a clerk of the India House to translate poets;—it is new for a Governor of Bengal to patronize learning. That he may find his ingenuity rewarded, and that learning may flourish under your protection, is the wish of,

“SIR,

“Your most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

I wrote to him in February, complaining of having been troubled by a recurrence of the perplexing question of Liberty and Necessity;—and mentioning that I hoped soon to meet him again in London.

“TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

“DEAR SIR,

“I HOPED you had got rid of all this hypocrisy of misery. What have you to do with Liberty and Necessity? Or what more than to hold your tongue about it? Do not doubt but I shall be most heartily glad to see you here again, for I love every part about you but your affectation of distress.

“I have at last finished my Lives, and have

laid up for you a load of copy, all out of order, so that it will amuse you a long time to set it right. Come to me, my dear Boszy, and let us be as happy as we can. We will go again to the Mitre, and talk old times over.

"I am, DEAR SIR,

"Yours affectionately,

"March 14, 1781."

"SAM. JOHNSON."

On Monday, March 19, I arrived in London, and on Tuesday, the 20th, met him in Fleet Street, walking, or rather indeed moving along; for his peculiar march is thus described in a very just and picturesque manner, in a short *Life*⁴ of him published very soon after his death:—"When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion, independent of his feet." That he was often much stared at while he advanced in this manner may easily be believed; but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was. Mr. Langton saw him one day, in a fit of absence, by a sudden start, drive the load off a porter's back, and walk forward briskly, without being conscious of what he had done. The porter was very angry, but stood still, and eyed the huge figure with much earnestness, till he was satisfied that his wisest course was to be quiet, and take up his burthen again.

Our accidental meeting in the street after a long

⁴ Published by Kearsley, with this well chosen motto:

"——— From his cradle

He was a SCHOLAR, and a ripe and good one:
And to add greater honours to his age

'Than man could give him, he died fearing Heaven."

SHAKESPEARE.

separation was a pleasing surprise to us both. He stepped aside with me into Falcon Court; and made kind inquiries about my family, and as we were in a hurry going different ways, I promised to call on him next day; he said he was engaged to go out in the morning. "Early, sir?" said I. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, a London morning does not go with the sun."

I waited on him next evening, and he gave me a great portion of his original manuscript of his 'Lives of the Poets,' which he had preserved for me.

I found on visiting his friend, Mr. Thrale, that he was now very ill, and had removed, I suppose by the solicitation of Mrs. Thrale, to a house in Grosvenor Square. I was sorry to see him sadly changed in his appearance.

He told me I might now have the pleasure to see Dr. Johnson drink wine again, for he had lately returned to it. When I mentioned this to Johnson, he said, "I drink it now sometimes, but not socially." The first evening that I was with him at Thrale's, I observed he poured a large quantity of it into a glass, and swallowed it greedily. Every thing about his character and manners was forcible and violent; there never was any moderation; many a day did he fast, many a year did he refrain from wine; but when he did eat, it was voraciously; when he did drink wine, it was copiously. He could practise abstinence, but not temperance.

Mrs. Thrale and I had a dispute whether Shakspeare or Milton had drawn the most admirable picture of a man⁵. I was for Shakspeare; Mrs.

⁵ Shakspeare makes Hamlet thus describe his father:

"See what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,

Thrale for Milton; and after a fair hearing, Johnson decided for my opinion⁶.

I told him of one of Mr. Burke's playful sallies upon Dean Marlay⁷: "I don't like the Deanery of *Ferns*, it sounds so like a *barren* title."—"Dr. *Heath* should have it;" said I. Johnson laughed, and condescending to trifle in the same mode of conceit, suggested Dr. *Moss*.

He said, "Mrs. Montagu has dropt me. Now, sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by." He certainly was vain of the society of ladies, and could make himself very agreeable to them when he chose it; Sir Joshua Reynolds agreed with me that he could. Mr. Gibbon, with his usual sneer, controverted it, perhaps in resentment of Johnson's having talked with some disgust of his ugliness, which one would think a *philosopher* would not mind. Dean Marlay wittily observed, "A lady may be vain when she can turn a wolf dog into a lap dog."

The election for Ayrshire, my own county, was

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald, Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing bill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

Milton thus portrays our first parent, Adam:

"His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad."

⁶ [It is strange that the picture drawn by the unlearned Shakespeare should be full of classical images, and that by the learned Milton void of them.—Milton's description appears to me more picturesque. K.]

⁷ [Dr. Richard Marlay, afterwards Lord Bishop of Waterford; a very amiable, benevolent, and ingenious man. He was chosen a member of the LITERARY CLUB in 1777, and died in Dublin, July 2, 1802, in his 75th year. M.]

this spring tried upon a petition, before a Committee of the House of Commons. I was one of the Counsel for the sitting member, and took the liberty of previously stating different points to Johnson, who never failed to see them clearly, and to supply me with some good hints. He dictated to me the following note upon the registration of deeds:

“All laws are made for the conveniency of the community; what is legally done should be legally recorded, that the state of things may be known; and that wherever evidence is requisite, evidence may be had. For this reason, the obligation to frame and establish a legal register is enforced by a legal penalty, which penalty is the want of that perfection and plenitude of right which a register would give. Thence it follows, that this is not an objection merely legal; for the reason on which the law stands being equitable makes it an equitable objection.”

“This (said he) you must enlarge on when speaking to the Committee. You must not argue there as if you were arguing in the schools; close reasoning will not fix their attention; you must say the same thing over and over again in different words. If you say it but once, they miss it in a moment of inattention. It is unjust, sir, to censure lawyers for multiplying words when they argue; it is often *necessary* for them to multiply words.”

His notion of the duty of a member of Parliament, sitting upon an election committee, was very high; and when he was told of a gentleman, upon one of those committees, who read the newspapers part of the time, and slept the rest, while the merits of a vote were examined by the

counsel; and as an excuse, when challenged by the chairman for such behaviour, bluntly answered, "I had made up my mind upon that case;"—Johnson, with an indignant contempt, said, "If he was such a rogue as to make up his mind upon a case without hearing it, he should not have been such a fool as to tell it."—"I think (said Mr. Dudley Long, now North) the Doctor has pretty plainly made him out to be both rogue and fool."

Johnson's profound reverence for the Hierarchy made him expect from Bishops the highest degree of decorum; he was offended even at their going to taverns: "A bishop (said he) has nothing to do at a tippling house. It is not indeed immoral in him to go to a tavern; neither would it be immoral in him to whip a top in Grosvenor Square: but if he did, I hope the boys would fall upon him and apply the whip to *him*. There are gradations in conduct; there is morality,—decency,—propriety. None of these should be violated by a bishop. A bishop should not go to a house where he may meet a young fellow leading out a wench." BOSWELL. "But, sir, every tavern does not admit women." JOHNSON. "Depend upon it, sir, any tavern will admit a well dressed man and a well dressed woman; they will not perhaps admit a woman whom they see every night walking by their door in the street. But a well dressed man may lead in a well dressed woman to any tavern in London. Taverns sell meat and drink, and will sell them to any body who can eat and can drink. You may as well say that a mercer will not sell silks to a woman of the town."

He also disapproved of bishops going to routs, at least of their staying at them longer than their presence commanded respect. He mentioned a

particular bishop. "Poh! (said Mrs. Thrale) the Bishop of ——— is never minded at a rout." BOSWELL. "When a bishop places himself in a situation where he has no distinct character, and is of no consequence, he degrades the dignity of his order." JOHNSON. "Mr. Boswell, madam, has said it as correctly as it could be."

Nor was it only in the dignitaries of the Church that Johnson required a particular decorum and delicacy of behaviour; he justly considered that the clergy, as persons set apart for the sacred office of serving at the altar, and impressing the minds of men with the awful concerns of a future state, should be somewhat more serious than the generality of mankind, and have a suitable composure of manners. A due sense of the dignity of their profession, independent of higher motives, will ever prevent them from losing their distinction in an indiscriminate sociality; and did such as affect this know how much it lessens them in the eyes of those whom they think to please by it, they would feel themselves much mortified.

Johnson and his friend Beauclerk were once together in company with several clergymen, who thought that they should appear to advantage by assuming the lax jollity of *men of the world*; which, as it may be observed in similar cases, they carried to noisy excess. Johnson, who they expected would be *entertained*, sat grave and silent for some time; at last, turning to Beauclerk, he said, by no means in a whisper, "This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive."

Even the dress of a clergyman should be in character, and nothing can be more despicable than conceited attempts at avoiding the appearance of the clerical order; attempts which are as ineffectual as they are pitiful. Dr. Porteus, now Bishop of London, in his excellent charge when

presiding over the diocess of Chester, justly animadverts upon this subject; and observes of a reverend fop, that he "can be but *half a bean*."

Addison, in "The Spectator," has given us a fine portrait of a clergyman who is supposed to be a member of his *Club*; and Johnson has exhibited a model, in the character of Mr. Mudge*, which has escaped the collectors of his works, but which he owned to me, and which indeed he showed to Sir Joshua Reynolds at the time when it was written. It bears the genuine marks of Johnson's best manner, and is as follows:

"The Reverend Mr. *Zachariah Mudge*, Prebendary of Exeter, and Vicar of St. Andrew's in Plymouth; a man equally eminent for his virtues and abilities, and at once beloved as a companion and revered as a pastor. He had that general curiosity to which no kind of knowledge is indifferent or superfluous; and that general benevolence by which no order of men is hated or despised.

"His principles both of thought and action were great and comprehensive. By a solicitous examination of objections, and judicious comparison of opposite arguments, he attained what inquiry never gives but to industry and perspicuity, a firm and unshaken settlement of conviction. But his firmness was without asperity; for, knowing with how much difficulty truth was sometimes found, he did not wonder that many missed it.

"The general course of his life was determined by his profession; he studied the sacred volumes in the original languages; with what diligence and success his *Notes upon the Psalms* give sufficient evidence. He once endeavoured to add the knowledge of Arabick to that of Hebrew: but, finding his thoughts too much diverted from other

* See Vol. I. p. 319.

studies, after some time desisted from his purpose.

“His discharge of parochial duties was exemplary. How his *Sermons* were composed may be learned from the excellent volume which he has given to the publick; but how they were delivered can be known only to those that heard them; for as he appeared in the pulpit, words will not easily describe him. His delivery, though unconstrained, was not negligent, and, though forcible, was not turbulent; disdaining anxious nicety of emphasis and laboured artifice of action, it captivated the hearer by its natural dignity, it roused the sluggish, and fixed the volatile, and detained the mind upon the subject without directing it to the speaker.

“The grandeur and solemnity of the preacher did not intrude upon his general behaviour; at the table of his friends he was a companion communicative and attentive; of unaffected manners, of manly cheerfulness, willing to please, and easy to be pleased. His acquaintance was universally solicited, and his presence obstructed no enjoyment which religion did not forbid. Though studious he was popular; though argumentative he was modest; though inflexible he was candid; and though metaphysical yet orthodox.”

On Friday, March 30, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, with the Earl of Charlemont, Sir Annesley Stewart, Mr. Eliot, of Port-Eliot, Mr. Burke, Dean Marlay, Mr. Langton; a most agreeable day, of which I regret that every circumstance is not preserved; but it is unreasonable to require such a multiplication of felicity.

Mr. Eliot, with whom Dr. Walter Harte had

“London Chronicle,” May 2, 1769. This respectable man is there mentioned to have died on the 3d of April, that year, at Cofleet, the seat of Thomas Veale, Esq. in his way to London.

travelled, talked to us of his “History of Gustavus Adolphus,” which he said was a very good book in the German translation. JOHNSON. “Harte was excessively vain. He put copies of his book in manuscript into the hands of Lord Chesterfield and Lord Granville, that they might revise it. Now how absurd was it to suppose that two such nobleman would revise so big a manuscript. Poor man! he left London the day of the publication of his book, that he might be out of the way of the great praise he was to receive; and he was ashamed to return when he found how ill his book had succeeded. It was unlucky in coming out on the same day with Robertson’s ‘History of Scotland.’ His husbandry, however, is good.” BOSWELL. “So he was fitter for that than for heroick history: he did well when he turned his sword into a ploughshare.”

Mr. Eliot mentioned a curious liquor peculiar to his country, which the Cornish fishermen drink: They call it *Mahogany*; and it is made of two parts gin and one part treacle, well beaten together. I begged to have some of it made, which was done with proper skill by Mr. Eliot. I thought it very good liquor; and said it was a counterpart of what is called *Athol Porridge* in the Highlands of Scotland, which is a mixture of whisky and honey. Johnson said, “that must be a better liquor than the Cornish, for both its component parts are better.” He also observed, “*Mahogany* must be a modern name; for it is not long since the wood called mahogany was known in this country.” I mentioned his scale of liquors:—claret for boys,—port for men,—brandy for heroes. “Then (said Mr. Burke) let me have claret: I love to be a boy; to have the careless gaiety of boyish days.” JOHNSON. “I should drink claret too, if it would give me

that; but it does not: it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You'll be drowned by it, before it has any effect upon you."

I ventured to mention a ludicrous paragraph in the newspapers, that Dr. Johnson was learning to dance of Vestris. Lord Charlemont, wishing to excite him to talk, proposed in a whisper that he should be asked whether it was true. "Shall I ask him?" said his Lordship. We were, by a great majority, clear for the experiment. Upon which his Lordship very gravely, and with a courteous air, said, "Pray, sir, is it true that you are taking lessons of Vestris?" This was risking a good deal, and required the boldness of a General of Irish Volunteers to make the attempt. Johnson was at first startled, and in some heat answered, "How can your Lordship ask so simple a question?" But immediately recovering himself, whether from unwillingness to be deceived or to appear deceived, or whether from real good humour he kept up the joke: "Nay, but if any body were to answer the paragraph and contradict it, I'd have a reply and would say that he who contradicted it was no friend either to Vestris or me. For why should not Dr. Johnson add to his other powers a little corporeal agility? Socrates learnt to dance at an advanced age, and Cato learnt Greek at an advanced age. Then it might proceed to say, that this Johnson, not content with dancing on the ground, might dance on the rope; and they might introduce the elephant dancing on the rope. A nobleman¹ wrote a play, called 'Love in a Hollow Tree.' He found out that it was a bad one, and therefore wished to buy up all the copies and burn them. The Duchess of Marlborough had kept one; and when he was against her at an elec-

¹ William, the first Viscount Grimston.

tion, she had a new edition of it printed, and prefixed to it, as a frontispiece, an elephant dancing on a rope; to show that his Lordship's writing comedy was as awkward as an elephant dancing on a rope."

On Sunday, April 1, I dined with him at Mr. Thrale's, with Sir Philip Jennings Clerk and Mr. Perkins², who had the superintendence of Mr. Thrale's brewery with a salary of five hundred pounds a year. Sir Philip had the appearance of a gentleman of ancient family, well advanced in life. He wore his own white hair in a bag of goodly size, a black velvet coat, with an embroidered waistcoat, and very rich laced ruffles; which Mrs. Thrale said were old fashioned, but which, for that reason, I thought the more respectable, more like a Tory; yet Sir Philip was then in opposition in Parliament. "Ah, sir (said Johnson), ancient ruffles and modern principles do not agree." Sir Philip defended the Opposition to the American war ably and with temper, and I joined him. He said the majority of the nation was against the ministry. JOHNSON. "I, sir, am against the ministry; but it is for having too little of that of which Opposition thinks they have too much. Were I minister, if any man wagged his finger against me, he should be turned out; for that which it is in the power of Government to give at pleasure to one or to another should be given to the supporters of Government. If you will not oppose at the expense of losing your place, your opposition will not be honest, you will feel no serious grievance; and the present opposition is only a contest to get what others have. Sir Robert Walpole acted as I would do. As to the American war, the *sense* of the nation is *with* the ministry. The majority of

² See vol. ii. p. 289.

those who can *understand* is with it; the majority of those who can only *hear* is against it; and as those who can only hear are more numerous than those who can understand, and Opposition is always loudest, a majority of the rabble will be for Opposition."

This boisterous vivacity entertained us: but the truth in my opinion was, that those who could understand the best were against the American war, as almost every man now is, when the question has been coolly considered.

Mrs. Thrale gave high praise to Mr. Dudley Long (now North). JOHNSON. "Nay, my dear lady, don't talk so. Mr. Long's character is very *short*. It is nothing. He fills a chair. He is a man of genteel appearance, and that is all³. I know nobody who blasts by praise as you do: for whenever there is exaggerated praise, every body is set against a character. They are provoked to attack it. Now there is Pepys⁴; you praised that man with such disproportion that I was incited to lessen him, perhaps more than he deserves. His blood is upon your head. By the same principle your malice defeats itself; for your censure is too violent. And yet (looking to her with a leering smile), she is the first wo-

³ Here Johnson condescended to play upon the words *Long* and *short*. But little did he know that, owing to Mr. Long's reserve in his presence, he was talking thus of a gentleman distinguished amongst his acquaintances for acuteness of wit; one to whom I think the French expression, "*Il pette d'esprit*," is particularly suited. He has gratified me by mentioning that he heard Dr. Johnson say, "Sir, if I were to lose Boswell, it would be a limb amputated."

⁴ William Weller Pepys, Esq. one of the Masters in the High Court of Chancery, and well known in polite circles. My acquaintance with him is not sufficient to enable me to speak of him from my own judgment. But I know that both at Eton and Oxford he was the intimate friend of the late Sir James Macdonald, the *Marcellus* of Scotland, whose extraordinary talents, learning, and virtues will ever be remembered with admiration and regret.

Some other gentlemen came in. The conversation concerning the person whose character Dr. Johnson had treated so slightly, as he did not know his merit, was resumed. Mrs. Thrale said, "You think so of him, sir, because he is quiet, and does not exert himself with force. You'll be saying the same thing of Mr. * * * * * there, who sits as quiet—" This was not well bred; and Johnson did not let it pass without correction. "Nay, madam, what right have you to talk thus? Both Mr. * * * * * and I have reason to take it ill. You may talk so of Mr. * * * * *; but why do you make *me* do it? Have I said any thing against Mr. * * * * *? You have *set* him that I might shoot him; but I have not shot him."

One of the gentlemen said he had seen three folio volumes of Dr. Johnson's sayings collected by me. "I must put you right, sir (said I), for I am very exact in authenticity. You could not see folio volumes, for I have none: you might have seen some in quarto and octavo. This is an inattention which one should guard against." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is a want of concern about veracity. He does not know that he saw *any* volumes. If he had seen them he could have remembered their size."

Mr. Thrale appeared very lethargick to day.— I saw him again on Monday evening, at which time he was not thought to be in immediate danger; but early in the morning of Wednesday, the 4th, he expired. Johnson was in the house, and thus mentions the event: "I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect and benignity⁵." Upon that day there was a *Call* of the

⁵ Prayers and Meditations, p. 191.

[Johnson's expressions on this occasion remind us of Isaac Wal-

Literary Club; but Johnson apologized for his absence by the following note:

“MR. JOHNSON knows that Sir Joshua Reynolds and the other gentlemen will excuse his in-compliance with the Call, when they are told that Mr. Thrale died this morning.”

“Wednesday.”

Mr. Thrale's death was a very essential loss to Johnson, who, although he did not foresee all that afterwards happened, was sufficiently convinced that the comforts which Mr. Thrale's family afforded him would now in a great measure cease. He, however, continued to show a kind attention to his widow and children as long as it was acceptable: and he took upon him, with a very earnest concern, the office of one of his executors, the importance of which seemed greater than usual to him, from his circumstances having been always such that he had scarcely any share in the real business of life. His friends of the Club were in hopes that Mr. Thrale might have made a liberal provision for him for his life, which, as Mr. Thrale left no son and a very large fortune, it would have been highly to his honour to have done; and, considering Dr. Johnson's age, could not have been of long duration; but he bequeathed him only two hundred pounds, which was the legacy given to each of his executors. I could not but be somewhat diverted by hearing Johnson talk in a pompous manner of his new office, and particularly of the concerns of the brewery, which it was at last resolved should be

ton's eulogy on Whitgift, in his Life of Hooker.—“He lived --- to be present at the expiration of her [Q. Elizabeth's] last breath, and to behold the closing of those eyes that had long looked upon him with reverence and affection.” K.]

sold. Lord Lucan tells a very good story, which, if not precisely exact, is certainly characteristic: that when the sale of Thrale's brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about, with an inkhorn and pen in his buttonhole, like an exciseman; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

On Friday, April 6, he carried me to dine at a club, which, at his desire, had been lately formed at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard. He told Mr. Hoole that he wished to have a *City Club*, and asked him to collect one; but, said he, "Don't let them be *patriots*." The company were to day very sensible, well behaved men. I have preserved only two particulars of his conversation. He said he was glad Lord George Gordon had escaped, rather than that a precedent should be established for hanging a man for *constructive treason*; which, in consistency with his true, manly, constitutional Toryism, he considered would be a dangerous engine of arbitrary power. And upon its being mentioned that an opulent and very indolent Scotch nobleman, who totally resigned the management of his affairs to a man of knowledge and abilities, had claimed some merit by saying, "The next best thing to managing a man's own affairs well is being sensible of incapacity and not attempting it, but having full confidence in one who can do it:" JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, this is paltry.—There is a middle course. Let a man give application: and depend upon it he will soon get above a despicable state of helplessness, and attain the power of acting for himself."

On Saturday, April 7, I dined with him at Mr. Hoole's with Governour Bouchier and Captain Orme; both of whom had been long in the East Indies; and being of good sense and observation were very entertaining. Johnson defended the oriental regulation of different *casts* of men⁶, which was objected to as totally destructive of the hopes of rising in society by personal merit. He showed that there was a *principle* in it sufficiently plausible by analogy. "We see (said he) in metals that there are different species; and so likewise in animals, though one species may not differ very widely from another, as in the species of dogs,—the cur, the spaniel, the mastiff. The Bramins are the mastiffs of mankind."

On Thursday, April 12, I dined with him at a Bishop's, where were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Berenger, and some more company. He had dined the day before at another Bishop's. I have unfortunately recorded none of his conversation at the Bishop's where we dined together: but I have preserved his ingenious defence of his dining twice abroad in Passion-week; a laxity, in which I am convinced he would not have indulged himself at the time when he wrote his solemn paper in "The Rambler," upon that awful season. It appeared to me that by being much more in company, and enjoying more luxurious living, he had contracted a keener relish for pleasure, and was consequently less rigorous in his religious rites. This he would not acknowledge; but he reasoned with admirable sophistry, as follows: "Why, sir, a Bishop's calling company together in this week is, to use the vulgar phrase, not *the thing*. But you must consider laxity is a bad thing; but preciseness is also a bad thing;

⁶ [Rajapouts, the military cast; the Bramins, pacifick and abstemious. K.]

and your general character may be more hurt by preciseness than by dining with a Bishop in Passion-week. There might be a handle for reflection. It might be said, 'He refuses to dine with a Bishop in Passion-week, but was three Sundays absent from church.'" BOSWELL. "Very true, sir. But suppose a man to be uniformly of good conduct, would it not be better that he should refuse to dine with a Bishop in this week, and so not encourage a bad practice by his example?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, you are to consider whether you might not do more harm by lessening the influence of a Bishop's character by your disapprobation in refusing him than by going to him."

"TO MRS. LUGY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

"DEAR MADAM,

"LIFE is full of troubles. I have just lost my dear friend Thrale. I hope he is happy; but I have had a great loss. I am otherwise pretty well. I require some care of myself, but that care is not ineffectual; and when I am out of order, I think it often my own fault.

"The spring is now making quick advances. As it is the season in which the whole world is enlivened and invigorated; I hope that both you and I shall partake of its benefits. My desire is to see Lichfield; but being left executor to my friend, I know not whether I can be spared; but I will try; for it is now long since we saw one another, and how little we can promise ourselves many more interviews, we are taught by hourly examples of mortality. Let us try to live so as that mortality may not be an evil. Write to me soon, my dearest; your letters will give me great pleasure.

"I am sorry that Mr. Porter has not had his box; but by sending it to Mr. Mathias, who very readily undertook its conveyance, I did the best I could, and perhaps before now he has it.

"Be so kind as to make my compliments to my friends; I have a great value for their kindness, and hope to enjoy it before summer is past. Do write to me. I am, DEAREST LOVE,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"London, April 12, 1781."

On Friday, April 13, being Good-Friday, I went to St. Clement's church with him as usual. There I saw again his old fellow collegian, Edwards, to whom I said, "I think, sir, Dr. Johnson and you meet only at Church."—"Sir (said he), it is the best place we can meet in, except Heaven, and I hope we shall meet there too." Dr. Johnson told me that there was very little communication between Edwards and him, after their unexpected renewal of acquaintance. "But (said he, smiling) he met me once, and said, 'I am told you have written a very pretty book called *The Rambler*.' I was unwilling that he should leave the world in total darkness, and sent him a set."

Mr. Berenger⁷ visited him to-day, and was very pleasing. We talked of an evening society for conversation at a house in town, of which we were all members, but of which Johnson said, "It will never do, sir: There is nothing served about there, neither tea, nor coffee, nor lemonade, nor any thing whatever; and depend upon it, sir, a man does not love to go to a place from whence he comes out exactly as he went in." I endea-

⁷ [Richard Berenger, Esq. many years Gentleman of the Horse to his present Majesty, and authour of "The History and Art of Horsemanship," in two volumes 4to. 1771. M.]

voured, for argument's sake, to maintain that men of learning and talents might have very good intellectual society without the aid of any little gratifications of the senses. Berenger joined with Johnson and said, that without these any meeting would be dull and insipid. He would therefore have all the slight refreshments; nay, it would not be amiss to have some cold meat, and a bottle of wine upon a sideboard. "Sir (said Johnson to me, with an air of triumph), Mr. Berenger knows the world. Every body loves to have good things furnished to them without any trouble. I told Mrs. Thrale once, that as she did not choose to have card tables, she should have a profusion of the best sweetmeats, and she would be sure to have company enough come to her." I agreed with my illustrious friend upon this subject; for it has pleased God to make man a composite animal, and where there is nothing to refresh the body, the mind will languish.

On Sunday, April 15, being Easter-day, after solemn worship in St. Paul's church, I found him alone: Dr. Scott, of the Commons, came in. He talked of its having been said that Addison wrote some of his best papers in "The Spectator," when warm with wine. Dr. Johnson did not seem willing to admit this. Dr. Scott, as a confirmation of it, related that Blackstone, a sober man, composed his "Commentaries" with a bottle of port before him; and found his mind invigorated and supported in the fatigue of his great work, by a temperate use of it.

I told him that in a company where I had lately been, a desire was expressed to know his authority for the shocking story of Addison's sending an execution into Steele's house^s. "Sir

^s See this explained, p. 18, 19.

perceptible to us: a man who thinks he has seen an apparition can only be convinced himself; his authority will not convince another; and his conviction, if rational, must be founded on being told something which cannot be known but by supernatural means."

He mentioned a thing as not unfrequent, of which I had never heard before,—being *called*, that is, hearing one's name pronounced by the voice of a known person at a great distance, far beyond the possibility of being reached by any sound uttered by human organs. "An acquaintance, on whose veracity I can depend, told me, that walking home one evening to Kilmarnock, he heard himself called from a wood, by the voice of a brother who had gone to America; and the next packet brought accounts of that brother's death." Macbean asserted that this inexplicable *calling* was a thing very well known. Dr. Johnson said, that one day at Oxford, as he was turning the key of his chamber, he heard his mother distinctly call.—*Sam*. She was then at Lichfield; but nothing ensued. This phenomenon is, I think, as wonderful as any other mysterious fact, which many people are very slow to believe, or rather, indeed, reject with an obstinate contempt.

Some time after this, upon his making a remark which escaped my attention, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Hall were both together striving to answer him. He grew angry, and called out loudly, "Nay, when you both speak at once, it is intolerable." But checking himself, and softening, he said, "This one may say, though you *are* ladies." Then he brightened into gay humour, and addressed them in the words of one of the songs in "The Beggar's Opera:"

"But two at a time there's no mortal can bear."

“What, sir (said I), are you going to turn Captain Macheath?” There was something as pleasantly ludicrous in this scene as can be imagined. The contrast between Macheath, Polly, and Lucy—and Dr. Samuel Johnson, blind, peevish Mrs. Williams, and lean, lank, preaching Mrs. Hall, was exquisite.

I stole away to Coachmakers’ Hall, and heard the difficult text of which we had talked discussed, with great decency and some intelligence, by several speakers. There was a difference of opinion as to the appearance of ghosts in modern times, though the arguments for it, supported by Mr. Addison’s authority, preponderated. The immediate subject of debate was embarrassed by the *bodies* of the saints having been said to rise, and by the question what became of them afterwards:—did they return again to their graves? or were they translated to heaven? Only one evangelist mentions the fact¹, and the commentators whom I have looked at do not make the passage clear. There is, however, no occasion for our understanding it farther than to know that it was one of the extraordinary manifestations of divine power, which accompanied the most important event that ever happened.

On Friday, April 20, I spent with him one of the happiest days that I remember to have enjoyed in the whole course of my life. Mrs. Garrick, whose grief for the loss of her husband was, I believe, as sincere as wounded affection and admiration could produce, had this day, for the first time since his death, a select party of his friends to dine with her. The company was, Miss Hannah More, who lived with her, and whom she called her Chaplain; Mrs. Boscawen²,

¹ St. Matthew, xxvii. 52, 53.

² See vol. iii. p. 332.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, Dr. Johnson, and myself. We found ourselves very elegantly entertained at her house in the Adelphi, where I have passed many a pleasing hour with him "who gladdened life." She looked well; talked of her husband with complacency, and while she cast her eyes on his portrait, which hung over the chimney piece, said, that "death was now the most agreeable object to her." The very semblance of David Garrick was cheering. Mr. Beauclerk, with happy propriety, inscribed under that fine portrait of him, which by Lady Diana's kindness is now the property of my friend Mr. Langton, the following passage from his beloved Shakspeare:

"————— A merrier man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit;
 For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
 Which his fair tongue (Conceit's expositor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished;
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

We were all in fine spirits; and I whispered to Mrs. Boscawen, "I believe this is as much as can be made of life." In addition to a splendid entertainment, we were regaled with Lichfield ale, which had a peculiar appropriate value. Sir Joshua and Dr. Burney and I drank cordially of it to Dr. Johnson's health; and though he would not join us, he as cordially answered, "Gentlemen, I wish you all as well as you do me."

The general effect of this day dwells upon my mind in fond remembrance; but I do not find much conversation recorded. What I have preserved shall be faithfully given.

One of the company mentioned Mr. Thomas Hollis, the strenuous Whig, who used to send over Europe presents of democratical books, with their boards stamped with daggers and caps of liberty. Mrs. Carter said, "He was a bad man: he used to talk uncharitably." JOHNSON. "Poh! poh! madam; who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably? Besides, he was a dull poor creature as ever lived: and I believe he would not have done harm to a man whom he knew to be of very opposite principles to his own. I remember once at the Society of Arts, when an advertisement was to be drawn up, he pointed me out as the man who could do it best. This, you will observe, was kindness to me. I however slipped away and escaped it."

Mrs. Carter having said of the same person, "I doubt he was an Atheist:" JOHNSON. "I don't know that: He might perhaps have become one, if he had had time to ripen (smiling). He might have *exuberated* into an Atheist."

Sir Joshua Reynolds praised "Mudge's³ Sermons." JOHNSON. "Mudge's Sermons are good, but not practical. He grasps more sense than he can hold; he takes more corn than he can make into meal; he opens a wide prospect, but it is so distant, it is indistinct. I love 'Blair's Sermons.' Though the dog is a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian, and every thing he should not be, I was the first to praise them. Such was my candour." (Smiling.) MRS. BOSCAWEN. "Such his great merit, to get the better of all your prejudices." JOHNSON. "Why, madam, let us compound the matter; let us ascribe it to my candour, and his merit."

In the evening we had a large company in the

³ See page 46 of this volume.

drawingroom ; several ladies, the Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Percy, Mr. Chamberlayne of the Treasury, &c. &c. Somebody said, the life of a mere literary man could not be very entertaining. JOHNSON. "But it certainly may. This is a remark which has been made, and repeated, without justice: why should the life of a literary man be less entertaining than the life of any other man? Are there not as interesting varieties in such a life? As a *literary life* it may be very entertaining." BOSWELL. "But it must be better surely, when it is diversified with a little active variety—such as his having gone to Jamaica;—or—his having gone to the Hebrides." Johnson was not displeased at this.

Talking of a very respectable authour, he told us a curious circumstance in his life, which was, that he had married a printer's devil. REYNOLDS. "A printer's devil, sir! Why, I thought a printer's devil was a creature with a black face and in rags." JOHNSON. "Yes, sir. But I suppose he had her face washed, and put clean clothes on her. (Then looking very serious, and very earnest). And she did not disgrace him;—the woman had a bottom of good sense." The word *bottom* thus introduced was so ludicrous, when contrasted with his gravity, that most of us could not forbear tittering and laughing; though I recollect that the Bishop of Killaloe kept his countenance with perfect steadiness, while Miss Hannah More slyly hid her face behind a lady's back who sat on the same settee with her. His pride could not bear that any expression of his should excite ridicule, when he did not intend it; he therefore resolved to assume and exercise despotick power, glanced sternly around, and called out in a strong tone, "Where's the merriment?" Then collecting himself, and

looking awful, to make us feel how he could impose restraint, and as it were searching his mind for a still more ludicrous word, he slowly pronounced, "I say the *woman* was *fundamentally* sensible;" as if he had said, hear this now, and laugh if you dare. We all sat composed as at a funeral.

He and I walked away together; we stopped a little while by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on the Thames, and I said to him with some emotion, that I was now thinking of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us, Beauclerk and Garrick. "Ay, sir (said he tenderly), and two such friends as cannot be supplied."

For some time after this day I did not see him very often, and of the conversation which I did enjoy, I am sorry to find I have preserved but little. I was at this time engaged in a variety of other matters, which required exertion and assiduity, and necessarily occupied almost all my time.

One day, having spoken very freely of those who were then in power, he said to me, "Between ourselves, sir, I do not like to give opposition the satisfaction of knowing how much I disapprove of the ministry." And when I mentioned that Mr. Burke had boasted how quiet the nation was in George the Second's reign, when Whigs were in power, compared with the present reign, when Tories governed;—"Why, sir (said he); you are to consider that Tories, having more reverence for government, will not oppose with the same violence as Whigs, who being unrestrained by that principle, will oppose by any means."

This month he lost not only Mr. Thrale, but another friend, Mr. William Strahan, Junior,

printer, the eldest son of his old and constant friend, Printer to his Majesty.

“TO MRS. STRAHAN.

“DEAR MADAM,

“THE grief which I feel for the loss of a very kind friend is sufficient to make me know how much you suffer by the death of an amiable son: a man of whom I think it may be truly said, that no one knew him who does not lament him. I look upon myself as having a friend, another friend; taken from me.

“Comfort, dear madam, I would give you, if I could; but I know how little the forms of consolation can avail. Let me, however, counsel you not to waste your health in unprofitable sorrow, but go to Bath; and endeavour to prolong your own life; but when we have all done all that we can, one friend must in time lose the other.

“I am, DEAR MADAM,

“Your most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

“April 23, 1781.”

On Tuesday, May 8, I had the pleasure of again dining with him and Mr. Wilkes, at Mr. Dilly's. No *negotiation* was now required to bring them together; for Johnson was so well satisfied with the former interview that he was very glad to meet Wilkes again, who was this day seated between Dr. Beattie and Dr. Johnson (between *Truth* and *Reason*, as General Paoli said, when I told him of it). WILKES. “I have been thinking, Dr. Johnson, that there should be a bill brought into parliament that the controverted elections for Scotland should be tried in that country, at their own Abbey of

Holy Rood House; and not here; for the consequence of trying them here is, that we have an inundation of Scotchmen, who come up and never go back again. Now here is Boswell, who is come upon the election for his own county, which will not last a fortnight." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, I see no reason why they should be tried at all; for, you know, one Scotchman is as good as another." WILKES. "Pray, Boswell, how much may be got in a year by an Advocate at the Scotch bar?" BOSWELL. "I believe, two thousand pounds." WILKES. "How can it be possible to spend that money in Scotland?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, the money may be spent in England; but there is a harder question. If one man in Scotland gets possession of two thousand pounds, what remains for all the rest of the nation?" WILKES. "You know, in the last war, the immense booty which Thurot carried off by the complete plunder of seven Scotch isles; he reembarked with *three and sixpence*." Here again Johnson and Wilkes joined in extravagant sportive raillery upon the supposed poverty of Scotland, which Dr. Beattie and I did not think it worth our while to dispute.

The subject of quotation being introduced, Mr. Wilkes censured it as pedantry. JOHNSON. "No, sir, it is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world." WILKES. "Upon the continent they all quote the vulgate Bible. Shakspeare is chiefly quoted here; and we quote also Pope, Prior, Butler, Waller, and sometimes Cowley."

We talked of Letter writing. JOHNSON. "It is now become so much the fashion to publish letters that, in order to avoid it, I put as little into mine as I can." BOSWELL. "Do what you will,

sir, you cannot avoid it. Should you even write as ill as you can, your letters would be published as curiosities:

‘Behold a miracle! instead of wit,
See two dull lines with Stanhope’s pencil writ.’”

He gave us an entertaining account of *Bet Flint*, a woman of the town, who with some eccentric talents and much effrontery, forced herself upon his acquaintance. “Bet (said he) wrote her own *Life in verse*⁴, which she brought to me, wishing that I would furnish her with a Preface to it (laughing). I used to say of her, that she was generally slut and drunkard;—occasionally, whore and thief. She had, however, genteel lodgings, a spinnet on which she played, and a boy that walked before her chair. Poor Bet was taken up on a charge of stealing a counterpane, and tried at the Old Bailey. Chief Justice ———, who loved a wench, summed up favourably, and she was acquitted⁵. After which,

⁴ Johnson, whose memory was wonderfully retentive, remembered the first four lines of this curious production, which have been communicated to me by a young lady of his acquaintance:

“When first I drew my vital breath,
A little minikin I came upon earth;
And then I came from a dark abode,
Into this gay and gaudy world.”

⁵ [The account which Johnson had received on this occasion was not quite accurate. BET was tried at the Old Bailey in September, 1758, not by the Chief Justice here alluded to (who however tried another cause on the same day), but before Sir William Moreton, Recorder; and she was acquitted, not in consequence of any *favourable summing up* of the Judge, but because the prosecutrix, Mary Walthow, could not prove that the goods charged to have been stolen [a counterpane, a silver spoon, two napkins, &c.] were her property.

BET does not appear to have lived at that time in a very *genteel* style; for she paid for her ready-furnished room in Meard’s Court, Dean Street, Soho, from which these articles were alleged to be stolen, only *five shillings* a week.

Mr. James Boswell took the trouble to examine the Sessions Paper, to ascertain these particulars. M.]

Bet said, with a gay and satisfied air, 'Now that the counterpane is *my own*, I shall make a petticoat of it.'

Talking of oratory, Mr. Wilkes described it as accompanied with all the charms of poetical expression. JOHNSON. "No, sir; oratory is the power of beating down your adversary's arguments, and putting better in their place."

WILKES. "But this does not move the passions."

JOHNSON. "He must be a weak man, who is to be so moved." WILKES (naming a celebrated orator). "Amidst all the brilliancy of —'s imagination, and the exuberance of his wit, there is a strange want of *taste*. It was observed of Apelles's Venus⁶, that her flesh seemed as if she had been nourished by roses: his oratory would sometimes make one suspect that he eats potatoes and drinks whisky."

Mr. Wilkes observed, how tenacious we are of forms in this country; and gave as an instance, the vote of the House of Commons for remitting money to pay the army in America in *Portugal picces*, when, in reality, the remittance is made not in Portugal money, but in our specie. JOHNSON. "Is there not a law, sir, against exporting the current coin of the realm?" WILKES. "Yes, sir, but might not the House of Commons, in case of real evident necessity, order our own current coin to be sent into our own colonies?"—Here Johnson, with that quickness of recollection which distinguished him so eminently, gave the *Middlesex Patriot* an admirable retort upon his own ground. "Sure, sir, *you don't think a resolution of the House of Commons equal to the law of the land.*" WILKES (at once perceiving the applica-

⁶ [Mr. Wilkes mistook the objection of Euphranor to the The-sus of Parrhasius for a description of the Venus of Apelles. Vido Plutarch, "*Bellone an pace clariores Athenienses.*" K.]

tion). "God forbid, sir."—To hear what had been treated with such violence in "The False Alarm," now turned into pleasant repartee, was extremely agreeable. Johnson went on:—"Locke observes well, that a prohibition to export the current coin is impolitick; for when the balance of trade happens to be against a state, the current coin *must* be exported."

Mr. Beauclerk's great library was this season sold in London by auction. Mr. Wilkes said, he wondered to find in it such a numerous collection of sermons: seeming to think it strange that a gentleman of Mr. Beauclerk's character in the gay world, should have chosen to have many compositions of that kind. JOHNSON. "Why, sir, you are to consider, that sermons make a considerable branch of English literature; so that a library must be very imperfect if it has not a numerous collection of sermons": and in all

Mr. Wilkes probably did not know that there is in an English sermon the most comprehensive and lively account of that entertaining faculty, for which he himself was so much admired. It is in Dr. Barrow's first volume, and fourteenth sermon, "*Against foolish Talking and Jestings*." My old acquaintance, the late Corbyn Morris, in his ingenious "Essay on Wit, Humour, and Ridicule," calls it "a *profuse* description of Wit:" but I do not see how it could be curtailed, without leaving out some good circumstance of discrimination. As it is not generally known, and may perhaps dispose some to read sermons, from which they may receive real advantage, while looking only for entertainment, I shall here subjoin it.

"But first (says the learned preacher) it may be demanded, what the thing we speak of is? Or what this facetiousness (or *wit*, as he calls it before) doth import? To which questions I might reply, as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man, 'Tis that which we all see and know.' Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is, indeed, a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their

collections, sir, the desire of augmenting them grows stronger in proportion to the advance in acquisition; as motion is accelerated by the continuance of the *impetus*. Besides, sir (looking at Mr. Wilkes with a placid but significant smile), a man may collect sermons with intention of making himself better by them. I hope Mr. Beauclerk intended, that some time or other that should be the case with him."

Mr. Wilkes said to me, loud enough for Dr.

scuse, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange: sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable; being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising un-continence in conceit or expression, doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of wit more than vulgar: it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. (Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed *εὐεξιοί*, dexterous men, and *εὐεργετοί*, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves). It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness, as semblance of difficulty (as monsters; not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure): by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang."

Johnson to hear, "Dr. Johnson should make me a present of his 'Lives of the Poets,' as I am a poor patriot, who cannot afford to buy them." Johnson seemed to take no notice of this hint; but in a little while, he called to Mr. Dilly, "Pray, sir, be so good as to send a set of my Lives to Mr. Wilkes, with my compliments." This was accordingly done; and Mr. Wilkes paid Dr. Johnson a visit, was courteously received, and sat with him a long time.

The company gradually dropped away. Mr. Dilly himself was called down stairs upon business; I left the room for some time; when I returned, I was struck with observing Dr. Samuel Johnson and John Wilkes, Esq. literally *tête-à-tête*; for they were reclined upon their chairs, with their heads leaning almost close to each other, and talking earnestly, in a kind of confidential whisper, of the personal quarrel between George the Second and the King of Prussia. Such a scene of perfectly easy sociality between two such opponents in the war of political controversy, as that which I now beheld, would have been an excellent subject for a picture. It presented to my mind the happy days which are foretold in Scripture, when the lion shall lie down with the kid^s.

After this day there was another pretty long interval, during which Dr. Johnson and I did not meet. When I mentioned it to him with regret, he was pleased to say, "Then, sir, let us live double."

About this time it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where

^s When I mentioned this to the Bishop of Killaloe, "With the goat," said his Lordship. Such, however, was the engaging politeness and pleasantry of Mr. Wilkes, and such the social good humour of the Bishop, that when they dined together at Mr. Dilly's, where I also was, they were mutually agreeable.

the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue Stocking Clubs*, the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of those societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet⁹, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed, that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation that his absence was felt as so great a loss that it used to be said, "We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*;" and thus by degrees the title was established. Miss Hannah More has admirably described a *Blue Stocking Club*, in her "*Bas Bleu*," a poem in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned.

Johnson was prevailed with to come sometimes into these circles, and did not think himself too grave even for the lively Miss Monckton (now Countess of Corke), who used to have the finest *bit of blue* at the house of her mother, Lady Galway. Her vivacity enchanted the Sage, and they used to talk together with all imaginable ease. A singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetick. Johnson bluntly denied it. "I am sure (said she) they have affected *me*."—"Why (said Johnson, smiling, and rolling himself about), that is, because, dearest, you're a dunce." When she some time afterwards mentioned this to him, he said with equal truth and politeness, "Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it."

Another evening Johnson's kind indulgence

⁹ Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, author of tracts relating to natural history, &c.

towards me had a pretty difficult trial. I had dined at the Duke of Montrose's with a very agreeable party, and his Grace, according to his usual custom, had circulated the bottle very freely. Lord Graham and I went together to Miss Monckton's, where I certainly was in extraordinary spirits, and above all fear or awe. In the midst of a great number of persons of the first rank, amongst whom I recollect with confusion, a noble lady of the most stately decorum, I placed myself next to Johnson, and thinking myself now fully his match, talked to him in a loud and boisterous manner, desirous to let the company know how I could contend with *Ajax*. I particularly remember pressing him upon the value of the pleasures of the imagination; and as an illustration of my argument, asking him, "What, sir, supposing I were to fancy that the — (naming the most charming Duchess in his Majesty's dominions) were in love with me, should I not be very happy?" My friend with much address evaded my interrogatories, and kept me as quiet as possible; but it may easily be conceived how he must have felt¹. However, when a few days afterwards I waited upon him

¹ Next day I endeavoured to give what had happened the most ingenious turn I could, by the following verses:

TO THE HONOURABLE MISS MONCKTON.

Not that with the' excellent Montrose
I had the happiness to dine;
Not that I late from table rose,
From Graham's wit, from generous wine:
It was not these alone which led
On sacred manners to encroach;
And made me feel what most I dread,
JOHNSON's just frown, and self-reproach.
But when I enter'd, not abash'd,
From your bright eyes were shot such rays,
At once intoxication flash'd,
And all my frame was in a blaze!

and made an apology, he behaved with the most friendly gentleness.

While I remained in London this year, Johnson and I dined together at several places. I recollect a placid day at Dr. Butter's, who had now removed from Derby to Lower Grosvenor Street, London; but of his conversation on that and other occasions during this period, I neglected to keep any regular record, and shall therefore insert here some miscellaneous articles which I find in my Johnsonian notes.

His disorderly habits, when "making provision for the day that was passing over him," appear from the following anecdote, communicated to me by Mr. John Nichols:—"In the year 1763, a young bookseller, who was an apprentice to Mr. Whiston, waited on him with a subscription to his 'Shakspeare;' and observing that the Doctor made no entry in any book of the subscriber's name, ventured diffidently to ask, whether he would please to have the gentleman's address, that it might be properly inserted in the printed list of subscribers.—'I shall print no List of Subscribers,' said Johnson, with great abruptness: but almost immediately recollecting himself, added, very complacently, 'Sir, I have two very cogent reasons for not printing any list of subscribers;—one, that I have lost all the names, —the other, that I have spent all the money.'"

But not a brilliant blaze, I own;
Of the dull smoke I'm yet ashamed:
I was a dreary ruin grown,
And not enlighten'd, though inflamed.
Victim at once to wine and love,
I hope, MARIA, you'll forgive;
While I invoke the powers above,
That henceforth I may wiser live.

The lady was generously forgiving, returned me an obliging answer, and I thus obtained an *Act of Oblivion*, and took care never to offend again.

Johnson could not brook appearing to be worsted in argument, even when he had taken the wrong side, to show the force and dexterity of his talents. When, therefore, he perceived that his opponent gained ground, he had recourse to some sudden mode of robust sophistry. Once when I was pressing upon him with visible advantage, he stopped me thus:—"My dear Boswell, let's have no more of this; you'll make nothing of it. I'd rather have you whistle a Scotch tune."

Care, however, must be taken to distinguish between Johnson when he "talked for victory," and Johnson when he had no desire but to inform and illustrate.—"One of Johnson's principal talents (says an eminent friend of his²) was shown in maintaining the wrong side of an argument, and in a splendid perversion of the truth.—If you could contrive to have his fair opinion on a subject, and without any bias from personal prejudice, or from a wish to be victorious in argument, it was wisdom itself, not only convincing, but overpowering."

He had, however, all his life habituated himself to consider conversation as a trial of intellectual vigour and skill; and to this, I think, we may venture to ascribe that unexampled richness and brilliancy which appeared in his own. As a proof at once of his eagerness for colloquial distinction, and his high notion of this eminent friend, he once addressed him thus: "——, we now have been several hours together; and you have said but one thing for which I envied you."

He disliked much all speculative desponding considerations, which tended to discourage men from diligence and exertion. He was in this like

² [The late Right Hon. William Gerrard Hamilton. M.]

Dr. Shaw, the great traveller, who, Mr. Daines Barrington told me, used to say, "I hate a *cui bono* man." Upon being asked by a friend what he should think of a man who was apt to say *non est tanti*;—"That he's a stupid fellow, sir (answered Johnson): What would these *tanti* men be doing the while?" When I, in a lowspirited fit, was talking to him with indifference of the pursuits which generally engage us in a course of action, and inquiring a *reason* for taking so much trouble; "Sir (said he, in an animated tone), it is driving on the system of life."

He told me that he was glad that I had, by General Oglethorpe's means, become acquainted with Dr. Shebbeare. Indeed that gentleman, whatever objections were made to him, had knowledge and abilities much above the class of ordinary writers, and deserves to be remembered as a respectable name in literature, were it only for his admirable "Letters on the English Nation," under the name of "Battista Angeloni, a Jesuit."

Johnson and Shebbeare³ were frequently named together, as having in former reigns had no predilection for the family of Hanover. The authour of the celebrated "Heroick Epistle to Sir William Chambers" introduces them in one line, in a list of those "who tasted the sweets of his present Majesty's reign." Such was Johnson's candid relish of the merit of that satire, that he allowed Dr. Goldsmith, as he told me, to read it to him from beginning to end, and did not refuse his praise to its execution.

Goldsmith could sometimes take adventurous liberties with him, and escape unpunished. Beauclerk told me that when Goldsmith talked of a project for having a third Theatre in London

³ I recollect a ludicrous paragraph in the newspapers, that the King had pensioned both a *He-bear* and a *She-bear*.

solely for the exhibition of new plays, in order to deliver authours from the supposed tyranny of managers, Johnson treated it slightly, upon which Goldsmith said, "Ay, ay, this may be nothing to you, who can now shelter yourself behind the corner of a pension;" and Johnson bore this with good humour.

Johnson praised the Earl of Carlisle's Poems, which his Lordship had published with his name, as not disdaining to be a candidate for literary fame. My friend was of opinion, that when a man of rank appeared in that character, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed⁴. In this I think he was more liberal than Mr. William Whitehead, in his "Elegy to Lord Villiers," in which under the pretext of "superior toils, de-

⁴ Men of rank and fortune, however, should be pretty well assured of having a real claim to the approbation of the publick, as writers, before they venture to stand forth. Dryden, in his preface to "All for Love," thus expresses himself:

"Men of pleasant conversation (at least esteemed so) and endued with a trifling kind of fancy, perhaps helped out by a smattering of Latin, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the herd of gentlemen by their poetry:

*'Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortuna.'—*

And is not this a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their estates, but they must call their wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to publick view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober men which they have found from their flatterers after the third bottle: If a little glittering in discourse has passed them on us for witty men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the world? Would a man who has an ill title to an estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it out of his own accord to be tried at Westminster? We who write, if we want the talents, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urged in their defence who, not having the vocation of poverty to scribble, out of mere wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous? Horace was certainly in the right where he said, 'That no man is satisfied with his own condition.' A poet is not pleased because he is not rich; and the rich are discontented because the poets will not admit them of their number."

manding all their care," he discovers a jealousy of the great paying their court to the Muses:

"——— to the chosen few

Who dare excel, thy fostering aid afford;
Their arts, their magic powers, with honours due
Exalt;—but be thyself what they record."

Johnson had called twice on the Bishop of Kilaloe before his Lordship set out for Ireland, having missed him the first time. He said, "It would have hung heavy on my heart if I had not seen him. No man ever paid more attention to another than he has done to me⁵; and I have neglected him, not wilfully, but from being otherwise occupied. Always, sir, set a high value on spontaneous kindness. He whose inclination prompts him to cultivate your friendship of his own accord will love you more than one whom you have been at pains to attach to you."

Johnson told me, that he was once much pleased to find that a carpenter, who lived near him, was very ready to show him some things in his business which he wished to see: "It was paying (said he) respect to literature."

I asked him, if he was not dissatisfied with

⁵ This gave me very great pleasure; for there had been once a pretty smart altercation between Dr. Barnard and him, upon a question whether a man could improve himself after the age of forty-five; when Johnson, in a hasty humour, expressed himself in a manner not quite civil. Dr. Barnard made it the subject of a copy of pleasant verses, in which he supposed himself to learn different perfections from different men. They concluded with delicate irony:

"Johnson shall teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrow'd grace;
From him I'll learn to write:
Copy his clear familiar style,
And by the roughness of his file
Grow, like *himself*, *polite*."

I know not whether Johnson ever saw the Poem, but I had occasion to find that as Dr. Barnard and he knew each other better, their mutual regard increased.

having so small a share of wealth, and none of those distinctions in the state which are the objects of ambition. He had only a pension of three hundred a year. Why was he not in such circumstances as to keep his coach? Why had he not some considerable office? JOHNSON. "Sir, I have never complained of the world; nor do I think that I have reason to complain. It is rather to be wondered at that I have so much. My pension is more out of the usual course of things than any instance that I have known. Here, sir, was a man avowedly no friend to Government at the time, who got a pension without asking for it. I never courted the great; they sent for me; but I think they now give me up. They are satisfied; they have seen enough of me." Upon my observing that I could not believe this, for they must certainly be highly pleased by his conversation; conscious of his own superiority, he answered, "No, sir; great Lords and great Ladies don't love to have their mouths stopped." This was very expressive of the effect which the force of his understanding and brilliancy of his fancy could not but produce; and, to be sure, they must have found themselves strangely diminished in his company. When I warmly declared how happy I was at all times to hear him;—"Yes, sir (said he); but if you were Lord Chancellor, it would not be so: you would then consider your own dignity."

There was much truth and knowledge of human nature in this remark. But certainly one should think that, in whatever elevated state of life a man who *knew* the value of the conversation of Johnson might be placed, though he might prudently avoid a situation in which he might appear lessened by comparison; yet he would frequently gratify himself in private with the participation of

the rich intellectual entertainment which Johnson could furnish. Strange, however, is it, to consider how few of the great sought his society; so that if one were disposed to take occasion for satire on that account, very conspicuous objects present themselves. His noble friend, Lord Elibank, well observed, that if a great man procured an interview with Johnson, and did not wish to see him more, it showed a mere idle curiosity, and a wretched want of relish for extraordinary powers of mind. Mrs. Thrale justly and wittily accounted for such conduct by saying, that Johnson's conversation was by much too strong for a person accustomed to obsequiousness and flattery; it was *mustard in a young child's mouth!*

One day, when I told him that I was a zealous Tory, but not enough "according to knowledge," and should be obliged to him for "a reason," he was so candid, and expressed himself so well, that I begged of him to repeat what he had said, and I wrote down as follows:

OF TORY AND WHIG.

"A wise Tory and a wise Whig, I believe, will agree. Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different. A high Tory makes government unintelligible: it is lost in the clouds. A violent Whig makes it impracticable: he is for allowing so much liberty to every man, that there is not power enough to govern any man. The prejudice of the Tory is for establishment: the prejudice of the Whig is for innovation. A Tory does not wish to give more real power to Government; but that Government should have more reverence. Then they differ as to the Church. The Tory is not for giving

more legal power to the Clergy, but wishes they should have a considerable influence, founded on the opinion of mankind: the Whig is for limiting and watching them with a narrow jealousy."

" TO MR. PERKINS.

" SIR,

" HOWEVER often I have seen you, I have hitherto forgotten the note, but I have now sent it; with my good wishes for the prosperity of you and your partner⁶, of whom, from our short conversation, I could not judge otherwise than favourably. I am, SIR,

" Your most humble servant,

" SAM. JOHNSON."

" June 2, 1781."

On Saturday, June 2, I set out for Scotland, and had promised to pay a visit, in my way, as I sometimes did, at Southill, in Bedfordshire, at the hospitable mansion of Squire Dilly, the elder brother of my worthy friends, the booksellers in the Poultry. Dr. Johnson agreed to be of the party this year, with Mr. Charles Dilly and me, and to go and see Lord Bute's seat at Luton Hoe. He talked little to us in the carriage, being chiefly occupied in reading Dr. Watson's⁷ second volume of "Chemical Essays," which he liked very well;

⁶ Mr. Barclay, a descendant of Robert Barclay, of Ury, the celebrated apologist of the people called Quakers, and remarkable for maintaining the principles of his venerable progenitor, with as much of the elegance of modern manners as is consistent with primitive simplicity.

⁷ Now Bishop of Llandaff, one of the *poorest* Bishopricks in this kingdom. His Lordship has written with much zeal to show the propriety of *equalizing* the revenues of Bishops. He has informed us that he has burned all his Chemical papers. The friends of our excellent constitution, now assailed on every side by innovators and levellers, would have less regretted the suppression of some of his Lordship's other writings.

and his own 'Prince of Abyssinia,' on which he seemed to be intensely fixed: having told us, that he had not looked at it since it was first published. I happened to take it out of my pocket this day, and he seized upon it with avidity. He pointed out to me the following remarkable passage: "By what means (said the prince) are the Europeans thus powerful; or why, since they can so easily visit Asia and Africa for trade or conquest, cannot the Asiaticks and Africans invade their coasts, plant colonies^s in their ports, and give laws to their natural princes? The same wind that carried them back would bring us thither."—"They are more powerful, sir, than we (answered Imlack), because they are wiser. Knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as man governs the other animals. But why their knowledge is more than ours I know not what reason can be given, but the unsearchable will of the Supreme Being." He said, "This, sir, no man can explain otherwise."

We stopped at Welwin, where I wished much to see, in company with Johnson, the residence of the authour of "Night Thoughts," which was then possessed by his son, Mr. Young. Here some address was requisite, for I was not acquainted with Mr. Young, and had I proposed to Dr. Johnson that we should send to him, he would have checked my wish, and perhaps been offended. I therefore concerted with Mr. Dilly, that I should steal away from Dr. Johnson and him, and try what reception I could procure from Mr. Young; if unfavourable, nothing was to be said; but if agreeable, I should return and notify it to them. I hastened to Mr. Young's, found he was at home, sent in word that a gentleman de-

^s [The Phœnicians and Carthaginians *did* plant colonies in Europe. K.]

sired to wait upon him; and was shown into a parlour, where he and a young lady, his daughter; were sitting. He appeared to be a plain, civil, country gentleman; and when I begged pardon for presuming to trouble him, but that I wished much to see his place, if he would give me leave; he behaved very courteously; and answered, "By all means, sir: we are just going to drink tea; will you sit down?" I thanked him, but said, that Dr. Johnson had come with me from London, and I must return to the inn to drink tea with him; that my name was Boswell, I had travelled with him in the Hebrides. "Sir (said he), I should think it a great honour to see Dr. Johnson here. Will you allow me to send for him?" Availing myself of this opening, I said that "I would go myself and bring him when he had drunk tea; he knew nothing of my calling here." Having been thus successful, I hastened back to the inn, and informed Dr. Johnson that "Mr. Young, son of Dr. Young, the author of 'Night Thoughts,' whom I had just left, desired to have the honour of seeing him at the house where his father lived." Dr. Johnson luckily made no inquiry how this invitation had arisen; but agreed to go, and when we entered Mr. Young's parlour, he addressed him with a very polite bow, "Sir, I had a curiosity to come and see this place. I had the honour to know that great man, your father." We went into the garden, where we found a gravel walk, on each side of which was a row of trees planted by Dr. Young, which formed a handsome Gothic arch; Dr. Johnson called it a fine grove. I beheld it with reverence.

We sat some time in the summer house, on the outside wall of which was inscribed, "*Ambulantes in horto audiebant vocem Dei*;" and in reference to a brook by which it is situated, "*Vi-*

vendi rectè qui prorogat horam,” &c. I said to Mr. Young, that I had been told his father was cheerful. “Sir (said he), he was too well bred a man not to be cheerful in company; but he was gloomy when alone. He never was cheerful after my mother’s death, and he had met with many disappointments.” Dr. Johnson observed to me afterwards, “That this was no favourable account of Dr. Young; for it is not becoming in a man to have so little acquiescence in the ways of Providence, as to be gloomy because he has not obtained as much preferment as he expected; nor to continue gloomy for the loss of his wife. Grief has its time.” The last part of this censure was theoretically made. Practically, we know that grief for the loss of a wife may be continued very long in proportion as affection has been sincere. No man knew this better than Dr. Johnson.

We went into the church, and looked at the monument erected by Mr. Young to his father. Mr. Young mentioned an anecdote, that his father had received several thousand pounds of subscription money for his “Universal Passion,” but had lost it in the South Sea⁹. Dr. Johnson thought this must be a mistake; for he had never seen a subscription book.

Upon the road we talked of the uncertainty of profit with which authours and booksellers engage in the publication of literary works. JOHNSON. “My judgment I have found is no certain rule as to the sale of a book.” BOSWELL. “Pray, sir, have you been much plagued with authours sending you their works to revise?” JOHNSON. “No, sir; I have been thought a sour surly fel-

⁹ [This assertion is disproved by a comparison of dates. The first four satires of Young were published in 1725. The South Sea scheme (which appears to be meant) was in 1720. M.]

low." BOSWELL. "Very lucky for you, sir,—in that respect." I must however observe that, notwithstanding what he now said, which he no doubt imagined at the time to be the fact, there was, perhaps, no man who more frequently yielded to the solicitations even of very obscure authors to read their manuscripts, or more liberally assisted them with advice and correction.

He found himself very happy at Squire Dilly's, where there is always abundance of excellent fare and hearty welcome.

On Sunday, June 3, we all went to Southill church, which is very near to Mr. Dilly's house. It being the first Sunday of the month, the holy sacrament was administered, and I staid to partake of it. When I came afterwards into Dr. Johnson's room, he said, "You did right to stay and receive the communion; I had not thought of it." This seemed to imply that he did not choose to approach the altar without a previous preparation, as to which good men entertain different opinions; some holding that it is irreverent to partake of that ordinance without considerable premeditation; others, that whoever is a sincere Christian, and in a proper frame of mind to discharge any other ritual duty of our religion, may, without scruple, discharge this most solemn one. A middle notion I believe to be the just one, which is, that communicants need not think a long train of preparatory forms indispensably necessary; but neither should they rashly and lightly venture upon so awful and mysterious an institution. Christians must judge each for himself, what degree of retirement and selfexamination is necessary upon each occasion.

Being in a frame of mind which I hope, for the felicity of human nature, many experience,—in fine weather,—at the country house of a friend,

—consoled and elevated by pious exercises,—I expressed myself with an unrestrained fervour to my “Guide, Philosopher, and Friend:” “My dear sir, I would fain be a good man; and I am very good now. I fear God, and honour the King; I wish to do no ill, and to be benevolent to all mankind.” He looked at me with a benignant indulgence; but took occasion to give me wise and salutary caution. “Do not, sir, accustom yourself to trust to *impressions*. There is a middle state of mind between conviction and hypocrisy, of which many are conscious. By trusting to impressions a man may gradually come to yield to them, and at length be subject to them, so as not to be a free agent, or what is the same thing in effect, to *suppose* that he is not a free agent. A man who is in that state should not be suffered to live; if he declares he cannot help acting in a particular way, and is irresistibly impelled, there can be no confidence in him no more than in a tiger. But, sir, no man believes himself to be impelled irresistibly; we know that he who says he believes it lies. Favourable impressions at particular moments, as to the state of our souls, may be deceitful and dangerous. In general no man can be sure of his acceptance with God; some, indeed, may have it revealed to them. St. Paul, who wrought miracles, may have had a miracle wrought on himself, and may have obtained supernatural assurance of pardon, and mercy, and beatitude; yet St. Paul, though he expresses strong hope, also expresses fear lest, having preached to others, he himself should be a castaway.”

The opinion of a learned Bishop of our acquaintance, as to there being merit in religious faith, being mentioned;—JOHNSON. “Why yes, sir, the most licentious man, were hell open be-

fore him, would not take the most beautiful strumpet to his arms. We must, as the Apostle says, live by faith, not by sight."

I talked to him of original sin¹, in consequence of the fall of man, and of the atonement made by our SAVIOUR. After some conversation, which he desired me to remember, he, at my request, dictated to me as follows:

"With respect to original sin, the inquiry is not necessary; for whatever is the cause of human corruption, men are evidently and confessedly so corrupt that all the laws of heaven and earth are insufficient to restrain them from crimes.

"Whatever difficulty there may be in the conception of vicarious punishments, it is an opinion which has had possession of mankind in all ages. There is no nation that has not used the practice of sacrifices. Whoever, therefore, denies the propriety of vicarious punishments holds an opinion which the sentiments and practice of mankind have contradicted from the beginning of the world. The great sacrifice for the sins of mankind was offered at the death of the MESSIAH, who is called in Scripture, 'The Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.' To judge of the reasonableness of the scheme of redemption, it must be considered as necessary to the government of the universe that God should make known his perpetual and irreconcilable

¹ Dr. Ogden, in his second sermon "On the Articles of the Christian Faith," with admirable acuteness thus addresses the opposers of that doctrine, which accounts for the confusion, sin, and misery which we find in this life: "It would be severe in God, you think, to *degrade* us to such a sad state as this for the offence of our first parents: but you can allow him to *place* us in it without any inducement. Are our calamities lessened for not being ascribed to Adam? If your condition be unhappy, is it not still unhappy, whatever was the occasion? with the aggravation of this reflection, that if it was as good as it was at first designed, there seems to be somewhat the less reason to look for its amendment."

detestation of moral evil. He might indeed punish, and punish only the offenders; but as the end of punishment is not revenge of crimes, but propagation of virtue, it was more becoming the Divine clemency to find another manner of proceeding, less destructive to man, and at least equally powerful to promote goodness. The end of punishment is to reclaim and warn. *That* punishment will both reclaim and warn which shows evidently such abhorrence of sin in God, as may deter us from it or strike us with dread of vengeance when we have committed it. This is effected by vicarious punishment. Nothing could more testify the opposition between the nature of God and moral evil, or more amply display his justice to men and angels, to all orders and successions of beings than that it was necessary for the highest and purest nature, even for DIVINITY itself, to pacify the demands of vengeance by a painful death; of which the natural effect will be, that when justice is appeased there is a proper place for the exercise of mercy; and that such propitiation shall supply, in some degree, the imperfections of our obedience and the inefficacy of our repentance: for, obedience and repentance, such as we can perform, are still necessary. Our SAVIOUR has told us that he did not come to destroy the law but to fulfil: to fulfil the typical law, by the performance of what those types had foreshown; and the moral law, by precepts of greater purity and higher exaltation."

[Here he said, "God bless you with it." I acknowledged myself much obliged to him; but I begged that he would go on as to the propitiation being the chief object of our most holy faith.—He then dictated this one other paragraph.]

"The peculiar doctrine of Christianity is that of a universal sacrifice and perpetual propitiation.

Other prophets only proclaimed the will and the threatenings of God. CHRIST satisfied his justice."

The Reverend Mr. Palmer², Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, dined with us. He expressed a wish that a better provision were made for parish clerks. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir, a parish clerk should be a man who is able to make a will or write a letter for any body in the parish."

I mentioned Lord Monboddo's notion³ that the ancient Egyptians, with all their learning and all their arts, were not only black but woolly-haired. Mr. Palmer asked how did it appear upon examining the mummies? Dr. Johnson approved of this test.

Although upon most occasions I never heard a more strenuous advocate for the advantages of wealth than Dr. Johnson, he this day, I know not from what caprice, took the other side. "I have not observed (said he) that men of very large

² This unfortunate person, whose full name was Thomas Tyscho Palmer, afterwards went to Dundee, in Scotland, where he officiated as minister to a congregation of the sect who call themselves *Unitarians*, from a notion that they distinctively worship ONE GOD, because they deny the mysterious doctrine of the TRINITY. They do not advert that the great body of the Christian Church, in maintaining that mystery, maintain also the *Unity* of the GODHEAD: the "TRINITY in UNITY!—three persons and ONE GOD." The Church humbly adores the DIVINITY as exhibited in the Holy Scriptures. The Unitarian sect vainly presumes to comprehend and define the ALMIGHTY. Mr. Palmer, having heated his mind with political speculations, became so much dissatisfied with our excellent Constitution, as to compose, publish, and circulate writings, which were found to be so seditious and dangerous that, upon being found guilty by a Jury, the Court of Justiciary in Scotland sentenced him to transportation for fourteen years. A loud clamour against this sentence was made by some Members of both Houses of Parliament; but both Houses approved of it by a great majority; and he was conveyed to the settlement for convicts in New South Wales.

[Mr. T. F. Palmer was of Queen's College, in Cambridge, where he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1772, and that of S. T. B. in 1781. He died on his return from Botany Bay, in the year 1803.—M.]

³ Taken from Herodotus.

fortunes enjoy any thing extraordinary that makes happiness. What has the Duke of Bedford? What has the Duke of Devonshire? The only great instance that I have ever known of the enjoyment of wealth was that of Jamaica Dawkins, who, going to visit Palmyra, and hearing that the way was infested by robbers, hired a troop of Turkish horse to guard him."

Dr. Gibbons, the Dissenting Minister, being mentioned, he said, "I took to Dr. Gibbons." And addressing himself to Mr. Charles Dilly, added, "I shall be glad to see him. Tell him if he'll call on me, and dawdle over a dish of tea in an afternoon, I shall take it kind."

The Reverend Mr. Smith, Vicar of Southill, a very respectable man with a very agreeable family, sent an invitation to us to drink tea. I remarked Dr. Johnson's very respectful politeness. Though always fond of changing the scene, he said, "We must have Mr. Dilly's leave. We cannot go from your house, sir, without your permission." We all went, and were well satisfied with our visit. I however remember nothing particular, except a nice distinction which Dr. Johnson made with respect to the power of memory, maintaining that forgetfulness was a man's own fault. "To remember and to recollect (said he) are different things. A man has not the power to recollect what is not in his mind; but when a thing is in his mind he may remember it."

The remark was occasioned by my leaning back on a chair, which a little before I had perceived to be broken, and pleading forgetfulness as an excuse. "Sir (said he) its being broken was certainly in your mind."

When I observed that a housebreaker was in general very timorous;—JOHNSON. "No wonder, sir; he is afraid of being shot getting *into* a house, or hanged when he has got *out* of it."

He told us that he had in one day written six sheets of a translation from the French; adding, "I should be glad to see it now. I wish that I had copies of all the pamphlets written against me, as it is said Pope had. Had I known that I should make so much noise in the world, I should have been at pains to collect them. I believe there is hardly a day in which there is not something about me in the newspapers."

On Monday, June 4, we all went to Luton Hoe, to see Lord Bute's magnificent seat, for which I had obtained a ticket. As we entered the park I talked in a high style of my old friendship with Lord Mountstuart, and said, "I shall probably be much at this place." The Sage, aware of human vicissitudes, gently checked me: "Don't you be too sure of that." He made two or three peculiar observations; as when shown the botanical garden, "Is not *every* garden a botanical garden?" When told that there was a shrubbery to the extent of several miles: "That is making a very foolish use of the ground; a little of it is very well." When it was proposed that we should walk on the pleasure ground; "Don't let us fatigue ourselves. Why should we walk there? Here's a fine tree, let's get to the top of it." But upon the whole he was very much pleased. He said, "This is one of the places I do not regret having come to see. It is a very stately place, indeed; in the house magnificence is not sacrificed to convenience, nor convenience to magnificence. The library is very splendid; the dignity of the rooms is very great; and the quantity of pictures is beyond expectation, beyond hope."

It happened without any previous concert that we visited the seat of Lord Bute upon the King's birthday; we dined and drank his Majesty's health at an inn in the village of Luton.

In the evening I put him in mind of his promise

to favour me with a copy of his celebrated Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield, and he was at last pleased to comply with this earnest request, by dictating it to me from his memory; for he believed that he himself had no copy. There was an animated glow in his countenance while he thus recalled his high minded indignation.

He laughed heartily at a ludicrous action in the Court of Session, in which I was counsel. The Society of *Procurators*, or Attorneys, entitled to practise in the inferiour courts at Edinburgh, had obtained a royal charter, in which they had taken care to have their ancient designation of *Procurators* changed into that of *Solicitors*, from a notion, as they supposed, that it was more *gentle*; and this new title they displayed by a publick advertisement for a *General Meeting* at their *Hall*.

It has been said that the Scottish nation is not distinguished for humour; and, indeed, what happened on this occasion may in some degree justify the remark; for although this society had contrived to make themselves a very prominent object for the ridicule of such as might stoop to it, the only joke to which it gave rise was the following paragraph, sent to the newspaper called "*The Caledonian Mercury*."

"A correspondent informs us that the Worshipful Society of *Chaldeans, Cadies, or Running Stationers* of this city are resolved, in imitation, and encouraged by the singular success of their brethren, of an *equally respectable Society*, to apply for a Charter of their Privileges, particularly of the sole privilege of *PROCURING*, in the most extensive sense of the word, exclusive of chairmen, porters, penny postmen, and other *inferiour* ranks; their brethren the *R—Y—L S—LL—RS, alias P—C—RS, before the INFERIOUR Courts* of this City, always excepted.

“Should the Worshipful Society be successful, they are farther resolved not to be *puffed up* thereby, but to demean themselves with more equanimity and decency than their *R-y-l, learned,* and *very modest* brethren above mentioned have done, upon their late dignification and exaltation.”

A majority of the members of the Society prosecuted Mr. Robertson, the publisher of the paper, for damages; and the first judgment of the whole Court very wisely dismissed the action: *Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis.* But a new trial or review was granted upon a petition, according to the forms in Scotland. This petition I was engaged to answer, and Dr. Johnson, with great alacrity, furnished me this evening with what follows:

“All injury is either of the person, the fortune, or the fame. Now it is a certain thing, it is proverbially known, that *a jest breaks no bones.* They never have gained half a crown less in the whole profession since this mischievous paragraph has appeared; and, as to their reputation, What is their reputation but an instrument of getting money? If, therefore, they have lost no money, the question upon reputation may be answered by a very old position,—*De minimis non curat Prætor.*

“Whether there was, or was not, an *animus injuriandi*, is not worth inquiring, if no *injuria* can be proved. But the truth is, there was no *animus injuriandi*. It was only an *animus irritandi*⁴, which, happening to be exercised upon a *genus irritabile*, produced unexpected violence of resentment. Their irritability arose only from an opinion of their own importance, and their delight in their new exaltation. What might have been

⁴ Mr. Robertson altered this word to *jocandi*, he having found in Blackstone that to *irritate* is actionable.

borne by a *Procurator* could not be borne by a *Solicitor*. Your Lordships well know that *honores mutant mores*. Titles and dignities play strongly on the fancy. As a madman is apt to think himself grown suddenly great, so he that grows suddenly great is apt to borrow a little from the madman. To cooperate with their resentment would be to promote their phrensy; nor is it possible to guess to what they might proceed, if to the new title of *Solicitor* should be added the elation of victory and triumph.

“We consider your Lordships as the protectors of our rights, and the guardians of our virtues; but believe it not included in your high office, that you should flatter our vices, or solace our vanity; and, as vanity only dictates this prosecution, it is humbly hoped your Lordships will dismiss it.

“If every attempt, however light or ludicrous, to lessen another’s reputation is to be punished by a judicial sentence, what punishment can be sufficiently severe for him who attempts to diminish the reputation of the Supreme Court of Justice, by reclaiming upon a cause already determined, without any change in the state of the question? Does it not imply hopes that the Judges will change their opinion? Is not uncertainty and inconstancy in the highest degree disreputable to a Court? Does it not suppose that the former judgment was temerarious or negligent? Does it not lessen the confidence of the public? Will it not be said, that *jus est aut incognitum aut vagum*? and will not the consequence be drawn, *misera est servitus*? Will not the rules of action be obscure? Will not he who knows himself wrong to-day hope that the Courts of Justice will think him right to-morrow? Surely, my Lords, these are attempts of dangerous tendency, which

the Solicitors, as men versed in the law, should have foreseen and avoided. It was natural for an ignorant printer to appeal from the Lord Ordinary; but from lawyers, the descendants of lawyers, who have practised for three hundred years, and have now raised themselves to a higher denomination, it might be expected that they should know the reverence due to a judicial determination; and, having been once dismissed, should sit down in silence."

I am ashamed to mention that the Court, by a plurality of voices, without having a single additional circumstance before them, reversed their own judgment, made a serious matter of this dull and foolish joke, and adjudged Mr. Robertson to pay to the Society five pounds (sterling money) and costs of suit. The decision will seem strange to English lawyers.

On Tuesday, June 5, Johnson was to return to London. He was very pleasant at breakfast; I mentioned a friend of mine having resolved never to marry a pretty woman. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is a very foolish resolution to resolve not to marry a pretty woman. Beauty is of itself very estimable. No, sir, I would prefer a pretty woman, unless there are objections to her. A pretty woman may be foolish; a pretty woman may be wicked; a pretty woman may not like me. But there is no such danger in marrying a pretty woman as is apprehended; she will not be persecuted if she does not invite persecution. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another; and that is all."

I accompanied him in Mr. Dilly's chaise to Shefford, where talking of Lord Bute's never going to Scotland, he said, "As an Englishman, I should wish all the Scotch gentlemen should be

educated in England; Scotland would become a province; they would spend all their rents in England." This is a subject of much consequence and much delicacy. The advantage of an English education is unquestionably very great to Scotch gentlemen of talents and ambition; and regular visits to Scotland; and perhaps other means, might be effectually used to prevent them from being totally estranged from their native country, any more than a Cumberland or Northumberland gentleman who has been educated in the South of England. I own, indeed, that it is no small misfortune for Scotch gentlemen, who have neither talents nor ambition, to be educated in England, where they may be perhaps distinguished only by a nickname, lavish their fortune in giving expensive entertainments to those who laugh at them, and saunter about as mere idle insignificant hangers-on even upon the foolish great; when if they had been judiciously brought up at home, they might have been comfortable and creditable members of society.

At Shefford I had another affectionate parting from my revered friend; who was taken up by the Bedford coach and carried to the metropolis. I went with Messieurs Dilly to see some friends at Bedford; dined with the officers of the militia of the county; and next day proceeded on my journey.

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"How welcome your account of yourself and your invitation to your new house was to me, I need not tell you, who consider our friendship not only as formed by choice, but as matured by time. We have been now long enough acquainted

to have many images in common, and therefore to have a source of conversation which neither the learning nor the wit of a new companion can supply.

"My Lives are now published; and if you will tell me whither I shall send them, that they may come to you, I will take care that you shall not be without them.

"You will, perhaps, be glad to hear that Mrs. Thrale is disincumbered of her brewhouse; and that it seemed to the purchaser so far from an evil that he was content to give for it a hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. Is the nation ruined?

"Please to make my respectful compliments to Lady Rothes, and keep me in the memory of all the little dear family, particularly Mrs. Jane.

"I am, SIR,

"Your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Bolt-court, June 16, 1781."

Johnson's charity to the poor was uniform and extensive, both from inclination and principle. He not only bestowed liberally out of his own purse, but, what is more difficult as well as rare, would beg from others when he had proper objects in view. This he did judiciously as well as humanely. Mr. Philip Metcalfe tells me, that when he has asked him for some money for persons in distress, and Mr. Metcalfe has offered what Johnson thought too much, he insisted on taking less, saying, "No, no, sir; we must not pamper them."

I am indebted to Mr. Malone, one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's executors, for the following note, which was found among his papers after his death, and which, we may presume, his unaffected mo-

desty prevented him from communicating to me with the other letters from Dr. Johnson with which he was pleased to furnish me. However slight in itself, as it does honour to that illustrious painter and most amiable man, I am happy to introduce it.

“ TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ It was not before yesterday that I received your splendid benefaction. To a hand so liberal in distributing, I hope nobody will envy the power of acquiring.

“ I am, DEAR SIR,

“ Your obliged and most humble servant,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.”

“ June 23, 1781.”

“ TO THOMAS ASTLE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ I AM ashamed that you have been forced to call so often for your books, but it has been by no fault on either side. They have never been out of my hands, nor have I ever been at home without seeing you; for to see a man so skilful in the antiquities of my country is an opportunity of improvement not willingly to be missed.

“ Your notes on Alfred⁵ appear to me very judicious and accurate, but they are too few. Many things familiar to you are unknown to me and to most others; and you must not think too favourably of your readers; by supposing them knowing you will leave them ignorant. Measure

⁵ The Will of King Alfred, alluded to in this letter, from the original Saxon, in the library of Mr. Astle, has been printed at the expense of the University of Oxford.

of land, and value of money, it is of great importance to state with care. Had the Saxons any gold coin?

“I have much curiosity after the manners and transactions of the middle ages; but have wanted either diligence or opportunity, or both. You, sir, have great opportunities, and I wish you both diligence and success.

“I am, SIR, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

“July 17, 1781.”

The following curious anecdote I insert in Dr. Burney's own words. Dr. Burney related to Dr. Johnson the partiality which his writings had excited in a friend of Dr. Burney's, the late Mr. Bewley, well known in Norfolk by the name of the *Philosopher of Massingham*: who, from the *Ramblers* and *Plan of his Dictionary*, and long before the authour's fame was established by the Dictionary itself, or any other work, had conceived such a reverence for him that he earnestly begged Dr. Burney to give him the cover of the first letter he had received from him, as a relick of so estimable a writer. This was in 1755. In 1760, when Dr. Burney visited Dr. Johnson at the Temple in London, where he had then chambers, he happened to arrive there before he was up; and being shown into the room where he was to breakfast, finding himself alone, he examined the contents of the apartment to try whether he could undiscovered steal any thing to send to his friend Bewley, as another relick of the admirable Dr. Johnson. But finding nothing better to his purpose, he cut some bristles off of his hearth broom, and enclosed them in a letter to his country enthusiast, who received them with due reverence. The Doctor was so sensible of

the honour done him by a man of genius and science, to whom he was an utter stranger, that he said to Dr. Burney, 'Sir, there is no man possessed of the smallest portion of modesty but must be flattered with the admiration of such a man. I'll give him a set of my Lives if he will do me the honour to accept of them.' In this he kept his word; and Dr. Burney had not only the pleasure of gratifying his friend with a present more worthy of his acceptance than the segment from the hearth broom, but soon after introducing him to Dr. Johnson himself in Bolt Court, with whom he had the satisfaction of conversing a considerable time, not a fortnight before his death; which happened in St. Martin's Street, during his visit to Dr. Burney, in the house where the great Sir Isaac Newton had lived and died before."

In one of his little memorandum books is the following minute:

"August 9, 3 P. M. ætat. 72, in the summer house at Streatham.

"After innumerable resolutions formed and neglected, I have retired hither to plan a life of greater diligence, in hope that I may yet be useful, and be daily better prepared to appear before my Creator and my Judge, from whose infinite mercy I humbly call for assistance and support.

"My purpose is,

"To pass eight hours every day in some serious employment.

"Having prayed, I purpose to employ the next six weeks upon the Italian language for my settled study."

How venerably pious does he appear in these moments of solitude, and how spirited are his resolutions for the improvement of his mind, even in elegant literature, at a very advanced period of life, and when afflicted with many complaints.

In autumn he went to Oxford, Birmingham,

Lichfield, and Ashbourne, for which very good reasons might be given in the conjectural yet positive manner of writers, who are proud to account for every event which they relate. He himself, however, says, "The motives of my journey I hardly know; I omitted it last year, and am not willing to miss it again⁶." But some good considerations arise, amongst which is the kindly recollection of Mr. Hector, surgeon, of Birmingham. "Hector is likewise an old friend, the only companion of my childhood that passed through the school with me. We have always loved one another; perhaps we may be made better by some serious conversation, of which, however, I have no distinct hope."

He says too, "At Lichfield, my native place, I hope to show a good example by frequent attendance on public worship."

My correspondence with him during the rest of this year was, I know not why, very scanty, and all on my side. I wrote him one letter to introduce Mr. Sinclair (now Sir John), the member for Caithness, to his acquaintance; and informed him in another, that my wife had again been affected with alarming symptoms of illness.

In 1782 his complaints increased, and the history of his life this year is little more than a mournful recital of the variations of his illness; in the midst of which, however, it will appear from his letters that the powers of his mind were in no degree impaired.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"I sit down to answer your letter on the same day in which I received it, and am pleased that

⁶ Prayers and Meditations, p. 201.

my first letter of the year is to you. No man ought to be at ease while he knows himself in the wrong; and I have not satisfied myself with my long silence. The letter relating to Mr. Sinclair, however, was, I believe, never brought.

“My health has been tottering this last year: and I can give no very laudable account of my time. I am always hoping to do better than I have ever hitherto done.

“My journey to Ashbourne and Staffordshire was not pleasant; for what enjoyment has a sick man visiting the sick?—Shall we ever have another frolick like our journey to the Hebrides?

“I hope that dear Mrs. Boswell will surmount her complaints; in losing her you will lose your anchor, and be tost, without stability, by the waves of life⁷. I wish both her and you very many years, and very happy.

“For some months past I have been so withdrawn from the world that I can send you nothing particular. All your friends, however, are well, and will be glad of your return to London.

“I am, DEAR SIR,

“Yours most affectionately,

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

“January 5, 1782.”

At a time when he was less able than he had once been to sustain a shock, he was suddenly deprived of Mr. Levett, which event he thus communicated to Dr. Lawrence.

“SIR,

“OUR old friend, Mr. Levett, who was last night eminently cheerful, died this morning. The man who lay in the same room, hearing an un-

⁷ The truth of this has been proved by sad experience.

[Mrs. Boswell died June 4, 1789. M.]

common noise, got up and tried to make him speak, but without effect. He then called Mr. Holdèr, the apothecary, who, though when he came he thought him dead, opened a vein, but could draw no blood. So has ended the long life of a very useful and very blameless man.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.”

“ Jan. 17, 1782.”

In one of his memorandum books in my possession is the following entry: “ January 20, Sunday. Robert Levett was buried in the churchyard of Bridewell, between one and two in the afternoon. He died on Thursday 17, about seven in the morning, by an instantaneous death. He was an old and faithful friend; I have known him from about 46. *Commendavi*. May God have mercy on him. May he have mercy on me.”

Such was Johnson's affectionate regard for Levett⁸, that he honoured his memory with the following pathetick verses :

“ CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blast or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind,
Nor, letter'd arrogance⁹, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

⁸ See an account of him in “ The Gentleman's Magazine,” Feb. 1785.

⁹ In both editions of Sir John Hawkins's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, “ letter'd ignorance” is printed.

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
 And hovering Death prepared the blow,
 His vigorous remedy display'd
 The power of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest caverns known,
 His ready help was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely Want retired to die¹.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
 No petty gains disdain'd by pride;
 The modest wants of every day
 The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
 And sure the eternal Master found
 His single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
 His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
 Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

'Then, with no throbs of fiery pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And freed his soul the nearest way."

In one of Johnson's registers of this year, there occurs the following curious passage: "Jan 20. The Ministry is dissolved. I prayed with Francis, and gave thanks²." It has been the subject of discussion, whether there are two distinct particulars mentioned here? Or that we are to understand the giving of thanks to be in consequence of the dissolution of the Ministry? In support of the last of these conjectures may be urged his mean opinion of that Ministry, which has frequently appeared in the course of this work; and it is strongly confirmed by what he said on the subject to Mr. Seward:—"I am glad the ministry is removed. Such a bunch of imbecility

¹ Johnson repeated this line to me thus:

"And Labour steals an hour to die."

But he afterwards altered it to the present reading.

² Prayers and Meditations, p. 209.

never disgraced a country. If they sent a messenger into the City to take up a printer, the messenger was taken up instead of the printer, and committed by the sitting Alderman. If they sent one army to the relief of another, the first army was defeated and taken before the second arrived. I will not say that what they did was always wrong; but it was always done at a wrong time."

" TO MRS. STRAHAN.

" DEAR MADAM,

" MRS. WILLIAMS showed me your kind letter. This little habitation is now but a melancholy place, clouded with the gloom of disease and death. Of the four inmates, one has been suddenly snatched away; two are oppressed by very afflictive and dangerous illness; and I tried yesterday to gain some relief, by a third bleeding, from a disorder which has for some time distressed me, and I think myself to-day much better.

" I am glad, dear madam, to hear that you are so far recovered as to go to Bath. Let me once more entreat you to stay till your health is not only obtained, but confirmed. Your fortune is such as that no moderate expensé deserves your care; and you have a husband who, I believe, does not regard it. Stay, therefore, till you are quite well. I am, for my part, very much deserted; but complaint is useless. I hope God will bless you, and I desire you to form the same wish for me,

" I am, DEAR MADAM,

" Your most humble servant,

" SAM. JOHNSON."

" Feb. 4, 1782."

“ TO EDMOND MALONE, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE for many weeks been so much out of order, that I have gone out only in a coach to Mrs. Thrale's, where I can use all the freedom that sickness requires. Do not, therefore, take it amiss that I am not with you and Dr. Farmer. I hope hereafter to see you often.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.”

“ Feb. 27, 1782.”

TO THE SAME.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I HOPE I grow better, and shall soon be able to enjoy the kindness of my friends. I think this wild adherence to Chatterton³ more unaccountable than the obstinate defence of Ossian. In Ossian there is a national pride which may be forgiven, though it cannot be applauded. In Chatterton there is nothing but the resolution to say again what has once been said.

“ I am, SIR,

“ Your humble servant,

“ SAM. JOHNSON.”

“ March 2, 1782.”

These short letters show the regard which Dr. Johnson entertained for Mr. Malone, who the more he is known is the more highly valued. It

³ [This note was in answer to one which accompanied one of the earliest pamphlets on the subject of Chatterton's forgery, entitled “Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley,” &c. Mr. Thomas Warton's very able “Inquiry” appeared about three months afterwards: and Mr. Tyrwhitt's admirable “Vindication of his Appendix,” in the summer of the same year, left the believers in his daring imposture nothing but “the resolution to say

is much to be regretted that Johnson was prevented from sharing the elegant hospitality of that gentleman's table, at which he would in every respect have been fully gratified. Mr. Malone, who has so ably succeeded him as an editor of Shakspeare, has, in his Preface, done great and just honour to Johnson's memory.

“ TO MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

“ DEAR MADAM,

“ I WENT away from Lichfield ill, and have had a troublesome time with my breath; for some weeks I have been disordered by a cold, of which I could not get the violence abated till I had been let blood three times. I have not, however, been so bad but that I could have written, and am sorry that I neglected it.

“ My dwelling is but melancholy; both Williams and Desmoulins, and myself are very sickly: Frank is not well, and poor Levett died in his bed the other day, by a sudden stroke; I suppose not one minute passed between health and death; so uncertain are human things.

“ Such is the appearance of the world about me; I hope your scenes are more cheerful. But whatever befalls us, though it is wise to be serious, it is useless and foolish, and perhaps sinful, to be gloomy. Let us, therefore, keep ourselves as easy as we can; though the loss of friends will be felt, and poor Levett had been a faithful adherent for thirty years.

again what had been said before.” Daring, however, as the fiction was, and wild as was the adherence to Chatterton, both were greatly exceeded in 1795 and the following year, by a still more audacious imposture, and the pertinacity of one of its adherents, who has immortalized his name by publishing a bulky volume, of which the direct and manifest object was, to prove the authenticity of certain papers attributed to Shakspeare, after the fabricator of the spurious trash had publicly acknowledged the imposture! M.]

“Forgive me, my dear love, the omission of writing; I hope to mend that and my other faults. Let me have your prayers.

“Make my compliments to Mrs. Cobb, and Miss Adey, and Mr. Pearson, and the whole company of my friends.

“I am, MY DEAR,

“Your most humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

“London, March 2, 1782.”

TO THE SAME.

“DEAR MADAM,

“My last was but a dull letter, and I know not that this will be much more cheerful; I am, however, willing to write, because you are desirous to hear from me.

“My disorder has now begun its ninth week, for it is not yet over. I was last Thursday blooded for the fourth time, and have since found myself much relieved, but I am very tender and easily hurt; so that since we parted I have had but little comfort, but I hope that the spring will recover me; and that in the summer I shall see Lichfield again, for I will not delay my visit another year to the end of autumn.

“I have, by advertising, found poor Mr. Levett's brothers in Yorkshire, who will take the little he has left: it is but little, yet it will be welcome, for I believe they are of very low condition.

“To be sick, and to see nothing but sickness and death, is but a gloomy state; but I hope better times, even in this world; will come, and whatever this world may withhold or give, we shall be happy in a better state. Pray for me, my dear Lucy.

“Make my compliments to Mrs. Cobb, and

Miss Adey, and my old friend, Hetty Bailey, and to all the Lichfield ladies.

"I am, DEAR MADAM,

"Yours, affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Bolt Court, Fleet Street,
March 19, 1782."

On the day on which this letter was written, he thus feelingly mentions his respected friend and physician, Dr. Lawrence:—"Poor Lawrence has almost lost the sense of hearing; and I have lost the conversation of a learned, intelligent, and communicative companion, and a friend whom long familiarity has much endeared. Lawrence is one of the best men whom I have known.—*'Nostrum omnium miserere Deus'*."

It was Dr. Johnson's custom, when he wrote to Dr. Lawrence concerning his own health, to use the Latin language. I have been favoured by Miss Lawrence with one of these letters as a specimen:

"T. LAWRENCIO, *Medico, S.*

"Novum frigus, nova tussis, nova spirandi difficultas, novam sanguinis missionem suadent, quam tamen te inconsulto nolim fieri. Ad te venire vix possum, nec est cur ad me venias. Licere vel non licere uno verbo dicendum est; cætera mihi et Holdero⁵ reliqueris. Si per te licet, imperatur nuncio Holderum ad me deducere.

"Martis Calendis, 1782.

"Postquàm tu discesseris, quò me vertam⁶?"

⁴ Prayers and Meditations, p. 207.

⁵ Mr. Holder, in the Strand, Dr. Johnson's apothecary.

⁶ Soon after the above letter Dr. Lawrence left London, but not before the palsy had made so great a progress as to render him unable to write for himself. The following are extracts from letters addressed by Dr. Johnson to one of his daughters:

"You will easily believe with what gladness I read that you had

"TO CAPTAIN LANGTON⁷, IN ROCHESTER.

"DEAR SIR,

"It is now long since we saw one another; and, whatever has been the reason, neither you have written to me, nor I to you. To let friendship die away by negligence and silence is certainly not wise. It is voluntarily to throw away one of the greatest comforts of this weary pilgrimage, of which when it is, as it must be, taken finally away, he that travels on alone will wonder how his esteem could be so little. Do not forget me; you see that I do not forget you. It is pleasing in the silence of solitude to think, that there is one at least, however distant, of whose benevo-

heard once again that voice to which we have all so often delighted to attend. May you often hear it. If we had his mind and his tongue, we could spare the rest.

"I am not vigorous, but much better than when dear Dr. Lawrence held my pulse the last time. Be so kind as to let me know, from one little interval to another, the state of his body. I am pleased that he remembers me, and hope that it never can be possible for me to forget him. July 22, 1782."

"I am much delighted even with the small advances which dear Dr. Lawrence makes towards recovery. If we could have again but his mind, and his tongue in his mind, and his right hand, we should not much lament the rest. I should not despair of helping the swelled hand by electricity, if it were frequently and diligently supplied.

"Let me know from time to time whatever happens; and I hope I need not tell you, how much I am interested in every change. Aug. 26, 1782."

"Though the account with which you favoured me in your last letter could not give me the pleasure that I wished, yet I was glad to receive it; for my affection to my dear friend makes me desirous of knowing his state, whatever it be. I beg, therefore, that you continue to let me know, from time to time, all that you observe.

"Many fits of severe illness have, for about three months past, forced my kind physician often upon my mind. I am now better; and hope gratitude, as well as distress, can be a motive to remembrance. Bolt Court, Fleet Street, Feb. 4, 1783."

⁷ Mr. Langton being at this time on duty at Rochester, he is addressed by his military title.

lence there is little doubt, and whom there is yet hope of seeing again.

“Of my life, from the time we parted, the history is mournful. The spring of last year deprived me of Thrale, a man, whose eye for fifteen years had scarcely been turned upon me but with respect or tenderness; for such another friend, the general course of human things will not suffer man to hope. I passed the summer at Streatham, but there was no Thrale; and having idled away the summer with a weakly body and neglected mind, I made a journey to Staffordshire on the edge of winter. The season was dreary: I was sickly, and found the friends sickly whom I went to see. After a sorrowful sojourn, I returned to a habitation possessed for the present by two sick women, where my dear old friend Mr. Levett, to whom, as he used to tell me, I owe your acquaintance, died a few weeks ago, suddenly in his bed; there passed not, I believe, a minute between health and death. At night, as at Mrs. Thrale’s, I was musing in my chamber, I thought with uncommon earnestness, that, however I might alter my mode of life, or whithersoever I might remove, I would endeavour to retain Levett about me; in the morning my servant brought me word that Levett was called to another state, a state for which, I think, he was not unprepared, for he was very useful to the poor. How much soever I valued him, I now wish that I had valued him more⁸.

⁸ Johnson has here expressed a sentiment similar to that contained in one of Shenstone’s stanzas, to which in his life of that poet he has given high praise:

“I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are gone and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prized them no more.”

J. B.—O.

“I have myself been ill more than eight weeks of a disorder, from which, at the expense of about fifty ounces of blood, I hope I am now recovering.

“You, dear sir, have, I hope, a more cheerful scene; you see George fond of his book, and the pretty misses airy and lively, with my own little Jenny equal to the best: and in whatever can contribute to your quiet or pleasure, you have Lady. Rothes ready to concur. May whatever you enjoy of good be increased, and whatever you suffer of evil be diminished.

“I am, DEAR SIR,

“Your humble servant,

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

“Bolt Court, Fleet Street,
March 20, 1782.”

“TO MR. HECTOR, IN BIRMINGHAM”.

“DEAR SIR,

“I HOPE I do not very grossly flatter myself to imagine that you and dear Mrs. Careless¹ will be glad to hear some account of me. I performed the journey to London with very little inconvenience, and came safe to my habitation, where I found nothing but ill health, and, of consequence, very little cheerfulness. I then went to visit a little way into the country, where I got a complaint by a cold which has hung eight weeks upon me, and from which I am, at the expense of fifty ounces of blood, not yet free. I am afraid I must once more owe my recovery to warm weather, which seems to make no advances towards us.

¹ A part of this letter having been torn off, I have, from the evident meaning supplied a few words and half words at the ends and beginning of lines.

² See vol. ii. p. 458.

"Such is my health, which will, I hope, soon grow better. In other respects I have no reason to complain. I know not that I have written any thing more generally commended than the Lives of the Poets; and have found the world willing enough to caress me, if my health had invited me to be in much company; but this season I have been almost wholly employed in nursing myself.

"When summer comes I hope to see you again, and will not put off my visit to the end of the year. I have lived so long in London that I did not remember the difference of seasons.

"Your health, when I saw you, was much improved. You will be prudent enough not to put it in danger. I hope, when we meet again, we shall congratulate each other upon fair prospects of longer life; though what are the pleasures of the longest life, when placed in comparison with a happy death?

"I am, DEAR SIR,

"Yours most affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"London, March 21, 1782."

TO THE SAME.

"DEAR SIR,

[Without a date, but supposed to be about this time.]

"THAT you and dear Mrs. Careless should have care or curiosity about my health gives me that pleasure which every man feels from finding himself not forgotten. In age we feel again that love of our native place and our early friends which in the bustle or amusements of middle life were overborne and suspended. You and I should now naturally cling to one another: we have outlived most of those who could pretend to rival us in each other's kindness. In our walk through life we have dropped our companions, and are

now to pick up such as chance may offer us, or to travel on alone. You, indeed, have a sister, with whom you can divide the day: I have no natural friend left; but Providence has been pleased to preserve me from neglect; I have not wanted such alleviations of life as friendship could supply. My health has been, from my twentieth year, such as has seldom afforded me a single day of ease; but it is at least not worse; and I sometimes make myself believe that it is better. My disorders are, however, still sufficiently oppressive.

“I think of seeing Staffordshire again this autumn, and intend to find my way through Birmingham, where I hope to see you and dear Mrs. Careless well. I am, SIR,

“Your affectionate friend,

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

I wrote to him at different dates; regretted that I could not come to London this spring, but hoped we should meet somewhere in the summer; mentioned the state of my affairs, and suggested hopes of some preferment; informed him, that as “The Beauties of Johnson” had been published in London, some obscure scribbler had published at Edinburgh, what he called “The Deformities of Johnson.”

“TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

“DEAR SIR,

“THE pleasure which we used to receive from each other on Good Friday and Easter Day, we must be this year content to miss. Let us, however, pray for each other, and hope to see one another yet from time to time with mutual delight. My disorder has been a cold, which impeded the

organs of respiration, and kept me many weeks in a state of great uneasiness; but by repeated phlebotomy it is now relieved; and next to the recovery of Mrs. Boswell, I flatter myself, that you will rejoice at mine.

“What we shall do in the summer it is yet too early to consider. You want to know what you shall do now;—I do not think this time of bustle and confusion² like to produce any advantage to you. Every man has those to reward and gratify who have contributed to his advancement. To come hither with such expectations at the expense of borrowed money, which, I find, you know not where to borrow, can hardly be considered prudent. I am sorry to find, what your solicitations seem to imply, that you have already gone the whole length of your credit. This is to set the quiet of your whole life at hazard. If you anticipate your inheritance, you can at last inherit nothing; all that you receive must pay for the past. You must get a place, or pine in penury, with the empty name of a great estate. Poverty, my dear friend, is so great an evil, and pregnant with so much temptation and so much misery, that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it. Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure; the vanity will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret: stay therefore at home, till you have saved money for your journey hither.

“‘The Beauties of Johnson’ are said to have got money to the collector; if the ‘Deformities’ have the same success, I shall be still a more extensive benefactor.

“Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, who is I hope reconciled to me; and to the young people, whom I never have offended.

² [On the preceding day the Ministry had been changed. M.]

"You never told me the success of your plea against the Solicitors..

"I am, DEAR SIR,

"Your most affectionate,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"London, March 28, 1782."

Notwithstanding his afflicted state of body and mind this year, the following correspondence affords a proof not only of his benevolence and conscientious readiness to relieve a good man from error, but by his clothing one of the sentiments in his "Rambler" in different language, not inferior to that of the original, shows his extraordinary command of clear and forcible expression.

A clergyman at Bath wrote to him, that in "The Morning Chronicle," a passage in "The Beauties of Johnson," article DEATH, had been pointed out as supposed by some readers to recommend suicide, the words being, "To die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly;" and respectfully suggesting to him, that such an erroneous notion of any sentence in the writings of an acknowledged friend of religion and virtue should not pass uncontradicted.

Johnson thus answered the clergyman's letter:

"TO THE REVEREND MR. ———, AT BATH.

"SIR,

"BEING now in the country in a state of recovery, as I hope, from a very oppressive disorder, I cannot neglect the acknowledgment of your Christian letter. The book called 'The Beauties of Johnson' is the production of I know not whom; I never saw it but by casual inspection, and con-

sidered myself as utterly disengaged from its consequences. Of the passage you mention, I remember some notice in some paper; but knowing that it must be misrepresented, I thought of it no more, nor do I know where to find it in my own books. I am accustomed to think little of newspapers; but an opinion so weighty and serious as yours has determined me to do what I should without your seasonable admonition have omitted: and I will direct my thought to be shown in its true state³. If I could find the passage I would direct you to it. I suppose the tenour is this:—‘Acute diseases are the immediate and inevitable strokes of Heaven; but of them the pain is short, and the conclusion speedy; chronical disorders, by which we are suspended in tedious torture between life and death, are commonly the effect of our own misconduct and intemperance. To die, &c.’—This, sir, you see is all true and all blameless. I hope some time in the next week, to have all rectified. My health has been lately much shaken; if you favour me with any answer, it will be a comfort to me to know that I have your prayers.

“I am, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

“May 15, 1782.”

³ What follows appeared in the Morning Chronicle of May 29, 1782.—“A correspondent having mentioned, in the Morning Chronicle of December 12, the last clause of the following paragraph, as seeming to favour suicide; we are requested to print the whole passage, that its true meaning may appear, which is not to recommend suicide but exercise.

“Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed; but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from Heaven, and chronical from ourselves; the dart of death, indeed, falls from Heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct: to die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly.”

This letter, as might be expected, had its full effect, and the clergyman acknowledged it in grateful and pious terms⁴.

The following letters require no extracts from mine to introduce them.

“ TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ THE earnestness and tenderness of your letter is such that I cannot think myself showing it more respect than it claims by sitting down to answer it the day on which I received it.

“ This year has afflicted me with a very irksome and severe disorder. My respiration has been much impeded, and much blood has been taken away. I am now harassed by a catarrhus cough, from which my purpose is to seek relief by change of air; and I am, therefore, preparing to go to Oxford.

“ Whether I did right in dissuading you from coming to London this spring, I will not determine. You have not lost much by missing my company; I have scarcely been well for a single week. I might have received comfort from your kindness; but you would have seen me afflicted, and, perhaps, found me peevish. Whatever might have been your pleasure or mine, I know not how I could have honestly advised you to come hither with borrowed money. Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. Consider a man whose

⁴ The Correspondence may be seen at length in the Gentleman's Magazine, Feb. 1786.

fortune is very narrow; whatever be his rank by birth, or whatever his reputation by intellectual excellence, what can he do? or what evil can he prevent? That he cannot help the needy is evident; he has nothing to spare. But, perhaps, his advice or admonition may be useful. His poverty will destroy his influence: many more can find that he is poor than that he is wise; and few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner. I say nothing of the personal wretchedness of a debtor, which, however, has passed into a proverb. Of riches it is not necessary to write the praise. Let it, however, be remembered that he who has money to spare has it always in his power to benefit others; and of such power a good man must always be desirous.

"I am pleased with your account of Easter⁵. We shall meet, I hope, in autumn, both well and both cheerful; and part each the better for the other's company.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and to the young charmers.

"I am, &c.

"London, June 3, 1782."

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO MR. PERKINS.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM much pleased that you are going a very long journey, which may by proper conduct restore your health and prolong your life.

"Observe these rules:

"1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.

⁵ Which I celebrated in the Church of England chapel at Edinburgh, founded by Lord Chief Baron Smith, of respectable and pious memory.

"2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth more than it can cost.

"3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.

"4. Take now and then a day's rest.

"5. Get a smart sea-sickness, if you can.

"6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.

"This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind, neither exercise, nor diet, nor physick can be of much use.

"I wish you, dear sir, a prosperous journey, and a happy recovery.

"I am, DEAR SIR,

"Your most affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"July 28, 1782."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"BEING uncertain whether I should have any call this autumn into the country, I did not immediately answer your kind letter. I have no call; but if you desire to meet me at Ashbourné, I believe I can come hither; if you had rather come to London, I can stay at Streatham: take your choice.

"This year has been very heavy. From the middle of January to the middle of June I was battered by one disorder after another! I am now very much recovered, and hope still to be better. What happiness it is that Mrs. Boswell has escaped.

"My 'Lives' are reprinting, and I have forgotten the authour of Gray's character⁶: write immediately, and it may be perhaps yet inserted.

⁶ The Reverend Mr. Temple, Vicar of St. Gluvias, Cornwall.

“Of London or Ashbourne you have your free choice; at any place I shall be glad to see you.

“I am, DEAR SIR,

“Yours, &c.

“August 21, 1782.”

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

On the 30th of August I informed him that my honoured father had died that morning; a complaint under which he had long laboured having suddenly come to a crisis, while I was upon a visit at the seat of Sir Charles Preston, from whence I had hastened the day before, upon receiving a letter by express.

“TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

“DEAR SIR,

“I HAVE struggled through this year with so much infirmity of body, and such strong impressions of the fragility of life, that death, whenever it appears, fills me with melancholy; and I cannot hear without emotion of the removal of any one whom I have known into another state.

“Your father’s death had every circumstance that could enable you to bear it; it was at a mature age, and it was expected; and as his general life had been pious, his thoughts had doubtless for many years past been turned upon eternity. That you did not find him sensible must doubtless grieve you; his disposition towards you was undoubtedly that of a kind, though not of a fond father. Kindness, at least actual, is in our power, but fondness is not; and if by negligence or imprudence you had extinguished his fondness, he could not at will rekindle it. Nothing then remained between you but mutual forgiveness of each other’s faults, and mutual desire of each other’s happiness.

“ I shall long to know his final disposition of his fortune.

“ You, dear sir, have now a new station, and have therefore new cares and new employments. Life, as Cowley seems to say, ought to resemble a well ordered poem; of which one rule generally received is, that the exordium should be simple, and should promise little. Begin your new course of life with the least show and the least expense possible; you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own, while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay; therefore begin with timorous parsimony. Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt.

“ When the thoughts are extended to a future state, the present life seems hardly worthy of all those principles of conduct and maxims of prudence which one generation of men has transmitted to another; but upon a closer view, when it is perceived how much evil is produced, and how much good is impeded by embarrassment and distress, and how little room the expedients of poverty leave for the exercise of virtue, it grows manifest that the boundless importance of the next life enforces some attention to the interest of this.

“ Be kind to the old servants, and secure the kindness of the agents and factors; do not disgust them by asperity, or unwelcome gaiety, or apparent suspicion. From them you must learn the real state of your affairs, the characters of your tenants, and the value of your lands.

“ Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell; I think her expectations from air and exercise are the best that she can form. I hope she will live long and happily.

“ I forgot whether I told you that Rasay has

been here; we dined cheerfully together. I entertained lately a young gentleman from Corrichatachin.

“I received your letters only this morning.

“I am, DEAR SIR,

“Yours, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

“London, Sept. 7, 1782.”

In answer to my next letter, I received one from him, dissuading me from hastening to him as I had proposed; what is proper for publication is the following paragraph, equally just and tender:—

“One expense, however, I would not have you to spare; let nothing be omitted that can preserve Mrs. Boswell, though it should be necessary to transplant her for a time into a softer climate. She is the prop and stay of your life.—How much must your children suffer by losing her.”

My wife was now so much convinced of his sincere friendship for me and regard for her, that, without any suggestion on my part, she wrote him a very polite and grateful letter.

“DR. JOHNSON TO MRS. BOSWELL.

“DEAR LADY,

“I HAVE not often received so much pleasure as from your invitation to Auchinleck. The journey thither and back is, indeed, too great for the latter part of the year; but if my health were fully recovered, I would suffer no little heat and cold, nor a wet or a rough road to keep me from you. I am, indeed, not without hope of seeing Auchinleck again; but to make it a pleasant place I must see its lady well, and brisk, and

airy. For my sake, therefore, among many greater reasons, take care, dear madam, of your health; spare no expense, and want no attendance that can procure ease, or preserve it. Be very careful to keep your mind quiet; and do not think it too much to give an account of your recovery to,

“MADAM,

“Yours, &c.

“SAM. JOHNSON.”

“London, Sept. 7, 1782.”

“TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

“DEAR SIR,

“HAVING passed almost this whole year in a succession of disorders, I went in October to Bright-helmstone, whither I came in a state of so much weakness that I rested four times in walking between the inn and the lodging. By physick and abstinence I grew better, and am now reasonably easy, though at a great distance from health. I am afraid, however, that health begins after seventy, and long before, to have a meaning different from that which it had at thirty. But it is culpable to murmur at the established order of the creation, as it is vain to oppose it; he that lives must grow old; and he that would rather grow old than die has God to thank for the infirmities of old age.

“At your long silence I am rather angry.—You do not, since now you are the head of your house, think it worth your while to try whether you or your friend can live longer without writing, nor suspect after so many years of friendship, that when I do not write to you I forget you. Put all such useless jealousies out of your head, and disdain to regulate your own practice

by the practice of another, or by any other principle than the desire of doing right.

"Your economy, I suppose, begins now to be settled: your expenses are adjusted to your revenue, and all your people in their proper places. Resolve not to be poor: whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.

"Let me know the history of your life, since your accession to your estate. How many houses, how many cows, how much land in your own hand, and what bargains you make with your tenants.

* * * * *

"Of my 'Lives of the Poets,' they have printed a new edition in octavo, I hear, of three thousand. Did I give a set to Lord Hailes? If I did not, I will do it out of these. What did you make of all your copy?

"Mrs. Thrale and the three Misses are now for the winter in Argyll Street. Sir Joshua Reynolds has been out of order, but is well again:

"And I am, DEAR SIR,

"Your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"London, Dec. 7, 1782."

"TO DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"DEAR SIR,

Edinburgh, Dec. 23, 1782

"I WAS made happy by your kind letter, which gave us the agreeable hopes of seeing you in Scotland again.

"I am much flattered by the concern you are pleased to take in my recovery. I am better, and hope to have it in my power to convince you

by my attention, of how much consequence I esteem your health to the world and to myself.

"I remain, SIR, with grateful respect,

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"MARGARET BOSWELL."

The death of Mr. Thrale had made a very material alteration with respect to Johnson's reception in that family. The manly authority of the husband no longer curbed the lively exuberance of the lady; and as her vanity had been fully gratified, by having the Colossus of Literature attached to her for many years, she gradually became less assiduous to please him. Whether her attachment to him was already divided by another object, I am unable to ascertain; but it is plain that Johnson's penetration was alive to her neglect or forced attention; for on the 6th of October this year, we find him making a "parting use of the library" at Streatham, and pronouncing a prayer, which he composed on leaving Mr. Thrale's family⁷.

"Almighty God, Father of all mercy, help me by thy grace that I may, with humble and sincere thankfulness, remember the comforts and conveniences which I have enjoyed at this place; and that I may resign them with holy submission, equally trusting in thy protection when Thou givest, and when Thou takest away. Have mercy upon me, O LORD, have mercy upon me.

"To thy fatherly protection, O LORD, I commend this family. Bless, guide, and defend them, that they may so pass through this world as finally to enjoy in thy presence everlasting happiness, for JESUS CHRIST's sake. Amen."

One cannot read this prayer without some

⁷ Prayers and Meditations, p. 214.

structed me in the duties of life. The esteem and kindness of wise and good men is one of the last pleasures which I can be content to lose; and gratitude to those from whom this pleasure is received is a duty of which I hope never to be reproached with the final neglect. I therefore now return you thanks for the notice which I have received from you, and which I consider as giving to my name not only more bulk, but more weight; not only as extending its superficies, but as increasing its value. Your book was evidently wanted, and will, I hope, find its way into the school, to which, however, I do not mean to confine it; for no man has so much skill in ancient rites and practices as not to want it. As I suppose myself to owe part of your kindness to my excellent friend, Dr. Patten, he has likewise a just claim to my acknowledgment, which I hope you, sir, will transmit. There will soon appear a new edition of my 'Poetical Biography;' if you will accept of a copy to keep me in your mind, be pleased to let me know how it may be conveniently conveyed to you. This present is small, but it is given with good will by,

" REVEREND SIR,

" Your most, &c.

" SAM. JOHNSON."

" December 31, 1782."

In 1783 he was more severely afflicted than ever, as will appear in the course of his correspondence; but still the same ardour for literature, the same constant piety, the same kindness for his friends, and the same vivacity, both in conversation and writing, distinguished him.

Having given Dr. Johnson a full account of what I was doing at Auchinleck, and particularly mentioned what I knew would please him,—my

having brought an old man of eighty-eight from a lonely cottage to a comfortable habitation within my enclosures, where he had good neighbours near to him,—I received an answer in February, of which I extract what follows:

“I am delighted with your account of your activity at Auchinleck, and wish the old gentleman, whom you have so kindly removed, may live long to promote your prosperity by his prayers. You have now a new character and new duties; think on them and practise them.

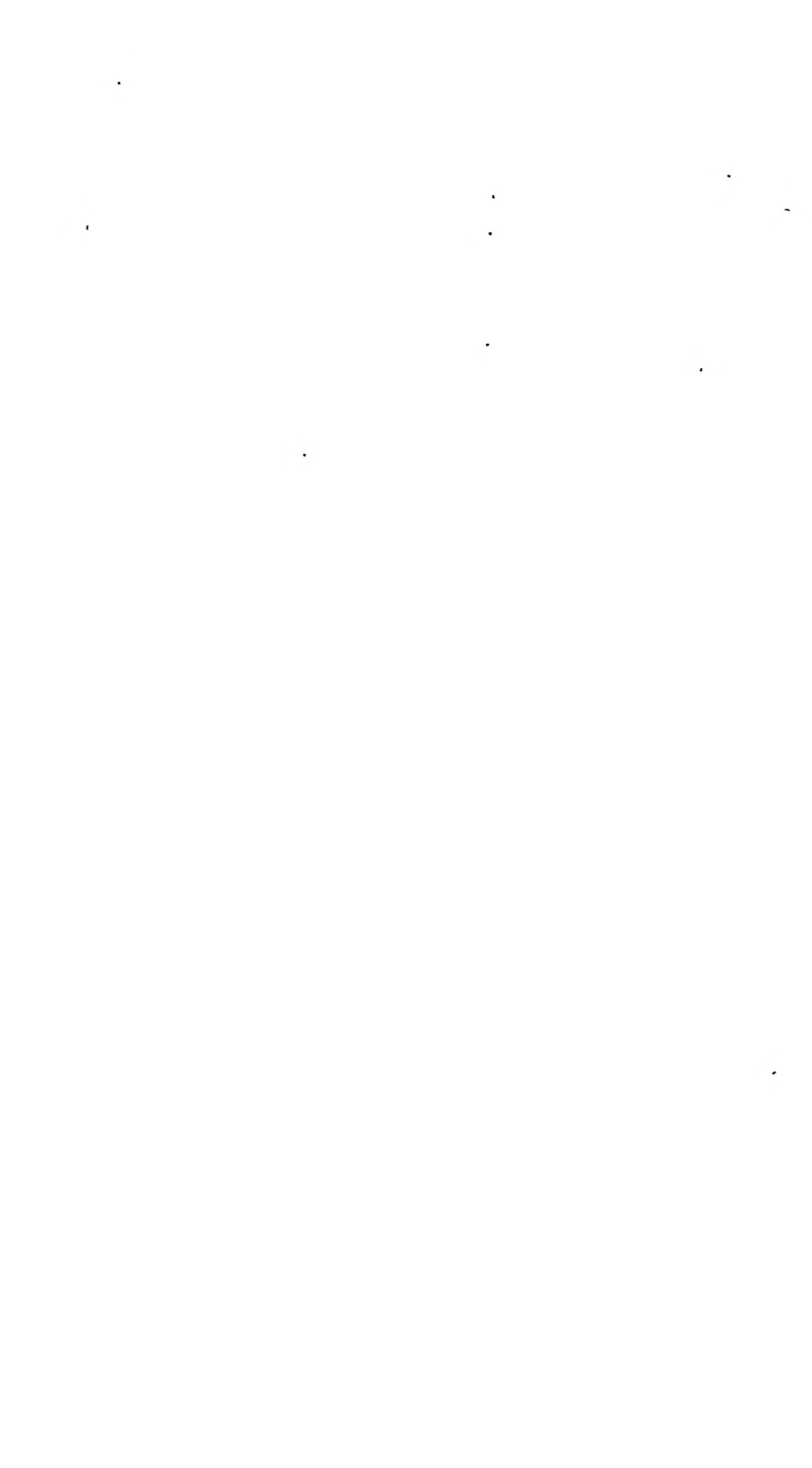
“Make an impartial estimate of your revenue, and whatever it is, live upon less. Resolve never to be poor. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself; we must have enough before we have to spare.

“I am glad to find that Mrs. Boswell grows well; and hope that, to keep her well, no care nor caution will be omitted. May you long live happily together.

“When you come hither, pray bring with you Baxter’s *Anacreon*. I cannot get that edition in London.”

On Friday, March 21, having arrived in London the night before, I was glad to find him at Mrs. Thrale’s house, in Argyll Street, appearances of friendship between them being still kept up. I was shown into his room, and after the first salutation, he said, “I am glad you are come: I am very ill.” He looked pale, and was distressed with a difficulty of breathing: but after the common inquiries he assumed his usual strong animated style of conversation. Seeing me now for the first time as a *Laird*, or proprie-

⁹ [Dr. Johnson should seem not to have sought diligently for Baxter’s *Anacreon*, for there are two editions of that book, and they are frequently found in the London Sale Catalogues. M.]



renced, there will not be reverence for those appointed by the King."

His observation that the present royal family has no friends has been too much justified by the very ungrateful behaviour of many who were under great obligations to his Majesty; at the same time there are honourable exceptions; and the very next year after this conversation, and ever since, the King has had as extensive and generous support as ever was given to any monarch, and has had the satisfaction of knowing that he was more and more endeared to his people.

He repeated to me his verses on Mr. Levett, with an emotion which gave them full effect; and then he was pleased to say, "You must be as much with me as you can. You have done me good. You cannot think how much better I am since you came in."

He sent a message to acquaint Mrs. Thrale that I was arrived. I had not seen her since her husband's death. She soon appeared, and favoured me with an invitation to stay to dinner, which I accepted. There was no other company but herself and three of her daughters, Dr. Johnson and I. She too said she was very glad I was come, for she was going to Bath, and should have been sorry to leave Dr. Johnson before I came. This seemed to be attentive and kind; and I, who had not been informed of any change, imagined all to be as well as formerly. He was little inclined to talk at dinner, and went to sleep after it; but when he joined us in the drawing-room he seemed revived, and was again himself.

Talking of conversation, he said, "There must, in the first place, be knowledge, there must be materials;—in the second place, there must be a command of words;—in the third place, there



conversation, which never happened." This alluded to a story which I had repeated from that gentleman, to entertain Johnson with its wild bravado: "This Johnson, sir (said he), whom you are all afraid of, will shrink if you come close to him in argument, and roar as loud as he. He once maintained the paradox that there is no beauty but in utility. 'Sir (said I), what say you to the peacock's tail, which is one of the most beautiful objects in nature, but would have as much utility if its feathers were all of one colour. He *felt* what I thus produced, and had recourse to his usual expedient, ridicule; exclaiming, 'A peacock has a tail, and a fox has a tail;' and then he burst out into a laugh.—'Well, sir (said I, with a strong voice, looking him full in the face), you have unkennelled your fox; pursue him if you dare.' He had not a word to say, sir." Johnson told me that this was fiction from beginning to end¹.

After musing for some time, he said, "I wonder how I should have any enemies; for I do harm to nobody²." BOSWELL. "In the first place, sir, you will be pleased to recollect that you set out with

¹ Were I to insert all the stories which have been told of contests boldly maintained with him, imaginary victories obtained over him, of reducing him to silence, and of making him own that his antagonist had the better of him in argument, my volumes would swell to an immoderate size. One instance, I find, has circulated both in conversation and in print; that when he would not allow the Scotch writers to have merit, the late Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, asserted that he could name one Scotch writer whom Dr. Johnson himself would allow to have written better than any man of the age; and upon Johnson's asking who it was, answered, "Lord Bute, when he signed the warrant for your pension." Upon which, Johnson, struck with the repartee, acknowledged that this *was* true. When I mentioned it to Johnson, "Sir (said he), if Rose said this, I never heard it."

² This reflection was very natural in a man of a good heart, who was not conscious of any ill will to mankind, though the sharp sayings which were sometimes produced by his discrimination and vivacity, which he perhaps did not recollect, were, I am afraid, too often remembered with resentment.



Government, when those who had been long in opposition had attained to power, as it was supposed, against the inclination of the Sovereign: "You need not be uneasy (said this gentleman) about the King. He laughs at them all; he plays them one against another." JOHNSON. "Don't think so, sir. The King is as much oppressed as a man can be. If he plays them one against another, he *wins* nothing."

I had paid a visit to General Oglethorpe in the morning, and was told by him that Dr. Johnson saw company on Saturday evenings, and he would meet me at Johnson's that night. When I mentioned this to Johnson, not doubting that it would please him, as he had a great value for Oglethorpe, the fretfulness of his disease unexpectedly showed itself; his anger suddenly kindled, and he said, with vehemence, "Did not you tell him not to come? Am I to be *hunted* in this manner?" I satisfied him that I could not divine that the visit would not be convenient, and that I certainly could not take it upon me of my own accord to forbid the General.

I found Dr. Johnson in the evening in Mrs. Williams's room, at tea and coffee with her and Mrs. Desmoulins, who were also both ill; it was a sad scene, and he was not in a very good humour. He said of a performance that had lately come out, "Sir, if you should search all the mad-houses in England, you would not find ten men who would write so, and think it sense."

I was glad when General Oglethorpe's arrival was announced, and we left the ladies. Dr. Johnson attended him in the parlour, and was as courteous as ever. The General said, he was busy reading the writers of the middle age. Johnson said they were very curious. OGLETHORPE. "The House of Commons has usurped the power of the

There was in this discourse much novelty, ingenuity, and discrimination, such as is seldom to be found. Yet I cannot help thinking that men of merit, who have no success in life, may be forgiven for *lamenting*, if they are not allowed to *complain*. They may consider it as *hard* that their merit should not have its suitable distinction. Though there is no intentional injustice towards them on the part of the world, their merit not having been perceived, they may yet repine against *fortune*, or *fate*, or by whatever name they choose to call the supposed mythological power of *Destiny*. It has, however, occurred to me, as a consolatory thought, that men of merit should consider thus:—How much harder would it be, if the same persons had both all the merit and all the prosperity. Would not this be a miserable distribution for the poor dunces? Would men of merit exchange their intellectual superiority, and the enjoyments arising from it, for external distinction and the pleasures of wealth? If they would not, let them not envy others, who are poor where they are rich, a compensation which is made to them. Let them look inwards and be satisfied; recollecting with conscious pride what Virgil finely says of the *Corycius Senex*, and which I have, in another place⁴, with truth and sincerity applied to Mr. Burke:

“Regum æquabat opes animis.”

On the subject of the right employment of wealth Johnson observed, “A man cannot make a bad use of his money, so far as regards society, if he do not hoard it; for if he either spends it or lends it out, society has the benefit. It is in general better to spend money than to give it away;

⁴ Letter to the People of Scotland against the Attempt to diminish the Number of the Lords of Session, 1785.

for industry is more promoted by spending money than by giving it away. A man who spends his money is sure he is doing good with it: he is not so sure when he gives it away. A man who spends ten thousand a year will do more good than a man who spends two thousand and gives away eight."

In the evening I came to him again. He was somewhat fretful from his illness. A gentleman asked him whether he had been abroad to-day. "Don't talk so childishly (said he). You may as well ask if I hanged myself to-day." I mentioned politicks. JOHNSON. "Sir, I'd as soon have a man to break my bones as talk to me of publick affairs, internal or external. I have lived to see things all as bad as they can be."

Having mentioned his friend, the second Lord Southwell, he said, "Lord Southwell was the highest bred man without insolence that I ever was in company with; the most *qualified* I ever saw. Lord Orrery was not dignified; Lord Chesterfield was, but he was insolent. Lord ***** is a man of coarse manners, but a man of abilities and information. I don't say he is a man I would set at the head of a nation, though perhaps he may be as good as the next Prime Minister that comes; but he is a man to be at the head of a Club;—I don't say *our* Club;—for there's no such Club." BOSWELL. "But, sir, was he not once a factious man?" JOHNSON. "O yes, sir; as factious a fellow as could be found; one who was for sinking us all into the mob." BOSWELL. "How, then, sir, did he get into favour with the King?" JOHNSON. "Because, sir, I suppose he promised the King to do whatever the King pleased."

He said, "Goldsmith's blundering speech to Lord Shelburne, which has been so often men-

tioned, and which he really did make to him, was only a blunder in emphasis:—‘I wonder they should call your Lordship *Malagrida*, for *Malagrida* was a very good man;’—meant, I wonder they should use *Malagrida* as a term of reproach.”

Soon after this time I had an opportunity of seeing, by means of one of his friends, a proof that his talents, as well as his obliging service to authors, were ready as ever. He had revised “*The Village*,” an admirable poem, by the Reverend Mr. Crabbe. Its sentiments as to the false notions of rustick happiness and rustick virtue were quite congenial with his own; and he had taken the trouble not only to suggest slight corrections and variations, but to furnish some lines, when he thought he could give the writer’s meaning better than in the words of the manuscript⁵.

On Sunday, March 30, I found him at home in the evening, and had the pleasure to meet with Dr. Brocklesby, whose reading, and knowledge of life, and good spirits supply him with a never

⁵ I shall give an instance, marking the original by Roman, and Johnson’s substitution in Italic characters:

“ In fairer scenes, where peaceful pleasures spring,
Tityrus, the pride of Mantuan swains, might sing;
But charmed by him, or smitten with his views,
Shall modern poets court the Mantuan muse?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where Fancy leads, or Virgil led the way?”

“ On *Mincio’s banks*, in *Cæsar’s bounteous reign*,
If *Tityrus* found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanick echoes of the Mantuan song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where *Virgil*, not where *Fancy*, leads the way?”

Here we find Johnson’s poetical and critical powers undiminished. I must, however, observe, that the aids he gave to this poem, as to “*The Traveller*” and “*Deserted Village*” of Goldsmith, were so small as by no means to impair the distinguished merit of the author.

failing source of conversation. He mentioned a respectable gentleman, who became extremely penurious near the close of his life. Johnson said there must have been a degree of madness about him. "Not at all, sir (said Dr. Brocklesby), his judgment was entire." Unluckily, however, he mentioned that although he had a fortune of twenty-seven thousand pounds, he denied himself many comforts, from an apprehension that he could not afford them. "Nay, sir (cried Johnson), when the judgment is so disturbed that a man cannot count, that is pretty well."

I shall here insert a few of Johnson's sayings, without the formality of dates, as they have no reference to any particular time or place.

"The more a man extends and varies his acquaintance the better." This, however, was meant with a just restriction; for, he on another occasion said to me, "Sir, a man may be so much of every thing, that he is nothing of any thing."

"Raising the wages of day labourers is wrong; for it does not make them live better, but only makes them idler, and idleness is a very bad thing for human nature."

"It is a very good custom to keep a journal for a man's own use; he may write upon a card a day all that is necessary to be written, after he has had experience of life. At first there is a great deal to be written, because there is a great deal of novelty; but when once a man has settled his opinions, there is seldom much to be set down."

"There is nothing wonderful in the Journal⁶

⁶ [In his Life of Swift he thus speaks of this Journal :

"In the midst of his power and his politicks, he kept a journal of his visits, his walks, his interviews with ministers, and quarrels with his servant, and transmitted it to Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, to whom he knew that whatever befell him was interesting, and no account could be too minute. Whether these diurnal trifles were pro-

which we see Swift kept in London, for it contains slight topicks, and it might soon be written."

I praised the accuracy of an account-book of a lady whom I mentioned. JOHNSON. "Keeping accounts, sir, is of no use when a man is spending his own money, and has nobody to whom he is to account. You won't eat less beef to-day, because you have written down what it cost yesterday." I mentioned another lady who thought as he did, so that her husband could not get her to keep an account of the expense of the family, as she thought it enough that she never exceeded the sum allowed her. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is fit she should keep an account, because her husband wishes it; but I do not see its use." I maintained that keeping an account has this advantage, that it satisfies a man that his money has not been lost or stolen, which he might sometimes be apt to imagine, were there no written state of his expense; and besides, a calculation of economy so as not to exceed one's income, cannot be made without a view of the different articles in figures, that one may see how to retrench in some particulars less necessary than others. This he did not attempt to answer.

Talking of an acquaintance of ours, whose narratives, which abounded in curious and interesting topicks, were unhappily found to be very fabulous; I mentioned Lord Mansfield's having said to me, "Suppose we believe one *half* of

perly exposed to eyes which had never received any pleasure from the Dean may be reasonably doubted: they have, however, some odd attractions: the reader, finding frequent mention of names which he has been used to consider as important, goes on in hope of information; and, as there is nothing to fatigue attention, if he is disappointed he can hardly complain."

It may be added, that the reader not only hopes to find, but does find, in this very entertaining Journal, much curious information respecting persons and things which he will in vain seek for in other books of the same period. M.]

what he tells." JOHNSON. "Ay; but we don't know *which* half to believe. By his lying we lose not only our reverence for him, but all comfort in his conversation." BOSWELL. "May we not take it as amusing fiction?" JOHNSON. "Sir, the misfortune is, that you will insensibly believe as much of it as you incline to believe."

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding their congeniality in politicks, he never was acquainted with a late eminent noble judge, whom I have heard speak of him as a writer, with great respect. Johnson, I know not upon what degree of investigation, entertained no exalted opinion of his Lordship's intellectual character. Talking of him to me one day, he said, "It is wonderful, sir, with how little real superiority of mind men can make an eminent figure in publick life." He expressed himself to the same purpose concerning another law lord, who, it seems, once took a fancy to associate with the wits of Loudon; but with so little success, that Foote said, "What can he mean by coming among us? He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dulness in others." Trying him by the test of his colloquial powers, Johnson had found him very defective. He once said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "This man now has been ten years about town, and has made nothing of it; meaning as a companion⁷. He said to me, "I never heard any thing from him in company that was at all striking; and depend upon it, sir, it is when you come close to a man in conversation, that you discover what his real abilities are: to make a speech in a publick

⁷ Knowing as well as I do what precision and elegance of oratory his Lordship can display, I cannot but suspect that his unfavourable appearance in a social circle, which drew such animadversions upon him, must be owing to a cold affectation of consequence, from being reserved and stiff. If it be so, and he might be an agreeable man if he would, we cannot be sorry that he misses his aim.

assembly is a knack. Now I honour Thurlow, sir; Thurlow is a fine fellow; he fairly puts his mind to yours."

After repeating to him some of his pointed, lively sayings, I said, "It is a pity, sir, you don't always remember your own good things, that you may have a laugh when you will." JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, it is better that I forget them, that I may be reminded of them, and have a laugh on their being brought to my recollection."

When I recalled to him his having said as we sailed up Lochlomond, "That if he wore any thing fine, it should be *very* fine;" I observed that all his thoughts were upon a great scale. JOHNSON. "Depend upon it, sir, every man will have as fine a thing as he can get; as large a diamond for his ring." BOSWELL. "Pardon me, sir: a man of a narrow mind will not think of it, a slight trinket will satisfy him:

‘*Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ.*’"

I told him I should send him some "Essays" which I had written⁸, which I hoped he would be so good as to read and pick out the good ones. JOHNSON. "Nay, sir, send me only the good ones; don't make *me* pick them."

I heard him once say, "Though the proverb '*Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia*,' does not always prove true, we may be certain of the converse of it, *Nullum numen adest, si sit imprudentia*."

Once, when Mr. Seward was going to Bath, and asked his commands, he said, "Tell Dr. Harrington that I wish he would publish another volume of the '*Nugæ Antiquæ*'⁹;" it is a very pretty

⁸ [Under the title of "The Hypochondriack." M.]

⁹ It has since appeared.

book¹." Mr. Seward seconded this wish, and recommended to Dr. Harrington to dedicate it to Johnson, and take for his motto what Catullus says to Cornelius Nepos :

" ——— namque tu solebas,
Mecus esse aliquid putare NUGAS."

As a small proof of his kindness and delicacy of feeling, the following circumstance may be mentioned. One evening when we were in the street together, and I told him I was going to sup at Mr. Beauclerk's, he said, "I'll go with you." After having walked part of the way, seeming to recollect something, he suddenly stopped and said, "I cannot go,—but *I do not love Beauclerk the less.*"

On the frame of his portrait Mr. Beauclerk had inscribed,

" ——— *Ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.*"

After Mr. Beauclerk's death, when it became Mr. Langton's property, he made the inscription be defaced. Johnson said complacently, "It was kind in you to take it off;" and then, after a short pause, added, "and not unkind in him to put it on."

He said, "How few of his friends' houses would a man choose to be at when he is sick!" He mentioned one or two. I recollect only Thrale's.

He observed, "There is a wicked inclination in most people to suppose an old man decayed in

¹ [A new and greatly improved edition of this very curious collection was published by Mr. Park in 1804, in two volumes, octavo. In this edition the letters are chronologically arranged, and the account of the Bishops, which was formerly printed from a very corrupt copy, is taken from Sir John Harrington's original manuscript, which he presented to Henry, Prince of Wales, and is now in the Royal Library in the Museum. M.]

his intellects. If a young or middle aged man, when leaving a company, does not recollect where he laid his hat, it is nothing; but if the same inattention is discovered in an old man, people will shrug up their shoulders, and say, ‘His memory is going.’”

When I once talked to him of some of the sayings which every body repeats but nobody knows where to find, such as, *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*; he told me that he was once offered ten guineas to point out from whence *Semel insanivimus omnes* was taken. He could not do it; but many years afterwards met with it by chance in *Johannes Baptista Mantuanus*².

I am very sorry that I did not take a note of an eloquent argument in which he maintained that the situation of Prince of Wales was the happiest of any person’s in the kingdom, even beyond that

² [The words occur (as Mr. Bindley observes to me) in the First Eclogue of Mantuanus, *De honesto Amore*, &c.

Id commune malum; semel insanivimus omnes.

With the following elucidation of the other saying—*Quos Deus* (it should rather be—*Quem Jupiter*) *vult perdere, prius dementat*—Mr. Boswell was furnished by Mr. Richard How, of Apsley, in Bedfordshire, as communicated to that gentleman by his friend Mr. John Pitts, late Rector of Great Brickhill, in Buckinghamshire:

“Perhaps no scrap of Latin whatever has been more quoted than this. It occasionally falls even from those who are scrupulous even to pedantry in their Latinity, and will not admit a word into their compositions, which has not the sanction of the first age. The word *demento* is of no authority, either as a verb active or neuter.—After a long search for the purpose of deciding a bet, some gentlemen of Cambridge found it among the fragments of Euripides, in what edition I do not recollect, where it is given as a translation of a Greek Iambick:

Ὁν θεὸς θέλει ἀπολεῖναι πρῶτ’ ἀποφρονεῖναι.

The above scrap was found in the handwriting of a suicide of fashion, Sir D. O. some years ago, lying on the table of the room where he had destroyed himself. The suicide was a man of classical acquirements: he left no other paper behind him.”

Another of these proverbial sayings—

Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdin,

of the Sovereign. I recollect only—the enjoyment of hope,—the high superiority of rank without the anxious cares of government,—and a great degree of power, both from natural influence wisely used, and from the sanguine expectations of those who look forward to the chance of future favour.

Sir Joshua Reynolds communicated to me the following particulars:

Johnson thought the poems published as translations from Ossian had so little merit that he said, “Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever if he would *abandon* his mind to it.”

He said, “A man should pass a part of his time with *the laughers*, by which means any thing ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his view, and corrected.” I observed, he must have been a bold laugher who would have ventured to tell Dr. Johnson of any of his particularities³.

Having observed the vain ostentatious import-

I some years ago, in a Note on a passage in “The Merchant of Venice,” traced to its source. It occurs (with a slight variation) in the “Alexandreis” of Philip Gualtier (a poet of the thirteenth century), which was printed at Lyons in 1558. Darius is the person addressed:

————— Quò tendis inertem,
Rex perituro, fugam? neseis, heu! perditæ, neseis
Quem fugias: hostes incurris dum fugis hostem;
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.

The authour of this line was first ascertained by Galleottus Martius, who died in 1476; as is observed in “Menagiana,” vol. iii. p. 130. edit. 1762.—For an account of Philip Gualtier, see “Vossius de Poet. Latin.” p. 254, fol. 1697.

A line not less frequently quoted than any of the preceding, was suggested for inquiry several years ago, in a Note on “The Rape of Lucrece:”

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris:—

But the authour of this verse has not, I believe, been discovered. M.]

³ I am happy, however, to mention a pleasing instance of his enduring with great gentleness to hear one of his most striking parti-

ance of many people in quoting the authority of Dukes and Lords as having been in their company, he said, he went to the other extreme, and did not mention his authority when he should have done it, had it not been that of a Duke or a Lord.

Dr. Goldsmith said once to Dr. Johnson, that he wished for some additional members to the LITERARY CLUB, to give it an agreeable variety; for (said he), there can now be nothing new among us: we have travelled over one another's minds. Johnson seemed a little angry, and said, "Sir, you have not travelled over *my* mind, I promise you." Sir Joshua, however, thought Goldsmith right; observing, that "when people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on every subject. A new understanding, therefore, is desirable; because though it may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different colouring; and colouring is of much effect in every thing else as well as in painting."

Johnson used to say, that he made it a constant rule to talk as well as he could both as to sentiment and expression, by which means, what had been originally effort became familiar and easy. The consequence of this, Sir Joshua observed, was, that his common conversation in all companies was such as to secure him universal attention, as something above the usual colloquial style was expected.

cularities pointed out:—Miss Hunter, a niece of his friend Christopher Smart, when a very young girl, struck by his extraordinary motions, said to him, "Pray, Dr. Johnson, why do you make such strange gestures?"—"From bad habit (he replied). Do you, my dear, take care to guard against bad habits." This I was told by the young lady's brother at Margate.

Yet, though Johnson had this habit in company, when another mode was necessary, in order to investigate truth, he could descend to a language intelligible to the meanest capacity. An instance of this was witnessed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were present at an examination of a little blackguard boy, by Mr. Saunders Welch, the late Westminster Justice. Welch, who imagined that he was exalting himself in Dr. Johnson's eyes by using big words, spoke in a manner that was utterly unintelligible to the boy; Dr. Johnson, perceiving it, addressed himself to the boy, and changed the pompous phraseology into colloquial language. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was much amused by this procedure, which seemed a kind of reversing of what might have been expected from the two men, took notice of it to Dr. Johnson as they walked away by themselves. Johnson said, that it was continually the case; and that he was always obliged to *translate* the Justice's swelling diction (smiling), so as that his meaning might be understood by the vulgar, from whom information was to be obtained.

Sir Joshua once observed to him, that he had talked above the capacity of some people with whom they had been in company together. "No matter, sir (said Johnson); they consider it as a compliment to be talked to, as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, sir, that Baxter made it a rule, in every sermon that he preached, to say something that was above the capacity of his audience⁴."

Johnson's dexterity in retort, when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary, was

⁴ The justness of this remark is confirmed by the following story, for which I am indebted to Lord Eliot: A country Parson, who was remarkable for quoting scraps of Latin in his sermons, having died, one of his parishioners was asked how he liked his successor: "He is a very good preacher (was his answer), but no *latiner*."

very remarkable. Of his power in this respect, our common friend, Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, has been pleased to furnish me with an eminent instance. However unfavourable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan as a writer. In a conversation concerning the literary merits of the two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman, imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed, "Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan had he been an Englishman?"—"Why, sir (said Johnson, after a little pause), I should *not* have said of Buchanan, had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as a *Scotchman*,—that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

And this brings to my recollection another instance of the same nature. I once reminded him that when Dr. Adam Smith was expatiating on the beauty of Glasgow, he had cut him short by saying, "Pray, sir, have you ever seen Brentford?" and I took the liberty to add, "My dear sir, surely that was *shocking*."—"Why, then, sir (he replied), you have never seen Brentford."

Though his usual phrase for conversation was *talk*, yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend's house, with "a very pretty company;" and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, "No, sir; we had *talk* enough, but no *conversation*; there was nothing *discussed*."

Talking of the success of the Scotch in London, he imputed it in a considerable degree to their spirit of nationality. "You know, sir (said he), that no Scotchman publishes a book, or has a play brought upon the stage, but there are five hundred people ready to applaud him."

He gave much praise to his friend Dr. Burney's elegant and entertaining travels, and told Mr. Seward that he had them in his eye when writing his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland."

Such was his sensibility, and so much was he affected by pathetick poetry, that, when he was reading Dr. Beattie's "Hermit," in my presence, it brought tears into his eyes⁵.

He disapproved much of mingling real facts with fiction. On this account he censured a book entitled "Love and Madness."

Mr. Hoole told him he was born in Moorfields, and had received part of his early instruction in Grub Street. "Sir (said Johnson, smiling), you have been *regularly* educated." Having asked who was his instructor, and Mr. Hoole having answered, "My uncle, sir, who was a tailor;" Johnson, recollecting himself, said, "Sir, I knew him; we called him the *metaphysical* tailor. He was of a club in Old Street, with me and George Psalmanazar, and some others: but pray, sir, was he a good tailor?" Mr. Hoole having answered that he believed he was too mathematical, and used to draw squares and triangles on his shopboard, so that he did not excel in the cut of a coat;—"I am sorry for it (said Johnson), for I would have every man to be master of his own business."

In pleasant reference to himself and Mr. Hoole, as brother authours, he often said, "Let you and I, sir, go together and eat a beefsteak in Grub Street."

Sir William Chambers, that great architect⁶,

⁵ [The particular passage which excited this strong emotion was, as I have heard from my father, the third stanza, "'Tis night," &c. J. B.—O.]

⁶ Tho Honourable Horace Walpole, late Earl of Orford, thus bears testimony to this gentleman's merit as a writer: "Mr. Chambers's 'Treatise on Civil Architecture' is the most sensible book, and

whose works show a sublimity of genius, and who is esteemed by all who know him for his social, hospitable, and generous qualities, submitted the manuscript of his "Chinese Architecture" to Dr. Johnson's perusal. Johnson was much pleased with it, and said, "It wants no addition nor correction, but a few lines of introduction;" which he furnished, and Sir William adopted⁷.

He said to Sir William Scott, "The age is running mad after innovation; and all the business of the world is to be done in a new way; men are to be hanged in a new way; Tyburn itself is not safe from the fury of innovation." It having been argued that this was an improvement—"No, sir (said he, eagerly), it is *not* an improvement: they object, that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties; the publick was gratified by a procession; the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?" I perfectly agree with Dr. Johnson upon this head, and am persuaded that executions now, the solemn procession being discontinued, have not nearly the effect

the most exempt from prejudices that ever was written on that science."—Preface to "*Anecdotes of Painting in England*."

⁷ The introductory lines are these: "It is difficult to avoid praising too little or too much. Tho boundless panegyricks which have been lavished upon the Chinese learning, policy, and arts show with what power novelty attracts regard, and how naturally esteem swells into admiration.

"I am far from desiring to be numbered among the exaggerators of Chinese excellence. I consider them as great, or wise, only in comparison with the nations that surround them; and have no intention to place them in competition either with the ancients or with the moderns of this part of the world; yet they must be allowed to claim our notice as a distinct and very singular race of men: as the inhabitants of a region divided by its situation from all civilized countries, who have formed their own manners and invented their own arts without the assistance of example."

which they formerly had. Magistrates, both in London and elsewhere, have, I am afraid, in this had too much regard to their own ease.

Of Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, Johnson said to a friend,—“Hurd, sir, is one of a set of men who account for every thing systematically; for instance, it has been a fashion to wear scarlet breeches; these men would tell you that, according to causes and effects, no other wear could at that time have been chosen.” He, however, said of him at another time to the same gentleman, “Hurd, sir, is a man whose acquaintance is a valuable acquisition.”

That learned and ingenious Prelate it is well known published, at one period of his life, “Moral and Political Dialogues,” with a wofully whiggish cast. Afterwards his Lordship, having thought better, came to see his errour, and republished the work with a more constitutional spirit. Johnson, however, was unwilling to allow him full credit for his political conversion. I remember, when his Lordship declined the honour, of being Archbishop of Canterbury, Johnson said, “I am glad he did not go to Lambeth; for, after all, I fear he is a Whig in his heart.”

Johnson’s attention to precision and clearness in expression was very remarkable. He disapproved of a parenthesis; and, I believe, in all his voluminous writings not half a dozen of them will be found. He never used the phrases *the former* and *the latter*, having observed, that they often occasioned obscurity; he therefore contrived to construct his sentences so as not to have occasion for them, and would even rather repeat the same words in order to avoid them. Nothing is more common than to mistake surnames when we hear them carelessly uttered for the first time. To prevent this, he used not only to pronounce them

slowly and distinctly, but to take the trouble of spelling them; a practice which I have often followed; and which I wish were general.

Such was the heat and irritability of his blood, that not only did he pare his nails to the quick; but scraped the joints of his fingers with a pen-knife till they seemed quite red and raw.

The heterogeneous composition of human nature was remarkable exemplified in Johnson. His liberality in giving his money to persons in distress was extraordinary. Yet there lurked about him a propensity to paltry saving. One day I owned to him that "I was occasionally troubled with a fit of *narrowness*." "Why, sir (said he), so am I. *But I do not tell it.*" He has now and then borrowed a shilling of me; and when I asked him for it again, seemed to be rather out of humour. A droll little circumstance once occurred: As if he meant to reprimand my minute exactness as a creditor, he thus addressed me;—"Boswell, *lend me sixpence—not to be repaid.*"

This great man's attention to small things was very remarkable. As an instance of it, he one day said to me, "Sir, when you get silver in change for a guinea, look carefully at it; you may find some curious piece of coin."

Though a stern *trueborn Englishman*, and fully prejudiced against all other nations, he had discernment enough to see, and candour enough to censure, the cold reserve too common among Englishmen towards strangers: "Sir (said he), two men of any other nation who are shown into a room together, at a house where they are both visitors, will immediately find some conversation. But two Englishmen will probably go each to a different window, and remain in obstinate silence. Sir, we as yet do not enough understand the common rights of humanity."

Johnson was, at a certain period of his life, a good deal with the Earl of Shelburne, now Marquis of Lansdown, as he doubtless could not but have a due value for that nobleman's activity of mind and uncommon acquisitions of important knowledge, however much he might disapprove of other parts of his Lordship's character, which were widely different from his own.

Morice Morgann, Esq. authour of the very ingenious "Essay on the Character of Falstaff⁸," being a particular friend of his Lordship, had once an opportunity of entertaining Johnson for a day or two at Wycombe, when its Lord was absent, and by him I have been favoured with two anecdotes.

One is not a little to the credit of Johnson's candour. Mr. Morgann and he had a dispute pretty late at night, in which Johnson would not give up, though he had the wrong side, and, in short, both kept the field. Next morning, when they met in the breakfasting room, Dr. Johnson accosted Mr. Morgann thus: "Sir, I have been thinking on our dispute last night—*You were in the right.*"

The other was as follows: Johnson, for sport perhaps, or from the spirit of contradiction, eagerly maintained that Derrick had merit as a writer. Mr. Morgann argued with him directly in vain. At length he had recourse to this device. "Pray, sir (said he), whether do you reckon Derrick or Smart the best poet?" Johnson at once felt himself roused; and answered, "Sir, there is no settling the point of precedency between a louse and a flea."

⁸ Johnson being asked his opinion of this Essay, answered, "Why, sir, we shall have the man come forth again; and as he has proved Falstaff to be no coward, he may prove Iago to be a very good character."

Once, when checking my boasting too frequently of myself in company, he said to me—"Boswell, you often vaunt so much as to provoke ridicule. You put me in mind of a man who was standing in the kitchen of an inn with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next him: 'Do you know, sir, who I am?'—'No, sir (said the other) I have not that advantage.'—'Sir (said he) I am the *great* Twalmley, who invented the New Floodgate Iron'.⁹" The Bishop of Killaloe, on my repeating the story to him, defended Twalmley, by observing that he was entitled to the epithet of *great*; for Virgil in his group of worthies in the Elysian fields—

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi; &c.

mentions

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.

He was pleased to say to me one morning when we were left alone in his study, "Boswell, I think I am easier with you than with almost any body."

He would not allow Mr. David Hume any credit for his political principles, though similar to his own; saying of him, "Sir, he was a Tory by chance."

His acute observation of human life made him remark, "Sir, there is nothing by which a man exasperates most people more than by displaying a superiour ability of brilliancy in conversation. They seem pleased at the time; but their envy makes them curse him at their hearts."

My readers will probably be surprised to hear that the great Dr. Johnson could amuse himself

⁹ What the *great* Twalmley was so proud of having invented was neither more nor less than a kind of box iron for smoothing linen.

with so slight and playful a species of composition as a *Charade*. I have recovered one which he made on Dr. *Barnard*, now Lord Bishop of Killaloe¹; who has been pleased for many years to treat me with so much intimacy and social ease that I may presume to call him not only my Right Reverend, but my very dear Friend. I therefore with peculiar pleasure give to the world a just and elegant compliment thus paid to his Lordship by Johnson.

CHARADE.

"My *first*² shuts out thieves from your house or your room,
My *second*³ expresses a Syrian perfume:
My *whole*⁴ is a man in whose converse is shared
The strength of a Bar and the sweetness of Nard."

Johnson asked Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. if he had read the Spanish translation of Sallust, said to be written by a Prince of Spain, with the assistance of his tutor, who is professedly the authour of a treatise annexed on the Phœnician language.

Mr. Cambridge commended the work, particularly as he thought the Translator understood his authour better than is commonly the case with translators; but said he was disappointed in the purpose for which he borrowed the book; to see whether a Spaniard could be better furnished with inscriptions from monuments, coins, or other antiquities, which he might more probably find on a coast so immediately opposite to Carthage, than the Antiquaries of any other countries.—
JOHNSON. "I am very sorry you were not gratified in your expectations." CAMBRIDGE. "The language would have been of little use, as there is no history existing in that tongue to balance the

¹ [Afterwards translated to the see of Limerick. .M.]

² Bar.

³ Nard.

⁴ Barnard.

partial accounts which the Roman writers have left us." JOHNSON. "No, sir. They have not been *partial*; they have told their own story, without shame or regard to equitable treatment of their injured enemy; they had no compunction, no feeling for a Carthaginian. Why, sir, they would never have borne Virgil's description of Æneas's treatment of Dido, if she had not been a Carthaginian."

I gratefully acknowledge this and other communications from Mr. Cambridge; whom, if a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, a few miles distant from London; a numerous and excellent library, which he accurately knows and reads; a choice collection of pictures, which he understands and relishes; an easy fortune; an amiable family; an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance, distinguished by rank, fashion and genius; a literary fame; various, elegant, and still increasing colloquial talents rarely to be found; and with all these means of happiness, enjoying, when well advanced in years, health and vigour of body, serenity and animation of mind, do not entitle to be addressed *fortunate senex*! I know not to whom, in any age, that expression could with propriety have been used. Long may he live to hear and to feel it⁵!

Johnson's love of little children, which he discovered upon all occasions, calling them "pretty dears," and giving them sweetmeats, was an undoubted proof of the real humanity and gentleness of his disposition.

His uncommon kindness to his servants, and serious concern not only for their comfort in this world, but their happiness in the next, was ano-

⁵ [Mr. Cambridge enjoyed all the blessings here enumerated for many years after this passage was written. He died at his seat near Twickenham, Sept. 17, 1802, in his eighty-sixth year. M.]

more fear of the malignity which will follow its being known, than delight in what advantages it may afford. All my delight, indeed, is that this great and good man should think me worthy his instructions.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, MAY 26.—I have not had a moment for writing, my dear Susy, since I came hither, till now, for we have been *perpetually engaged either with sights or company*; for notwithstanding this is not the season, here are folks enough to fill up time from morning to evening.

The road from Streatham hither is beautiful: Mr., Mrs., Miss Thrale, and Miss Susan Thrale, and I, travelled in a coach, with four horses, and two of the servants in a chaise, besides two men on horseback; so we were obliged to stop for some time at three places on the road.

Reigate, the first town, is a very old, half-ruined borough, in a most neglected condition. A high hill, leading to it, afforded a very fine prospect, of the Malvern Hill nature, though inferior.

At Cuckfield, which is in Sussex, and but fourteen miles hence, we dined.

The view of the South Downs from Cuckfield to this place is very curious and singular. We got home by about nine o'clock. Mr. Thrale's house is in West-street, which is the court end of the town here as well as in London. 'Tis a neat, small house, and I have a snug, comfortable room to myself. The sea is not many yards from our windows. Our journey was delightfully pleasant, the day being heavenly, the roads in fine order, the prospects charming, and everybody good-humoured and cheerful.

THURSDAY.—We pass our time here most delectably. This dear and most sweet family grow daily more kind to me; and all of them contrive to make me of so much consequence, that I can now no more help being easy than, till lately, I could help being embarrassed. Mrs. Thrale has, indeed, from the first moment of our acquaintance, been to me all my heart could wish; and now her husband and daughter gain ground in my good grace and favour every day.

Miss Forth, Lord Mordaunt, Messieurs Murphy, Fisher, and Fitzgerald, Dr. Delap, and our own party, made an immensely formidable appearance.

Dr. Delap arrived in the morning, and is to stay two days. He is too silent for me to form much judgment of his companionable talents, and his appearance is snug and reserved. Mrs. Thrale is reading his play, and likes it much. It is to come out next season. It is droll enough that there should be, at this time, a tragedy and comedy in exactly the same situation, placed so accidentally in the same house.

We afterwards went on the parade, where the soldiers were mustering, and found Captain Fuller's men all half intoxicated, and laughing so violently as we passed by them, that they could hardly stand upright. The captain stormed at them most angrily; but, turning to us, said, "These poor fellows have just been paid their arrears, and it is so unusual to them to have a sixpence in their pockets, that they know not how to keep it there."

The wind being extremely high, our caps and gowns were blown about most abominably; and this increased the risibility of the merry light infantry. Captain Fuller's desire to keep order made me laugh as much as the men's incapacity to obey him; for finding our flying drapery provoked their mirth, he went up to the biggest grinner, and, shaking him violently by the shoulders, said, "What do you laugh for, sirrah? do you laugh at the ladies?" and, as soon as he had given the reprimand, it struck him to be so ridiculous, that he was obliged to turn quick round, and commit the very fault he was attacking most furiously.

I broke off where we were all assembled on Thursday,—which, by the way, is exactly opposite to the inn in which Charles II. hid himself after the battle of Worcester, previous to his escaping from the kingdom. So I fail not to look at it with loyal satisfaction: and his black-wigged majesty has, from the time of the Restoration, been its sign.

After tea, the bishop, his lady, Lord Mordaunt, and Mrs. H—— seated themselves to play at whist; and Mr. Murphy coming up to me, said,

"I have had no opportunity, Miss Burney, to tell you how much I have been entertained this morning, but I have a great deal to say to you about it; I am extremely pleased with it, indeed. The dialogue is charming; and the——"

"What's that?" cried Mrs. Thrale; "Mr. Murphy always flirting with Miss Burney? And here, too, where everybody's watched!"

And she cast her eyes towards Mrs. H——, who is as censorious a country lady as ever locked up all her ideas in a country town. She has told us sneering anecdotes of every woman and every officer in Brighthelmstone.

Mr. Murphy, checked by Mrs. Thrale's exclamation, stopped the conversation, and said he must run away, but would return in half an hour.

"Don't expect, however, Miss Burney," he said, "I shall bring with me what you are thinking of; no, I can't part with it yet!"

"What! at it again?" cried Mrs. Thrale. "This flirting is incessant; but it's all to Mr. Murphy's credit."

Mrs. Thrale told me afterwards, that she made these speeches to divert the attention of the company from our subject; for that she found they were all upon the watch the moment Mr. Murphy addressed me, and that the bishop and his lady almost threw down their cards, from eagerness to discover what he meant.

I am now more able to give you some sketch of Dr. Delap; and as he is coming into the world next winter, in my own walk, and, like me, for the first time, you may shake us together when I have drawn him, and conjecture our fates.

He is commonly and naturally grave, silent, and absent; but when any subject is once begun upon which he has anything to say, he works it threadbare, yet hardly seems to know, when all is over, what, or whether anything, has passed. He is a man, as I am told by those who know, of deep learning, but totally ignorant of life and manners. As to his person and appearance, they are much in the John-trot style. He seems inclined to be particularly civil to me; but not knowing how, according to the general forms, he has only shown his inclination by perpetual

offers to help me at dinner, and repeated exclamations at my not eating more profusely.

So much for my brother-dramatist.

The supper was very gay: Mrs. Thrale was in high spirits, and her wit flashed with incessant brilliancy; Mr. Murphy told several stories with admirable humour; and the Bishop of Peterborough was a worthy third in contributing towards general entertainment. He turns out most gaily sociable. Mrs. H. was discussed, and, poor lady, not very mercifully.

Mrs. Thrale said she lived upon the Steyne, for the pleasure of viewing, all day long, who walked with who, how often the same persons were seen together, and what visits were made by gentlemen to ladies, or ladies to gentlemen.

"She often tells me," said the captain, "of my men. 'Oh,' she says, 'Captain Fuller, your men are always after the ladies!'"

"Nay," cried Mrs. Thrale, "I should have thought the officers might have contented her; but if she takes in the soldiers too, she must have business enough!"

"Oh, she gets no satisfaction by her complaints; for I only say, 'Why, ma'am, we are all young!—all young and gay!—and how can we do better than follow the ladies?'"

"After all," returned Mrs. Thrale, "I believe she can talk of nothing else, and therefore we must forgive her."

Friday, May 28.

In the morning, before breakfast, came Dr. Delap; and Mrs. Thrale, in ambiguous terms, complimented him upon his play, and expressed her wish that she might tell me of it: upon which hint he instantly took the manuscript from his pocket, and presented it to me, begging me, at the same time, to tell him of any faults that I might meet with in it.

There, Susy! am I not grown a grand person; not merely looked upon as a writer, but addressed as a critic! Upon my word this is fine!

* * * * *

By the way, it is really amazing the fatigue these militia

officers go through, without compulsion or interest to spur them. Major H. is a man of at least £8000 a year, and has a noble seat in this county, and quits ease, pleasure, retirement in the country, and public diversions in London, to take the charge of the Sussex militia! Captain Fuller, too, has an estate of £4000 or £5000 a year—is but just of age—has figure, understanding, education, vivacity, and independence—and yet voluntarily devotes almost all his time, and almost all his attention, to a company of light infantry!

Instances such as these, my dear Susy, ought to reconcile all the penniless sons of toil and industry to their cares and labours; since those whom affluence invites to all the luxuries of indolence, sicken of those very gifts which the others seem only to exist to procure.

* * * *

As soon as we returned home, I seized Dr. Delap's play. It is called "*Macaria*." Mr. Thrale, who frequently calls me *Queen Dido*, from a notion that I resemble an actress in France who performed that part, and from a general idea of my having a theatrical turn; was mightily diverted at this oddly-timed confidence of Dr. Delap, and, tapping at my door, called out, "*Queen Dido*, what! rehearsing still? Why, I think you should tip the doctor the same compliment!"

I could only read the first act before dinner. Mrs. Thrale came to me while I was dressing, and said, "Murphy is quite charmed with your second act: he says he is sure it will do, and more than do. He has been talking of you this half hour; he calls you a sly, designing body, and says you look all the people through most wickedly: he watches you, and vows he has caught you in the fact. Nobody and nothing, he says, escapes you, and you keep looking round for characters all day long. And Dr. Delap has been talking of you."

"I hope he does not suspect the play?"

"Why, he would not tell!"

"Oh, but I should be sorry to put it in his power!"

"Why, he's such an absent creature, that if he were to hear it to-day he would forget it to-morrow."

"No, as he is engaged in the same pursuit himself at this very time, I believe he would remember it."

"Well, it's too late, however, now, for he knows it : but I did not tell him ; Murphy did ; he broke out into praises of the second act before him. But he'll tell nobody, depend upon it," continued she ; "it only put him upon asking one a hundred questions about you, and singing your praise ; he has teased me all the morning about your family, and how many sisters and brothers you have, and if you were Dr. Burney's daughter, and a million more inquiries.

* * * *

During dinner, I observed that Mr. Murphy watched me almost incessantly, with such archness of countenance that I could hardly look at him ; and Dr. Delap did the same, with an earnestness of gravity that was truly solemn—till Mr. Murphy, catching my eye, said,

"We have been talking of you—ask Mrs. Thrale what I say of you—I have found out your schemes, shy as you are. Dr. Delap, too, heard how I discovered you."

"Oh, but Dr. Delap," answered Mrs. Thrale, "is the best man in the world for discoveries—for he'll forget every word by to-morrow—shan't you, Dr. Delap ?"

"Not Miss Burney !" cried the doctor, gallantly, "I'm sure I shan't forget Miss Burney !"

When Mrs. Thrale gave the signal for our leaving the gentlemen, Dr. Delap, as I past him, said in a whisper, "Have you read it ?"

"No, not quite."

"How do you like it ?"

I could make but one answer. How strangely ignorant of the world is this good clergyman, to ask such a question so abruptly !

We were engaged to finish the evening at Major Holroyd's, but as I feared hurting Dr. Delap by any seeming indifference, I begged Mrs. Thrale to let me stay at home till I had read his play, and, therefore, the rest of the party went before me.

I had, however, only three acts in my possession. The story is of the daughter and widow of Hercules ;—and, indeed, I

liked the play much better than I expected to do. The story is such as renders the author's ignorance of common life and manners not very material, since the characters are of the heroic age, and therefore require more classical than worldly knowledge, and, accordingly, its only resemblance is to the tragedies of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*.

SATURDAY, MAY 29.—After breakfast, Mrs. and Miss Thrale took me to Widge's, the milliner and library woman on the Steyne. After a little dawdling conversation, Captain Fuller came in to have a little chat. He said he had just gone through a great operation—"I have been," he said, "cutting off the hair of all my men."

"And why?"

"Why, the Duke of Richmond ordered that it should be done, and the fellows swore that they would not submit to it—so I was forced to be the operator myself. I told them they would look as smart again when they had got on their caps; but it went much against them; they vowed, at first, they would not bear such usage; some said they would sooner be run through the body, and others, that the duke should as soon have their heads. I told them I would soon try that, and fell to work myself with them."

"And how did they bear it?"

"Oh, poor fellows, with great good-nature, when they found his honour was their barber: but I thought proper to submit to hearing all their oaths, and all their jokes; for they had no other comfort but to hope I should have enough of it, and such sort of wit. Three or four of them, however, escaped, but I shall find them out. I told them I had a good mind to cut my own hair off too, and then they would have a Captain Crop. I shall soothe them to-morrow with a present of new feathers for all their caps."

Presently we were joined by Dr. Delap and Mr. Murphy.

Different occupations, in a short time, called away all our gentlemen but Dr. Delap; and he, seating himself next me, began to question me about his tragedy. I soon said all I

wanted to say upon the subject—and, soon after, a great deal more—but not soon after was he satisfied; he returned to the same thing a million of times, asked the same questions, exacted the same compliments, and worked at the same passages, till I almost fell asleep with the sound of the same words: and at last, with what little animation was left me, I contrived to make Miss Thrale propose a walk on the Steyne, and crawling out of the shop, I sought—and found—revival from the breezes.

STREATHAM, JUNE 12.—Now, my dear Susan, hard and fast—let me write up to the present time.

I left you all, as you truly say, on Saturday, in no very high spirits. Mrs. Thrale's visible uneasiness and agitation quite alarmed me. I dared ask her no questions; but, soon after we drove off, Sir Philip Clerke gently and feelingly led to the subject, and, in the course of our ride, got from her all the particulars of poor Mr. Thrale's dreadful and terrifying attack.

I find, with true concern, that it was undoubtedly a paralytic stroke. He was taken ill at his sister's, Mrs. Nesbitt's, during dinner; he did not absolutely fall, but his head sank upon the table, and, as soon as he was able to raise it, they found that his reason had left him;—he talked wildly, and seemed to know nobody. Mrs. Nesbitt brought him home; he was much better before Dr. Bromfield could be fetched; yet, for three days afterwards, his senses, at intervals, were frightfully impaired.

When we stopped here, Sir Philip immediately went to Mr. Thrale, but I ran past the door, and up to my own room, for I quite dreaded seeing him till I had prepared myself to meet him, without any seeming concern, as I was told that he was extremely suspicious of being thought in any danger, I dawdled away about an hour, and then asked Miss Thrale to accompany me into the parlour.

Mr. Thrale was there, with Sir Philip, Mr. Seward, and Captain Fuller. I endeavoured to enter, and behave as if nothing had happened. I saw Mr. Thrale fix his eyes upon me with an inquisitive and melancholy earnestness, as if to read my opinion: indeed, his looks were vastly better than I expected, but his evi-

dent dejection quite shocked me. I did not dare to go up to him, for if he had offered to shake hands with me, I believe I should have been unable to disguise my concern; for, indeed, he has of late made himself a daily increasing interest in my regard and kind wishes. I therefore turned short from him, and pretending earnest talk with Miss Thrale, went to one of the windows.

At dinner everybody tried to be cheerful; but a dark and gloomy cloud hangs over the head of poor Mr. Thrale, which no flashes of merriment or beams of wit can pierce through; yet he seems pleased that everybody should be gay, and desirous to be spoken to, and of, as usual.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13.—After church, we all strolled round the grounds, and the topic of our discourse was Miss Streatfield. Mrs. Thrale asserted that she had a power of captivation that was irresistible; that her beauty, joined to her softness, her caressing manners, her tearful eyes, and alluring looks, would insinuate her into the heart of any man she thought worth attacking.

Sir Philip declared himself of a totally different opinion, and quoted Dr. Johnson against her, who had told him that, taking away her Greek, she was as ignorant as a butterfly.

Mr. Seward declared her Greek was all against her with him, for that, instead of reading Pope, Swift, or the *Spectator*,—books from which she might derive useful knowledge and improvement—it had led her to devote all her reading time to the first eight books of Homer.

“But,” said Mrs. Thrale, “her Greek, you must own, has made all her celebrity;—you would have heard no more of her than of any other pretty girl, but for that.”

“What I object to,” said Sir Philip, “is her avowed preference for this parson. Surely it is very indelicate in any lady to let all the world know with whom she is in love!”

“The parson,” said the severe Mr. Seward, “I suppose, spoke first,—or she would as soon have been in love with you, or with me!”

You will easily believe I gave him no pleasant look. He wanted me to slacken my pace, and tell him, in confidence, my

private opinion of her: but I told him, very truly, that as I knew her chiefly by account, not by acquaintance, I had not absolutely formed my opinion.

"Were I to live with her four days," said this odd man, "I believe the fifth I should want to take her to church."

"You'd be devilish tired of her, though," said Sir Philip, "in half a year. A crying wife will never do!"

"Oh, yes," cried he, "the pleasure of soothing her would make amends."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Thrale, "I would insure her power of crying herself into any of your hearts she pleased. I made her cry to Miss Burney, to show how beautiful she looked in tears."

"If I had been her," said Mr. Seward, "I would never have visited you again."

"Oh, but she liked it," answered Mrs. T., "for she knows how well she does it. Miss Burney would have run away, but she came forward on purpose to show herself. I would have done so by nobody else; but Sophy Streatfield is never happier than when the tears trickle from her fine eyes in company."

"Suppose, Miss Burney," said Mr. Seward, "we make her the heroine of our comedy? and call it 'Hearts have at ye all!'"

"Excellent!" cried I: "it can't be better."

"Tell me, then—what situations you will have? But stay, I have another name that I think will do very well for a comedy,—'Everything a Bore.'"

"Oh, mighty well! and you shall be the hero!" cried I.

"Well said, Miss Burney!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "and pray let his name be *Mr. Chagrin*."

Well, indeed, did she name him; for I think his *ennui*, his sickness of the world and its inhabitants, grows more and more obvious every day. He is, indeed, a melancholy instance of the inefficacy of fortune, talents, education, wit, and benevolence united, to render any man happy whose mind has not a native disposition of content.

At dinner we had three persons added to our company—my dear father, Miss Streatfield, and Miss Brown.

Well selected, gay, good-humoured, and uncommonly agreeable

as was the whole society, the day failed of being happy ; for Mr. Thrale's extreme seriousness and lowness, and Mrs. Thrale's agitated and struggling cheerfulness, spread a degree of gravity and discomfort over us, that, though they prevented not partial and occasional sallies, totally banished our accustomed general and continued gaiety.

Miss Brown, however, as you may remember I foresaw, proved the queen of the day. Miss Streatfield requires longer time to make conquests. She is, indeed, much more really beautiful than Fanny Brown ; but Fanny Brown is much more showy, and her open, good-humoured, gay, laughing face inspires an almost immediate wish of conversing and merry-making with her. Indeed, the two days she spent here have raised her greatly in my regard. She is a charming girl, and so natural, and easy, and sweet-tempered, that there is no being half an hour in her company without ardently wishing her well.

MONDAY, JUNE 14, proved far more lively and comfortable. Mr. Thrale daily looks somewhat better ; and his sweet wife's natural spirits and happiness insensibly, though not uniformly, return.

At breakfast, our party was Sir Philip, Mr. Fuller, Miss Streatfield, Miss Brown, the Thrales, and I.

The first office performed was dressing Miss Brown. She had put on bright jonquil ribbons. Mrs. Thrale exclaimed against them immediately ; Mr. Fuller half joined her, and away she went, and brought green ribbons of her own, which she made Miss Brown run upstairs with to put on. This she did with the utmost good humour : but dress is the last thing in which she excels ; for she has lived so much abroad, and so much with foreigners at home, that she never appears habited as an Englishwoman, nor as a high-bred foreigner, but rather as an Italian opera-dancer ; and her wild, careless, giddy manner, her loud hearty laugh, and general negligence of appearance, contribute to give her that air and look. I like her so much, that I am quite sorry she is not better advised, either by her own or some friend's judgment.

Miss Brown, however, was queen of the breakfast : for though

her giddiness made everybody take liberties with her, her good-humour made everybody love her, and her gaiety made everybody desirous to associate with her. Sir Philip played with her as with a young and sportive kitten; Mr. Fuller laughed and chatted with her; and Mr. Seward, when here, teases and torments her. The truth is, he cannot bear her, and she, in return, equally fears and dislikes him, but still she cannot help attracting his notice.

We then all walked out, and had a very delightful stroll: but in returning, one of the dogs (we have twelve, I believe, belonging to the house) was detected pursuing the sheep on the common. Miss Thrale sent one of the men after him, and he was seized to be punished. The poor creature's cries were so dreadful that I took to my feet and ran away.

When, after all was over, they returned to the house, the saucy Captain Fuller, as soon as he saw me, exclaimed, "Oh, some hartshorn! some hartshorn for Miss Burney!"

I instantly found he thought me guilty of affectation; and the drollery of his manner made it impossible to be affronted with his accusation; therefore I took the trouble to try to clear myself, but know not how I succeeded. I assured him that if my staying could have answered any purpose, I would have compelled myself to hear the screams, and witness the correction, of the offending animal; but that as that was not the case, I saw no necessity for giving myself pain officiously.

"But I'll tell you," cried he, "my reason for not liking that ladies should run away from all disagreeable sights: I think that if they are totally unused to them, whenever any accident happens, they are not only helpless, but worse, for they scream and faint, and get out of the way; when, if they were not so frightened, they might be of some service. I was with a lady the other day, when a poor fellow was brought into her house half killed: but, instead of doing him any good, she only shrieked, and called out: 'Oh! mercy on me!' and ran away."

There was an honesty so characteristic in this attack, that I took very serious pains to vindicate myself, and told him that, if I had any knowledge of myself, I could safely affirm that, in any

case similar to what he mentioned, instead of running away, I should myself, if no abler person were at hand, have undertaken not merely to see, but to bind the man's wounds: nor, indeed, can I doubt but I should.

While we were dressing, Mr. Seward returned; he had postponed his journey to Cornwall: and, before dinner, Dr. Delap arrived from Lewes.

Mr. Seward's *ennui* coming under consideration, Mrs. Thrale asked us if he was not the *Pococurante* in "Candide?"

Not one of us had read it.

"What!" cried Mr. Seward, "have not you, Miss Burney?"

"No, never."

"Well," said Mrs. Thrale, "I am quite amazed at that! I did not expect Dr. Delap or Sophy Streatfield to have read it; but how you missed it I do wonder."

"Miss Streatfield," said Mr. Seward, "I dare say, never reads but in form—finishes one book before she will look at another. and spreads a green cloth on her table, and sets to it in earnest."

"Perhaps," said Dr. Delap, "Miss Burney, like Dr. Middleton, is in a course of reading, so goes on regularly."

"No, no," cried Mrs. Thrale, "that is not her way; she is a very desultory reader."

"I dare say she is," said Mr. Seward, "and that makes her so clever."

"Candide" was then produced, and Mrs. Thrale read aloud the part concerning *Pococurante*; and really the cap fitted so well, that Mr. Seward could not attempt to dispute it.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16.—We had, at breakfast, a scene, of its sort, the most curious I ever saw.

The persons were Sir Philip, Mr. Seward, Dr. Delap, Miss Streatfield, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and I.

The discourse turning, I know not how, upon Miss Streatfield, Mrs. Thrale said:

"Ay, I made her cry once for Miss Burney as pretty as could be: but nobody does cry so pretty as the S. S. I'm sure, when she cried for Seward, I never saw her look half so lovely."

"For Seward?" cried Sir Philip; "did she cry for Seward?"

What a happy dog! I hope she'll never cry for me, for, if she does, I won't answer for the consequences!"

"Seward," said Mrs. Thrale, "had affronted Johnson, and then Johnson affronted Seward, and then the S. S. cried."

"Oh," cried Sir Philip, "that I had but been here!"

"Nay," answered Mrs. Thrale, "you'd only have seen how like three fools three sensible persons behaved: for my part, I was quite sick of it, and of them, too."

Sir Philip: But what did Seward do? was he not melted?

Mrs. Thrale: Not he; he was thinking only of his own affront, and taking fire at that.

Mr. Seward: Why, yes, I did take fire, for I went and planted my back to it.

S. S.: And Mrs. Thrale kept stuffing me with toast-and-water.

Sir Philip: But what did Seward do with himself? Was not he in ecstasy? What did he do, or say?

Mr. Seward: Oh, I said, Pho, pho, don't let's have any more of this—it's making it of too much consequence: no more piping, pray.

Sir Philip: Well, I have heard so much of these tears, that I would give the universe to have a sight of them.

Mrs. Thrale: Well, she shall cry again, if you like it.

S. S.: No, pray, Mrs. Thrale.

Sir Philip: Oh, pray do! pray let me see a little of it.

Mrs. Thrale: Yes, do cry a little, Sophy [*in a wheedling voice*], pray do! Consider, now, you are going to day, and it's very hard if you won't cry a little; indeed, S. S., you ought to cry.

Now for the wonder of wonders. When Mrs. Thrale, in a coaxing voice, snited to a nurse soothing a baby, had run on for some time—while all the rest of us, in laughter, joined in the request—two crystal tears came into the soft eyes of the S. S., and rolled gently down her cheeks! Such a sight I never saw before, nor could I have believed. She offered not to conceal or dissipate them: on the contrary, she really contrived to have them seen by everybody. She looked, indeed, uncommonly handsome; for her pretty face was not, like Chloe's, blubbered;

it was smooth and elegant, and neither her features nor complexion were at all ruffled ; nay, indeed, she was smiling all the time.

"Look, look !" cried Mrs. Thrale ; "see if the tears are not come already."

Loud and rude bursts of laughter broke from us all at once. How, indeed, could they be restrained ? Yet we all stared, and looked and re-looked again and again, twenty times, ere we could believe our eyes. Sir Philip, I thought, would have died in convulsions ; for his laughter and his politeness, struggling furiously with one another, made him almost black in the face. Mr. Seward looked half vexed that her crying for him was now so much lowered in its flattery, yet grinned incessantly ; Miss Thrale laughed as much as contempt would allow her ; but Dr. Delap seemed petrified with astonishment.

When our mirth abated, Sir Philip, colouring violently with his efforts to speak, said,

"I thank you, ma'am ; I'm much obliged to you."

But I really believe he spoke without knowing what he was saying.

"What a wonderful command," said Dr. Delap, very gravely, "that lady must have over herself !"

She now took out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"Sir Philip," cried Mr. Seward, "how can you suffer her to dry her own eyes ?—you, who sit next her ?"

"I dare not dry them for her," answered he, "because I am not the right man."

"But if I sat next her," returned he, "she should not dry them herself."

"I wish," cried Dr. Delap, "I had a bottle to put them in ; 'tis a thousand pities they should be wasted."

"There, now," said Mrs. Thrale, "she looks for all the world as if nothing had happened ; for, you know, nothing *has* happened !"

"Would you cry, Miss Burney," said Sir Philip, "if we asked you ?"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Thrale, "I would not do thus by Miss

Burney for ten worlds! I dare say she would never speak to me again. I should think she'd be more likely to walk out of my house than to cry because I bid her."

"I don't know how that is," cried Sir Philip; "but I'm sure she's gentle enough."

"She can cry, I doubt not," said Mr. Seward, "on any proper occasion."

"But I must know," said I, "what for."

I did not say this loud enough for the S. S. to hear me; but if I had, she would not have taken it for the reflection it meant. She seemed, the whole time, totally insensible to the numerous strange and, indeed, impertinent speeches which were made, and to be very well satisfied that she was only manifesting a tenderness of disposition, that increased her beauty of countenance. At least, I can put no other construction upon her conduct, which was, without exception, the strangest I ever saw. Without any pretence of affliction,—to weep merely because she was bid, though bid in a manner to forbid any one else,—to be in good spirits all the time,—to see the whole company expiring of laughter at her tears, without being at all offended,—and, at last, to dry them up, and go on with the same sort of conversation she held before they started!

What Sir Philip or Mr. Seward privately thought of this incident I know not yet: but Dr. Delap said,

"Yes, she has pretty blue eyes,—very pretty indeed; she's quite a wonderful miss. If it had not been for that little gush, I don't know what would have become of me. It was very good-natured of her, really, for she charms and uncharms in a moment; she is a bane and an antidote at the same time."

Then, after considering it more deeply,

"I declare," he said, "I was never so much surprised in my life! I should as soon have expected that the dew would fall from heaven because Mrs. Thrale called for it, as that Miss What-d'ye-call-her would have cried just because she was asked. But the thing is—did she cry? I declare I don't believe it. Yet I think, at this moment, I saw it,—only I know it could not be: something of a mist, I suppose, was before my eyes."

SUNDAY, JUNE 20TH.—Dr. Delap stayed here till yesterday, when he returned to Lewes. He attacked me before he went, about my comedy, and said he had some claim to see it. However, I escaped showing it, though he vows he will come again, when he is able, on purpose: but I hope we shall be set out for Spa.

Mr. Thrale continues, I hope, to get better, though slowly. While I was sitting with him in the library, Mr. Seward entered. What is become of his Cornwall scheme I know not. As soon as the first inquiries were over, he spoke about what he calls our comedy, and he pressed and teased me to set about it. But he grew, in the evening, so queer, so *cnnuyé*, that, in a fit of absurdity, I called him *Mr. Dry*; and the name took so with Mrs. Thrale, that I know not when he will lose it. Indeed, there is something in this young man's alternate drollery and lassitude, entertaining qualities and wearying complaints, that provoke me to more pertness than I practise to almost anybody.

The play, he said, should have the double title of "The Indifferent man, or Everything a Bore;" and I protested *Mr. Dry* should be the hero. And then we ran on, jointly planning a succession of ridiculous scenes;—he lashing himself pretty freely, though not half so freely, or so much to the purpose, as I lashed him; for I attacked him, through the channel of *Mr. Dry*, upon his *cnnui*, his causeless melancholy, his complaining languors, his yawning inattention, and his restless discontent. You may easily imagine I was in pretty high spirits to go so far: in truth, nothing else could either have prompted or excused my facetiousness: and his own manners are so cavalier, that they always, with me, stimulate a sympathising return.

He repeatedly begged me to go to work, and commit the projected scenes to paper: but I thought that might be carrying the jest too far; for as I was in no humour to spare him, written raillery might, perhaps, have been less to his taste than verbal.

He challenged me to meet him the next morning, before breakfast, in the library, that we might work together at some scenes; but I thought it as well to let the matter drop, and did not make my entry till they were all assembled.

His mind, however, ran upon nothing else ; and, as soon as we happened to be left together, he again attacked me.

"Come," said he, "have you nothing ready yet? I dare say you have half an act in your pocket."

"No," quoth I, "I have quite forgot the whole business ; I was only in a humour for it last night."

"How shall it begin?" cried he ; "with *Mr. Dry* in his study?—his slippers just on, his hair about his ears,—exclaiming, 'What a bore is life!—What is to be done next?'"

"Next?" cried I, "what, before he has done anything at all?"

"Oh, he has dressed himself, you know.—Well, then he takes up a book——"

"For example, this," cried I, giving him *Clarendon's History*.

He took it up in character, and flinging it away, cried,

"No,—this will never do,—a history by a party writer is odious."

I then gave him Robertson's "*America*."

"This," cried he, "is of all reading the most melancholy ;—an account of possessions we have lost by our own folly."

I then gave him Barretti's "*Spanish Travels*."*

"Who," cried he, flinging it aside, "can read travels by a fellow who never speaks a word of truth?"

Then I gave him a volume of "*Clarissa*."

"Pho!" cried he, "a novel writ by a bookseller!—there is but one novel now one can bear to read,—and that's written by a young lady."

I hastened to stop him with Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, and then proceeded to give him various others, upon all which he made severe, splenetic, yet comical comments ;—and we continued thus employed till he was summoned to accompany Mr. Thrale to town.

The next morning, Wednesday, I had some very serious talk with Mr. Seward,—and such as gave me no inclination for

* Joseph Barretti was the author of an Italian and English Dictionary, and other creditable works. He was intimately acquainted with Johnson and most of the wits of his time. He was a native of Piedmont, but came to England in 1753, and died in London in 1789.

raillery, though it was concerning his *ennui*; on the contrary, I resolved, at the moment, never to rally him upon that subject again, for his account of himself filled me with compassion. He told me that he had never been well for three hours in a day in his life, and that when he was thought only tired, he was really so ill that he believed scarce another man would stay in company. I was quite shocked at this account, and told him, honestly, that I had done him so little justice as to attribute all his languors to affectation.

When Mrs. Thrale joined us, he told us he had just seen Dr. Jebb,—Sir Richard, I mean,—and that he had advised him to marry.

"No," cried Mrs. Thrale, "that will do nothing for you; but if you should marry, I have a wife for you."

"Who?" cried he, "the S. S.?"

"The S. S.?—no!—she's the last person for you,—her extreme softness, and tenderness, and weeping, would add languor to languor, and irritate all your disorders; 'twould be drink to a dropsical man."

"No, no,—it would soothe me."

"Not a whit! it would only fatigue you. The wife for you is Lady Anne Lindsay. She has birth, wit, and beauty; she has no fortune, and she'd readily accept you; and she is such a spirit that she'd animate you, I warrant you! O, she would trim you well! You'd be all alive presently. She'd take all the care of the money affairs,—and allow you out of them eighteenpence a week! That's the wife for you!"

Mr. Seward was by no means "agreeable" to the proposal; he turned the conversation upon the S. S., and gave us an account of two visits he had made her, and spoke in favour of her manner of living, temper, and character. When he had run on in this strain for some time, Mrs. Thrale cried,

"Well, so you are grown very fond of her?"

"Oh dear, no!" answered he, drily, "not at all!"

"Why, I began to think," said Mrs. Thrale, "you intended to supplant the parson."

"No, I don't: I don't know what sort of an old woman she'd

make: the tears won't do then. Besides, I don't think her so sensible as I used to do."

"But she's very pleasing," cried I, "and very amiable."

"Yes, she's pleasing,—that's certain; but I don't think she reads much; the Greek has spoilt her."

"Well, but you can read for yourself."

"That's true; but does she work well?"

"I believe she does, and that's a better thing."

"Ay, so it is," said he, saucily, "for ladies; ladies should rather write than read."

"But authors," cried I, "before they write should read."

Returning again to the S. S., and being again rallied about her by Mrs. Thrale, who said she believed at last he would end there, he said:

"Why, if I must marry—if I was bid to choose between that and racking on the wheel, I believe I should go to her."

We all laughed at this exquisite compliment; but, as he said, it *was* a compliment, for though it proved no passion for her, it proved a preference.

"However," he continued, "it won't do."

"Upon my word," exclaimed I, "you settle it all your own way!—the lady would be ready at any rate!"

"Oh yes! any man might marry Sophy Streatfield." I quite stopped to exclaim against him.

"I mean," said he, "if he'd pay his court to her."

And now I cannot resist telling you of a dispute which Dr. Johnson had with Mrs. Thrale, the next morning, concerning me, which that sweet woman had the honesty and good sense to tell me. Dr. Johnson was talking to her and Sir Philip Jennings of the amazing progress made of late years in literature by the women. He said he was himself astonished at it, and told them he well remembered when a woman who could spell a common letter was regarded as all accomplished; but now they vied with the men in everything.

"I think, sir," said my friend Sir Philip, "the young lady we have here is a very extraordinary proof of what you say."

"So extraordinary, sir," answered he, "that I know none like

her—nor do I believe there is, or there ever was, a man who could write such a book so young.”

They both stared—no wonder, I am sure!—and Sir Philip said : “What do you think of Pope, sir? could not Pope have written such a one?”

“Nay, nay,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “there is no need to talk of Pope; a book may be a clever book, and an extraordinary book, and yet not want a Pope for its author. I suppose he was no older than Miss Burney when he wrote ‘Windsor Forest;’ and I suppose ‘Windsor Forest’ is equal to ‘Evelina!’”

“‘Windsor Forest,’” repeated Dr. Johnson, “though so delightful a poem, by no means required the knowledge of life and manners, nor the accuracy of observation, nor the skill of penetration, necessary for composing such a work as ‘Evelina:’ he who could ever write ‘Windsor Forest,’ might as well write it young as old. Poetical abilities require not age to mature them; but ‘Evelina’ seems a work that should result from long experience and deep and intimate knowledge of the world; yet it has been written without either. Miss Burney is a real wonder. What she is, she is intuitively. Dr. Burney told me she had had the fewest advantages of any of his daughters, from some peculiar circumstances. And such has been her timidity, that he himself had not any suspicion of her powers.”

“Her modesty,” said Mrs. Thrale (as she told me), “is really beyond bounds. It quite provokes me. And, in fact, I can never make out how the mind that could write that book could be ignorant of its value.”

“That, madam, is another wonder,” answered my dear, dear Dr. Johnson, “for modesty with her is neither pretence nor decorum; ’tis an ingredient of her nature; for she who could part with such a work for twenty pounds, could know so little of its worth, or of her own, as to leave no possible doubt of her humility.”

My kind Mrs. Thrale told me this with a pleasure that made me embrace her with gratitude; but the astonishment of Sir Philip Clerke at such an *éloge* from Dr. Johnson was quite, she says, comical.

CHAPTER VI.

Dr. Johnson—His Brilliant Conversation—His Preference of Men of the World to Scholars—The late General Phipps—Dr. Johnson teaches Miss Burney Latin—Fatal Effect of using Cosmetics—Mrs. Vesey and Anstey—English Ladies taken by a French Privateer—Letters—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Miss Burney's Comedy, "THE WITLINGS"—Miss Burney to her Father—"The Witlings" condemned by him and Mr. Crisp—She determines not to bring it forward—Admired by Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Murphy—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Lamentations for her Comedy—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—The Dangers of Sincerity—Littleness and Vanity of Garrick—Ideas for another Comedy—An Eccentric Family—Visit to Brighton—Mr. Chamier—A Dandy of Fifty Years ago—A Visit to Knowle Park—Description of the Pictures and State Apartments—Sevenoaks—Tunbridge Wells—A Female Oddity—The Pantiles—Mr. Wedderburne—A Runaway Match—Its Miseries—Extraordinary Child—Brighton—A Character—Topham Beauclerk—Lady Di Beauclerk—Mrs. Musters—A Mistake—Lady Pembroke—Scenes in a Ball-room—How to put down Impertinence—A Provincial Company—Dryden's "Tempest"—Cumberland—Singular Anecdotes of him—His Hatred of all Contemporary Authors—Scene with him and Mrs. Thrale in a Ball-room—A Singular Character—Table-talk—Mystification—A Solemn Coxcomb—Dr. Johnson—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Price of his Portraits—Artists and Actors—Garrick—Fifty Pounds for a Song—Learned Ladies—Married Life—A Lordly Brute—Physicians and Patients—Single-speech Hamilton—The Humours of a Newspaper—Odd Names—A Long Story—Letter from Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Character and Objects of her Journal.

STREATHAM, JULY 5.—I have hardly had any power to write, my dear Susy, since I left you, for my cold has increased so much that I have hardly been able to do anything.

Mr. Thrale, I think, is better, and he was cheerful all the ride. Mrs. Thrale made as much of me as if the two days had been two months.

I was heartily glad to see Dr. Johnson, and I believe he was

not sorry to see me: he had inquired very much after me, and very particularly of Mrs. Thrale whether she loved me as well as she used to do.

He is better in health than I have ever seen him before; his journey has been very serviceable to him, and he has taken very good resolutions to reform his diet;—so has my Daddy Crisp. I wish I could pit them one against the other, and see the effect of their emulation.

I wished twenty times to have transmitted to paper the conversation of the evening, for Dr. Johnson was as brilliant as I have ever known him,—and that's saying something;—but I was not very well, and could only attend to him for present entertainment.

JULY 10.—Since I wrote last, I have been far from well,—but I am now my own man again—*à peu-pres*.

Very concise, indeed, must my journal grow, for I have now hardly a moment in my power to give it; however, I will keep up its chain, and mark, from time to time, the general course of things.

Sir Philip Jennings has spent three days here, at the close of which he took leave of us for the summer, and set out for his seat in Hampshire. We were all sorry to lose him; he is a most comfortable man in society, for he is always the same—easy, good-humoured, agreeable, and well-bred. He has made himself a favourite to the whole house, Dr. Johnson included, who almost always prefers the company of an intelligent man of the world to that of a scholar.

Lady Ladd spent the day here last Sunday. Did I ever do her the justice to give you a sketch of her since I have been more acquainted with her than when I first did her that favour? I think not.

She is gay, even to levity, wholly uncultivated as to letters, but possesses a very good natural capacity, and a fund of humour and sport that makes her company far more entertaining than that of half the best-educated women in the kingdom. The pride I have mentioned never shows itself without some provo-

cation, and wherever she meets with respect, she returns it with interest.

In the course of the day she said to me in a whisper, "I had a gentleman with me yesterday who is crazy to see you—and he teased me to bring him here with me, but I told him I could not till I had paved the way."

I found, afterwards, that this gentleman is Mr. Edmund Phipps, a younger brother of Lord Mulgrave, and of the Harry Phipps Hetty danced with at Mr. Laluze's masquerade. Lady Ladd appointed the next Tuesday to bring him to dinner. As he is a particular favourite with Mrs. Thrale, her ladyship had no difficulty in gaining him admittance.

I think times have come to a fine pass, if people are to come to Streatham with no better views.

Well,—on Tuesday I was quite ill,—and obliged to be blooded—so I could not go down to dinner.

Mr. Seward accompanied Lady Ladd and Mr. E. Phipps, and added to the provocation of my confinement.

Lady Ladd and Mrs. Thrale both persuaded me to make my appearance, and as my head grew much easier, I thought it better so to do, than to increase a curiosity I was sure of disappointing by any delay I had power to prevent.

"You will like him, I dare say," said Mrs. Thrale, "for he is very like you."

I heard afterwards that, when they returned to the parlour, Mr. Phipps, among other questions, asked, "Is she very pretty?"

N.B.—I wish there was no such question in the language.

"Very pretty?—no," said Mrs. Thrale; "but she is very like you. Do you think yourself very handsome, Mr. Phipps?"

"Pho!" cried he; "I was in hopes she was like her own 'Evelina.'"

"No, no such thing," said Mrs. Thrale, "unless it is in timidity, but neither in beauty nor in ignorance of life."

I am very glad this passed before I came down,—for else I think I should have struck him all of a heap.

Now it's my turn to speak of him.

He is very tall—not very like me in that, you'll say—very brown—not very unlike me in that, you'll say ; for the rest however, the compliment is all to me.

I saw but little of him, as they all went about an hour after I came down ; but I had time to see that he is very sensible, very elegant in his manners, and very unaffected and easy.

* * * * *

A propos to books, I have not been able to read Wraxall's Memoirs yet—I wish Mrs. Ord had not lent them me ; and now Lady Ladd, too, has brought me two volumes, called Sketches from Nature, written by Mr. Keate. What I have read of them repaid me nothing for the time they took up—a mere and paltry imitation of Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

JULY 20.—What a vile journalist do I grow !—it is, however, all I can do to keep it at all going ; for, to let you a little into the nature of things, you must know my studies occupy almost every moment that I spend by myself. Dr. Johnson gives us a Latin lesson every morning. I pique myself somewhat upon being ready for him ; so that really, when the copying my play, and the continual returning occurrences of every fresh day are considered, you will not wonder that I should find so little opportunity for scrawling letters.

What progress we make in this most learned scheme I know not ; but, as I have always told you, I am sure I lag more for fear of disgrace than for hope of profit. To devote so much time to acquire something I shall always dread to have known, is really unpleasant enough, considering how many things there are I might employ myself in that would have no such drawback. However, on the other side, I am both pleased and flattered that Dr. Johnson should think me worth inviting to be his pupil, and I shall always recollect with pride and with pleasure the instructions he has the goodness to give me ; so, since I cannot without dishonour alter matters, as 'tis well to turn Frenchwoman, and take them in the *tant mieux* fashion.

* * * * *

A new light is of late thrown upon the death of poor Sophy P——. Dr. Hervey, of Tooting, who attended her the day

before she expired is of opinion that she killed herself by quackery, that is, by cosmetics and preparations of lead or mercury, taken for her complexion, which, indeed, was almost unnaturally white. He thinks, therefore, that this pernicious stuff got into her veins and poisoned her. Peggy P——, nearly as white as her sister, is suspected strongly of using the same beautifying methods of destroying herself; but as Mrs. Tangle has kindled this suspicion to her, and charged her to take care of herself, we hope she will be frightened, and warned to her safety. Poor foolish girls! how dearly do they pay for the ambition of being fairer than their neighbours! I say they, for poor Peggy looks upon the point of death already.

Yesterday Mrs. Vesey* came hither to tea. I'm sure if Anster saw her he would make an exception to his assertion, that "he never should see an old woman again!" for she has the most wrinkled, sallow, time-beaten face I ever saw. She is an exceeding well-bred woman, and of agreeable manners; but all her name in the world must, I think, have been acquired by her dexterity and skill in selecting parties, and by her address in rendering them easy with one another—an art, however, that seems to imply no mean understanding.

The breaking-up of our Spa journey my father has doubtless told you. The fears and dangers of being taken by the enemy, which prevented that journey, have proved to be but too well grounded, for Mrs. Vesey informed us that the Duchess of Leinster, Lady F. Campbell, and several others, were all actually taken by a French privateer, in crossing the sea in order to proceed to Spa. We have, however, heard that they are all safe and at liberty.

* Mrs. Vesey was the lady at whose house the celebrated *has been* meetings of the time were first held; and indeed with her the phrase itself is said to have originated. It is related that, on inviting Mr. Stillingfleet to one of her literary parties, he wished to decline attending it, on the plea of his want of an appropriate dress for an evening assembly. "Oh—never mind dress," said she; "come in your blue stockings!"—which he was wearing at the time. He took her at her word, and on entering the room directed her attention to the fact of his having come in his *blue* stockings; and her literary meetings retained the name of her *blue* ever after.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Friday, July 30th, 1779.

Now, my dear daddy, let me attempt something like an answer to your two last most kind letters.

In the first place, I have the pleasure to tell you that Mr. Thrale is as well as ever he was in health, though the alarming and terrible blow he so lately received has, I fear, given a damp to his spirits that will scarce ever be wholly conquered. Yet he grows daily rather more cheerful; but the shock was too rude and too cruel to be ever forgotten.

I am not half so well satisfied with your account of yourself as I hoped to have been; I fear you are not so steady in your intended reformation as to diet and exercise as you proposed being? Dr. Johnson has made resolutions exactly similar to yours, and in general adheres to them with strictness, but the old Adam, as you say, stands in his way, as well as in his neighbours'. I wish I could pit you against each other, for the sake of both. Yet he professes an aversion to you, because he says he is sure you are very much in his way with me! however, I believe you would neither of you retain much aversion if you had a fair meeting.

I cannot tell you how kind I take your invitations to me. I had half feared I was to be left out of the scrape now; and I am sure I should wish all my new friends at Jericho if their goodness to me procured coldness, neglect, or suspicion from my old and deep-rooted ones. I will most certainly and thankfully contrive to accept your kind offer, and, if possible, when Mrs. Gast is with you, as that would be doubling my pleasure; but you, my dear daddy, must let me know what time will be most convenient and comfortable to yourself for seeing me, and then I will manage matters as well as I can, to conform to it.

All you say of the times made me shudder; yet I was sure such would be your sentiments, for all that has happened you actually foresaw and represented to me in strong colours last spring—I mean in relation to the general decline of all trade, opulence, and prosperity.

This seems a strange, unseasonable period for my undertaking, among the rest; but yet, my dear daddy, when you have read my conversation with Mr. Sheridan, I believe you will agree that I must have been wholly insensible, nay, almost ungrateful, to resist encouragement such as he gave me—nay, more than encouragement, entreaties, all of which he warmly repeated to my father.

Now, as to the play itself, I own I had wished to have been the bearer of it when I visit Chesington; but you seem so urgent, and my father himself is so desirous to carry it you, that I have given that plan up.

O, my dear daddy, if your next letter were to contain your real opinion of it, how should I dread to open it! Be, however, as honest as your good-nature and delicacy will allow you to be, and assure yourself I shall be very certain that all your criticisms will proceed from your earnest wishes to obviate those of others, and that you would have much more pleasure in being my panegyrist.

As to Mrs. Gast, I should be glad to know what I would refuse to a sister of yours. Make her, therefore, of your critic, if she is with you while the piece is in your possession.

And now let me tell you what I wish in regard to this affair. I should like that your first reading should have nothing to do with me—that you should go quick through it, or let my father read it to you—forgetting all the time, as much as you can, that Fannikin is the writer, or even that it is a play in manuscript, and capable of alterations;—and then, when you have done, I should like to have three lines, telling me, as nearly as you can trust my candour, its general effect. After that take it to your own desk, and lash it at your leisure.

Adieu, my dear daddy: I shall hope to hear from you very soon, and pray believe me,

Yours ever and ever,

FRANCES BURNBY.

P.S.—Let it fail never so much, the manager will have nothing to reproach me with: is not that a comfort? He would really listen to no denial.

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

The fatal knell, then, is knolled, and "down among the dead men" sink the poor "Witlings"—for ever, and for ever, and for ever!

I give a sigh, whether I will or not, to their memory! for, however worthless, they were *mes enfans*, and one must do one's nature, as Mr. Crisp will tell you of the dog.

You, my dearest sir, who enjoyed, I really think, even more than myself, the astonishing success of my first attempt, would, I believe, even more than myself, be hurt at the failure of my second; and I am sure I speak from the bottom of a very honest heart, when I most solemnly declare, that upon your account any disgrace would mortify and afflict me more than upon my own; for whatever appears with your knowledge, will be naturally supposed to have met with your approbation, and, perhaps, your assistance; therefore, though all particular censure would fall where it ought—upon me—yet any general censure of the whole, and the plan, would cruelly, but certainly, involve you in its severity.

Of this I have been sensible from the moment my "authorshipness" was discovered, and, therefore, from that moment, I determined to have no opinion of my own in regard to what I should thenceforth part with out of my own hands. I would long since have burnt the fourth act, upon your disapprobation of it, but that I waited, and was by Mrs. Thrale so much encouraged to wait, for your finishing the piece.

You have finished it now in every sense of the word. Partial faults may be corrected; but what I most wished was, to know the general effect of the whole; and as that has so terribly failed, all petty criticisms would be needless. I shall wipe it all from my memory, and endeavour never to recollect that I ever wrote it.

You bid me open my heart to you—and so, my dearest sir, I will, for it is the greatest happiness of my life that I dare be sincere to you. I expected many objections to be raised—a thousand errors to be pointed out—and a million of alterations

to be proposed; but the suppression of the piece were words I did not expect; indeed, after the warm approbation of Mrs. Thrale, and the repeated commendations and flattery of Mr. Murphy, how could I?

I do not, therefore, pretend to wish you should think a decision, for which I was so little prepared, has given me no disturbance; for I must be a far more egregious witling than any of those I tried to draw, to imagine you could ever credit that I wrote without some remote hope of success now—though I literally did when I composed “*Evelina*!”

But my mortification is not at throwing away the characters, or the contrivance;—it is all at throwing away the time,—which I with difficulty stole, and which I have buried in the mere trouble of writing.

What my Daddy Crisp says, “that it would be the best policy, but for pecuniary advantages, for me to write no more,” is exactly what I have always thought since “*Evelina*” was published. But I will not now talk of putting it in practice,—for the best way I can take of showing that I have a true and just sense of the spirit of your condemnation, is not to sink sulky and dejected under it, but to exert myself to the utmost of my power in endeavours to produce something less reprehensible. And this shall be the way I will pursue as soon as my mind is more at ease about Hetty and Mrs. Thrale, and as soon as I have read myself into a forgetfulness of my old *dramatis personæ*,—lest I should produce something else as witless as the last.

Adieu, my dearest, kindest, truest, best friend. I will never proceed so far again without your counsel, and then I shall not only save myself so much useless trouble, but you, who so reluctantly blame, the kind pain which I am sure must attend your disapprobation. The world will not always go well, as Mrs. Sapient might say, and I am sure I have long thought I have had more than my share of success already.

I expect another disappointment to follow; *i.e.*—that of the Spa journey; for I believe poor Mrs. Thrale will not be able to go anywhere; but I must get in practice with a little philosophy, and then make myself amends for all evils by a conceited notion of bearing them well.

Once more, adieu, dearest sir! and never may my philosophy be put to the test of seeing any abatement of true kindness from you,—for that would never be decently endured by

Your own,

FRANCES BURNEY.*

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Well! "there are plays that are to be saved, and plays that are not to be saved!" so good night, Mr. Dabbler!—good night, Lady Smatter,—Mrs. Sapient,—Mrs. Voluble,—Mrs. Wheedle,—Censor,—Cecilia,—Beaufort,—and you, you great oaf, Bobby!—good night! good night!

And good morning, Miss Fanny Burney!—I hope now you have opened your eyes for some time, and will not close them in so drowsy a fit again—at least till the full of the moon.

I won't tell you I have been absolutely *ravie* with delight at the fall of the curtain; but I intend to take the affair in the *tant mieux* manner, and to console myself for your censure by this greatest proof I have ever received of the sincerity, candour, and let me add, esteem, of my dear daddy. And as I happen to love myself rather more than my play, this consolation is not a very trifling one.

As to all you say of my reputation and so forth, I perceive the kindness of your endeavours to put me in humour with myself, and prevent my taking huff, which, if I did, I should deserve to receive, upon any future trial, hollow praise from you—and the rest from the public.

As to the MS., I am in no hurry for it. Besides, it ought not to come till I have prepared an ovation, and the honours of conquest for it.

The only bad thing in this affair is, that I cannot take the

* The following note is appended to this letter, in the handwriting of Miss Burney, at a subsequent period. "The objection of Mr. Crisp to the MS. play of 'The Wiflings,' was its resemblance to Molière's *Femmes Sçavantes* and consequent immense inferiority. It is, however, a curious fact, and to the author a consolatory one, that she had literally never read the *Femmes Sçavantes* when she composed 'The Wiflings.'"

comfort of my poor friend Dabbler, by calling you a crabbed fellow, because you write with almost more kindness than ever; neither can I (though I try hard) persuade myself that you have not a grain of taste in your whole composition.

This, however, seriously I do believe,—that when my two daddies put their heads together to concert for me that hissing, groaning, catcalling epistle they sent me, they felt as sorry for poor little Miss Bayes as she could possibly do for herself.

You see I do not attempt to repay your frankness with the art of pretended carelessness. But though somewhat disconcerted just now, I will promise not to let my vexation live out another day. I shall not browse upon it, but, on the contrary, drive it out of my thoughts, by filling them up with things almost as good of other people's.

Our Hettina is much better; but pray don't keep Mr. B. beyond Wednesday, for Mrs. Thrale makes a point of my returning to Streatham on Tuesday, unless, which God forbid, poor Hetty should be worse again.

Adieu, my dear daddy, I won't be mortified, and I won't be *downed*,—but I will be proud to find I have, out of my own family, as well as in it, a friend who loves me well enough to speak plain truth to me.

Always do thus, and always you shall be tried by,

Your much obliged

And most affectionate,

FRANCES BURNEY.

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

I have known half a letter filled up with recapitulating the tedious and very particular reasons why and wherefore, &c., &c., &c., it was not sent before.—I don't like the example, and shall not follow it.—I will only tell you that I have been far from well. I should not say thus much, but from an anxious care lest a Fannikin should think I am supine in anything that relates either to her interest or fame. Thus much for preface.

Your other daddy (who hardly loves you better than I do) I understand has written you his sentiments on the subject of your last letter. I cannot but be of the same opinion; and have too sincere a regard for you not to declare it. This sincerity I have smarted for, and severely too, ere now; and yet, happen what will (where those I love are concerned), I am determined never to part with it. All the world (if you will believe them) profess to expect it, to demand it, to take it kindly, thankfully, &c., &c.; and yet how few are generous enough to take it as it is meant!—it is imputed to envy, ill-will, a desire of lowering, and certainly to a total want of taste. Is not this, by vehement importunity, to draw your very entrails from you, and then to give them a stab?—On this topic I find I have, ere I was aware, grown warm; but I have been a sufferer. My plain-dealing (after the most earnest solicitations, professions, and protestations) irrecoverably lost me Garrick. But his soul was little!—Greville, for a while, became my enemy, though afterwards, through his constitutional inconstancy, he became more attached than before; and since that time, through absence, whim, and various accidents, all is (I thank Fortune) dwindled to nothing.

How have I wandered! I should never have thought aloud in this manner, if I had not perfectly known the make and frame of a Fannikin's inmost soul; and by this declaration I give her the most powerful proof I am capable of, how highly I think of her generosity and understanding.

Now, then, to the point—I have considered, as well as I am able, what you state as Mrs. Thrale's idea—of new modelling the play; and I observe what you say, that the pursuing this project is the only chance you have of bringing out anything this year, and that with hard fagging perhaps you might do that. I agree with you that for this year you say true; but, my dear Fanny, don't talk of hard fagging. It was not hard fagging that produced such a work as "Evelina!"—it was the ebullition of true sterling genius—you wrote it because you could not help it—it came, and so you put it down on paper. Leave fagging and labour to him

"Who, high in Drury Lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Compell'd by hunger and request of friends."

'Tis not sitting down to a desk with pen, ink, and paper, that will command inspiration.

Having now so frankly spoken my mind on the present production, concerning which I am sorry and ashamed to differ from much wiser heads than my own, I shall acquaint you with a fancy of mine. Your daddy doctor related to me something of an account you had given him of a most ridiculous family in your present neighbourhood, which, even in the imperfect manner he described it, struck me most forcibly—the * * * He says you gave it him with so much humour, such painting, such description, such fun, that in your mouth it was a perfect comedy. He described (from you) some of the characters, and a general idea of the act. I was quite animated—there seemed to me an inexhaustible fund of matter for you to work on, and the follies of the folks of so general a nature as to furnish you with a profusion of what you want, to make out a most spirited, witty, moral, useful comedy, without descending to the invidious and cruel practice of pointing out individual characters, and holding them up to public ridicule. Nothing can be more general than the reciprocal follies of parents and children—few subjects more striking—they, if well drawn, will seize the attention, and interest the feelings of all sorts, high and low. In short, I was delighted with the idea. The proceedings of this family, as he gave them, seemed so preposterous, so productive of bad consequences, so ludicrous besides, that their whole conduct might be termed the right road to go wrong.

Your daddy doctor talks of Mrs. Thrale's coming over to this place, to fetch back him and madam. Cannot you prevail on her to drop you here for a little while? I long to have a good talk with you, as the Cherokees call it—I cannot by letter say my say—my say, look ye, Fanny, is honest—and that is something; and I think is merit enough in these evil days to incline you now and then to turn your ear my way.

I am your loving daddy,

S. C.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, OCT. 12.—As you say you will accept memorandums in default of journals, my dear Susy, I will scrawl down such things as most readily occur to my remembrance, and, when I get to the present time, I will endeavour to be less remiss in my accounts.

SUNDAY.—We had Lady Ladd at Streatham; she did not leave us till the next day. She and I are grown most prodigious friends. She is really so entertaining and lively, that it is not often possible to pass time more gaily than in her company.

Mr. Stephen Fuller, the sensible, but deaf old gentleman I have formerly mentioned, dined here also; as did Mr. R——, whose trite, settled, tonish emptiness of discourse is a never-failing source of laughter and diversion.

"Well, I say, what, Miss Burney, so you had a very good party last Tuesday?—what we call the family party—in that sort of way? Pray who had you?"

"Mr. Chamier."

"Mr. Chamier, ay? Give me leave to tell you, Miss Burney, that Mr. Chamier is what we call a very sensible man."*

"Certainly. And Mr. Pepys."

"Mr. Pepys? Ay, very good—very good in that sort of way. I'm quite sorry I could not be here; but I was so much indisposed—quite what we call the nursing party."

"I'm very sorry; but I hope little Sharp is well?"

"Ma'am, your most humble! you're a very good lady, indeed!—quite what we call a good lady! Little Sharp is perfectly well; that sort of attention, and things of that sort,—the bow-wow system is very well. But pray, Miss Burney, give me leave to ask, in that sort of way, had you anybody else?"

"Yes, Lady Ladd and Mr. Seward."

"So, so!—quite the family system! Give me leave to tell you, Miss Burney, this commands attention!—what we call a respectable invitation! I'm sorry I could not come, indeed; for we young men, Miss Burney, we make it what we call a sort of a

* Anthony Chamier was Member of Parliament for Tamworth, and Under Secretary of State from 1775 till his death in 1780. He was an original member of the celebrated Literary Club.

rule to take notice of this sort of attention. But I was extremely indisposed, indeed—what we call the walnut system had quite —Pray what's the news, Miss Burney?—in that sort of way—is there any news?”

“None, that I have heard. Have you heard any?”

“Why, very bad!—very bad, indeed!—quite what we call poor old England! I was told, in town,—fact—fact, I assure you—that these Dons intend us an invasion this very month!—they and the Monsieurs intend us the respectable salute this very month;—the powder system, in that sort of way! Give me leave to tell you, Miss Burney, this is what we call a disagreeable visit, in that sort of way.”

I think, if possible, his language looks more absurd upon paper even than it sounds in conversation, from the perpetual recurrence of the same words and expressions.

On Tuesday, Mr., Mrs., Miss Thrale, and “yours, ma'am, yours,” set out on their expedition. The day was very pleasant, and the journey delightful; but that which chiefly rendered it so was Mr. Thrale's being apparently the better for it.

I need not tell you how sweet a county for travelling is Kent, as you know it so well. We stopped at Sevenoaks, which is a remarkably well-situated town; and here, while dinner was preparing, my kind and sweet friends took me to Knowle, though they had seen it repeatedly themselves.

The park, which, it seems, is seven miles in circumference, and has, as the gamekeeper told us, 700 head of deer in it, is laid out in a most beautiful manner,—nearly, I think, equal to Hagley, as far as belongs to the disposition of the trees, hills, dales, &c., though, in regard to temples, obelisks, or any sort of buildings, it will bear no comparison to that sweet place, since nothing is there of that sort.

The house, which is very old, has the appearance of an antique chapel, or rather cathedral. Two immense gates and two courtyards precede the entrance into the dwelling part of the house; the windows are all of the small old casements; and the general air of the place is monastic and gloomy. It was begun to be built, as the housekeeper told us, in the reign of Henry II., by

Thomas à Becket, but the modern part was finished in the time of Elizabeth.

The Duke of Dorset was not there himself ; but we were prevented seeing the library, and two or three other modernized rooms, because Madlle. Bacelli was not to be disturbed. The house, however, is so magnificently large, that we only coveted to see that part of it which was hung with pictures. Three state-rooms, however, were curious enough. One of them had been fitted up by an "Earle of Dorsete," for the bed-chamber of King James I. when upon a visit at Knowle : it had all the gloomy grandeur and solemn finery of that time. The second state-room a later earl had fitted up for James II. The two Charleses either never honoured Knowle with their presence, or else condescended to sleep in their father and grandfather's bed. Well, this James II.'s room was more superb than his predecessor's—flaming with velvet, tissue, tapestry, and what not. But the third state-room was magnificence itself : it was fitted up for King William. The bed-curtains, tester, quilt, and valence, were all of gold flowers worked upon a silver ground ; its value, even in those days, was 7,000*l*. The table, a superb cabinet, frame of the looking glass, and all the ornaments, and, I believe, all the furniture in the room, were of solid massive silver, curiously embossed. Nothing could be more splendid.

But to leave all this show, and come to what is a thousand times more interesting—the pictures, of which there is, indeed, a delicious collection. I could have spent a day in looking at every room, and yet have longed to see them again. I can, however, give a very imperfect and lame account of them, as we were so hurried by the housekeeper from room to room, and I was so anxious to miss nothing, that the merely glancing over so many beautiful paintings has only left a faint remembrance in my head of each particular picture, though a very strong and deep impression of the pleasure they at the time afforded me.

Amongst such as just now occur to me were Lucretia with a dagger, a large whole-length, by Guido, extremely beautiful, purchased by the present duke in Italy ; a Madonna and Child, small size, by Raphael, so lovely I could not turn from it till

The fair S. S. is really in higher beauty than I have ever yet seen her; and she was so caressing, so soft, so amiable, that I felt myself insensibly inclining to her with an affectionate regard. "If it was not for that little gush," as Dr. Delap said, I should certainly have taken a very great fancy to her: but tears so ready—oh, they blot out my fair opinion of her! Yet whenever I am with her, I like, nay, almost love her, for her manners are exceedingly captivating; but when I quit her, I do not find that she improves by being thought over—no, nor talked over; for Mrs. Thrale, who is always disposed to half adore her in her presence, can never converse about her without exciting her own contempt by recapitulating what has passed. This, however, must always be certain, whatever may be doubtful, that she is a girl in no respect like any other.

But I have not yet done with the mother; I have told you of her vivacity and her mimicry, but her character is not yet half told. She has a kind of whimsical conceit, and odd affectation, that, joined to a very singular sort of humour, makes her always seem to be rehearsing some scene in a comedy. She takes off, if she mentions them, all her own children, and, though she quite adores them, renders them ridiculous with all her power. She laughs at herself for her smallness and for her vagaries, just with the same ease and ridicule as if she were speaking of some other person; and, while perpetually hinting at being old and broken, she is continually frisking, flaunting, and playing tricks, like a young coquette.

When I was introduced to her by Mrs. Thrale, who said, "Give me leave, ma'am, to present to you a friend of your daughter's—Miss Burney," she advanced to me with a tripping pace, and, taking one of my fingers, said, "Allow me, ma'am, will you, to create a little acquaintance with you."

And, indeed, I readily entered into an alliance with her, for I found nothing at Tunbridge half so entertaining, except, indeed, Miss Birch, of whom hereafter.

The next morning the S. S. breakfasted with us: and then they walked about to show me the place.

The Sussex Hotel, where we lived, is situated at the side of

the Pantiles, or public walk, so called because paved with pan-tiles; it is called so also, like the long room at Hampstead, because it would be difficult to distinguish it by any other name; for it has no beauty in itself, and borrows none from foreign aid, as it has only common houses at one side, and little millinery and Tunbridge-ware shops at the other, and at each end is choked up by buildings that intercept all prospect. How such a place could first be made a fashionable pleasure-walk, everybody must wonder.

* * * * *

Tunbridge Wells is a place that to me appeared very singular: the country is all rock, and every part of it is either up or down hill; scarce ten yards square being level ground in the whole place: the houses, too, are scattered about in a strange, wild manner, and look as if they had been dropped where they stand by accident, for they form neither streets nor squares, but seem straggled promiscuously, except, indeed, where the shopkeepers live, who have got two or three dirty little lanes, much like dirty little lanes in other places.

Mrs. Streatfield and I increased our intimacy. The She gave me the name of "*the Dove*," for what—so that we guess, except it be that the dove has a soft heart, that I was enter-something like mine: be that as it may, the roads were so else while I stayed at Tunbridge, ed those of Teign-ute. Safely, how-

In the evening we all went to the rooms. The Wells. are called, consisted, for this evening, of one large Wells. there was not company enough to make our affairs, we pro-very plain, unadorned and ordinary apartment. field resides. We

There were very few people, but among the evening there. burne, the attorney-general.* You may believe it well made, to shrink from him, if you recollect what Mr. beautiful, and him, among the rest of the Tunbridge coterie, only the remains discussed "*Evelina*" regularly each evening; and is very lively, with Mrs. Montagu, cut up the Branghtons, and superior to her acquired

* Alexander Wedderburne, afterwards Lord Loughborough. The man is understood to have been the chief mover in procuring Dr. pension.

Mrs. Montagu, almost a quarrel with Mrs. Greville upon the subject, because she so warmly vindicated, or rather applauded them. Lady Louisa, however, I remember he spoke of with very high praise, as Mrs. Montagu did of the Dedication; and if such folks can find anything to praise, I find myself amply recompensed for their censures, especially when they censure what I cannot regret writing, since it is the part most favoured by Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Wedderburne joined us immediately. Mrs. Thrale presently said, "Mr. Wedderburne I must present my daughter to you—and Miss Burney."

I courtesied mightily gravely, and shuffled to the other end of the party.

Amongst the company, I was most struck with the Hon. Mrs. W——, lately Miss T——. She ran away with a Mr. W——, a man nearly old enough to be her father, and of most notorious bad character, both as a sharper and a libertine. This wretch was with her—a most hackneyed, ill-looking object as I ever saw; and the foolish girl, who seems scarce sixteen, and looks a raw school-girl, has an air of so much discontent, and seems in a state of such dismal melancholy, that it was not possible to look at her without compassionating a folly she has so many years to live regretting. I would not wish a more striking warning to be given to other such forward, adventurous damsels, than to place before them this miserable runaway, who has not only disgraced her family, and enraged her friends, but rendered herself a repentant mourner for life.

* * * *

The next morning we had the company of two young ladies at breakfast—the S. S. and a Miss Birch, a little girl but ten years old, whom the S. S. invited, well foreseeing how much we should all be obliged to her.

This Miss Birch is a niece of the charming Mrs. Pleydell, and so like her, that I should have taken her for her daughter, yet she is not, now, quite so handsome; but as she will soon know how to display her beauty to the utmost advantage, I fancy, in a few years, she will yet more resemble her lovely and most

bewitching aunt. Everybody, she said, tells her how like she is to her aunt Pleydell.

As you, therefore, have seen that sweet woman, only imagine her ten years old, and you will see her sweet niece. Nor does the resemblance rest with the person; she sings like her, laughs like her, talks like her, caresses like her, and alternately softens and animates just like her. Her conversation is not merely like that of a woman already, but like that of a most uncommonly informed, cultivated, and sagacious woman; and at the same time that her understanding is thus wonderfully premature, she can, at pleasure, throw off all this rationality, and make herself a mere playful, giddy, romping child. One moment, with mingled gravity and sarcasm, she discusses characters, and the next, with school-girl spirits, she jumps round the room; then, suddenly, she asks, "Do you know such, or such a song?" and instantly, with mixed grace and buffoonery, singles out an object, and sings it; and then, before there has been time to applaud her, she runs into the middle of the room, to try some new step in a dance; and after all this, without waiting till her vagaries grow tiresome, she flings herself, with an affectionate air, upon somebody's lap, and there, composed and thoughtful, she continues quiet till she again enters into rational conversation.

Her voice is really charming—ininitely the most powerful, as well as sweet, I ever heard at her age. Were she well and constantly taught, she might, I should think, do anything—for, two or three Italian songs, which she learnt out of only five months' teaching by Parsons, she sung like a little angel, with respect to taste, feeling, and expression; but she now learns of nobody, and is so fond of French songs, for the sake, she says, of the sentiment, that I fear she will have her wonderful abilities all thrown away. Oh, how I wish my father had the charge of her!

She has spent four years out of her little life in France, which has made her distractedly fond of the French operas, "Rose et Colas," "Annette et Lubin," &c., and she told us the story quite through of several I never heard of, always singing the *sujet* when she came to the airs, and comically changing parts in the

duets. She speaks French with the same fluency as English, and every now and then, addressing herself to the S. S.—“*Que je vous adore !*”—“*Ah, permettez que je me mette à vos pieds !*” &c., with a dying languor that was equally laughable and lovely.

When I found, by her taught songs, what a delightful singer she was capable of becoming, I really had not patience to hear her little French airs, and entreated her to give them up; but the little rogue instantly began pestering me with them, singing one after another with a comical sort of malice, and following me round the room, when I said I would not listen to her, to say, “But is not this pretty?—and this?—and this?” singing away with all her might and main.

She sung without any accompaniment, as we had no instrument; but the S. S. says she plays too, very well. Indeed, I fancy she can do well whatever she pleases.

We hardly knew how to get away from her when the carriage was ready to take us from Tunbridge, and Mrs. Thrale was so much enchanted with her that she went on the Pantiles and bought her a very beautiful inkstand.

“I don’t mean, Miss Birch,” she said, when she gave it to her, “to present you this toy as to a child, but merely to beg you will do me the favour to accept something that may make you now and then remember us.”

She was much delighted with this present, and told me, in a whisper, that she should put a drawing of it in her journal.

So you see, Susy, other children have had this whim. But something being said of novels, the S. S. said :

“Selina, do you ever read them?”—And, with a sigh, the little girl answered :

“But too often !—I wish I did not !”

The only thing I did not like in this seducing little creature was our leave-taking. The S. S. had, as we expected, her fine eyes suffused with tears, and nothing would serve the little Selina, who admires the S. S. passionately, but that she, also, must weep—and weep, therefore, she did, and that in a manner as pretty to look at, as soft, as melting, and as little to her discomposure, as the weeping of her fair exemplar. The child’s

success in this pathetic art made the tears of both appear to the whole party to be lodged, as the English merchant says, "very near the eyes!"

Doubtful as it is whether we shall ever see this sweet syren again, nothing, as Mrs. Thrale said to her, can be more certain than that we shall hear of her again, let her go whither she will.

Charmed as we all were with her, we all agreed that to have the care of her would be distraction! "She seems the girl in the world," Mrs. Thrale wisely said, "to attain the highest reach of human perfection as a man's mistress!—as such she would be a second Cleopatra, and have the world at her command."

Poor thing! I hope to Heaven she will escape such sovereignty and such honours!

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We left Tunbridge Wells, and got, by dinner time, to our first stage, Uckfield, which afforded me nothing to record, except two lines of a curious epitaph which I picked up in the churchyard:—

"A wife and eight little children had I,
And two at a birth who never did cry."

Our next stage brought us to Brighthelmstone, where I fancy we shall stay till the Parliament calls away Mr. Thrale.

The morning after our arrival, our first visit was from Mr. Kipping, the apothecary, a character so curious that Foote designed him for his next piece, before he knew he had already written his last. He is a prating, good-humoured old gossip, who runs on in as incoherent and unconnected a style of discourse as Rose Fuller, though not so tonish.

The rest of the morning we spent, as usual at this place, upon the Steyne, and in booksellers' shops. Mrs. Thrale entered all our names at Thomas's, the fashionable bookseller; but we find he has now a rival, situated also upon the Steyne, who seems to carry away all the custom and all the company. This is a Mr. Bowen, who is just come from London, and who seems just the man to carry the world before him as a shopkeeper. Extremely civil, attentive to watch opportunities of obliging, and assiduous to make use of them—skilful in discovering the taste or turn of

mind of his customers, and adroit in putting in their way just such temptations as they are least able to withstand. Mrs. Thrale, at the same time that she sees his management and contrivance, so much admires his sagacity and dexterity, that, though open-eyed, she is as easily wrought upon to part with her money, as any of the many dupes in this place, whom he persuades to require indispensably whatever he shows them.

He did not, however, then at all suspect who I was, for he showed me nothing but schemes for raffles, and books, pocket-cases, &c., which were put up for those purposes. It is plain I can have no authoress air, since so discerning a bookseller thought me a fine lady spendthrift, who only wanted occasions to get rid of money.

In the evening we went to the rooms, which, at this time, are open every other night at Shergold's, or the New Assembly Rooms, and the alternate nights at Hicks's, or the Ship Tavern. This night they were at the latter.

There was very little company, and nobody that any of us knew, except two or three gentlemen of Mr. Thrale's acquaintance, among whom was that celebrated wit and libertine, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerk,* and a Mr. Newnham, a rich counsellor, learned in the law, but, to me, a displeasing man.

Almost everybody but ourselves went to cards; we found it, therefore, pretty stupid, and I was very glad when we came home.

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Sunday morning, as we came out of church, we saw Mrs. Cumberland, one of her sons, and both her daughters. Mrs. Thrale spoke to them, but I believe they did not recollect me. They are reckoned the flashers of the place, yet everybody laughs at them for their airs, affectations, and tonish graces and imperitences.

* The Hon. Topham Beauclerk was son of Lord Sydney Beauclerk, and grandson of the first Duke of St. Albans. Of this celebrated man Johnson said, "Beauclerk's talents were those which he had felt himself more disposed to envy than those of any he had known." He afterwards said of him, in a letter to Boswell, "Such another will not often be found among mankind." Beauclerk died about three months after the notice of him which occurs in this volume.

In the evening, Mrs. Dickens, a lady of Mrs. Thrale's acquaintance, invited us to drink tea at the rooms with her, which we did, and found them much more full and lively than the preceding night.

Mrs. Dickens is, in Mrs. Thrale's phrase, a sensible, hard-headed woman, and her daughter, Miss Dickens, who accompanied us, is a pretty girl of fifteen, who is always laughing, not, however, from folly, as she deserves the same epithet I have given her mother, but from youthful good humour, and from having from nature, as Mr. Thrale comically said to her, after examining her some minutes, "a good merry face of her own."

The folks of most consequence with respect to rank, who were at the rooms this night, were Lady Pembroke and Lady Di. Beapclerk,* both of whom have still very pleasing remains of the beauty for which they have been so much admired. But the present beauty, whose remains our children (*i. e.* nieces) may talk of, is a Mrs. Musters,† an exceeding pretty woman, who is the reigning toast of the season.

While Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Dickens, and I were walking about after tea, we were joined by a Mr. Cure, a gentleman of the former's acquaintance. After a little while he said,

"Miss Thrale is very much grown since she was here last year; and besides, I think she's vastly altered."

"Do you, sir?" cried she; "I can't say I think so."

"Oh vastly!—but young ladies at that age are always altering. To tell you the truth, I did not know her at all."

This, for a little while, passed quietly; but soon after, he exclaimed,

"Ma'am, do you know I have not yet read 'Evelina'?"

"Have not you so, sir?" cried she laughing.

"No, and I think I never shall, for there's no getting it; the booksellers say they never can keep it a moment, and the folks

* This lady was celebrated in her day as an amateur artist. Her beautiful illustrations of Horace Walpole's "Mysterious Mother," are well known to all who have visited Strawberry-hill.

† This lady was the mother of J. Musters, Esq., who married Miss Chaworth, Lord Byron's early love.

that hire it keep lending it from one to another in such a manner that it is never returned to the library. It's very provoking."

"But," said Mrs. Thrale, "what makes you exclaim about it so to me?"

"Why, because, if you recollect, the last thing you said to me when we parted last year, was—be sure you read 'Evelina.' So as soon as I saw you I recollected it all again. But I wish Miss Thrale would turn more this way."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Cure? do you know Miss Thrale now?"

"Yes, to be sure," answered he, looking full at me, "though I protest I should not have guessed at her had I seen her with anybody but you."

"Oh ho!" cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing; "so you mean Miss Burney all this time."

"What?—how?—eh?—why is that—is not that Miss Thrale? is not that your daughter?"

"No, to be sure it is not—I wish she was!"

Mr. Cure looked aghast, Mrs. Dickens laughed aloud, and I, the whole time, had been obliged to turn my head another way, that my sniggering might not sooner make him see his mistake.

As soon, I suppose, as he was able, Mr. Cure, in a low voice, repeated, "Miss Burney! so then that lady is the authoress of 'Evelina' all this time."

And rather abruptly, he left us and joined another party.

I suppose he told his story to as many as he talked to, for, in a short time, I found myself so violently stared at that I could hardly look any way without being put quite out of countenance—particularly by young Mr. Cumberland, a handsome, soft-looking youth, who fixed his eyes upon me incessantly, though but the evening before, when I saw him at Hicks's, he looked as if it would have been a diminution of his dignity to have regarded me twice.

This ridiculous circumstance will, however, prevent any more mistakes of the same kind, I believe, as my "authorshipness" seems now pretty well known and spread about Brighthelmstone.

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And now, if by the mention of a ball, I have raised in you any expectations of adventures, which with Charlotte, at least, I doubt not has been the case—I am sorry to be obliged to blast them all by confessing that none at all happened.

One thing, however, proved quite disagreeable to me, and that was the whole behaviour of the whole tribe of the Cumberlands, which I must explain.

Mr. Cumberland, when he saw Mrs. Thrale, flew with eagerness to her and made her take his seat, and he talked to her, with great friendliness and intimacy, as he has been always accustomed to do—and inquired very particularly concerning her daughter, expressing an earnest desire to see her. But when, some time after, Mrs. Thrale said, “Oh, there is my daughter, with Miss Burney,” he changed the discourse abruptly,—never came near Mrs. Thrale, and neither then nor since, when he has met Mrs. Thrale, has again mentioned her name: and the whole evening he seemed determined to avoid us both.

Mrs. Cumberland contented herself with only looking at me as at a person she had no reason or business to know.

The two daughters, but especially the eldest, as well as the son, were by no means so quiet; they stared at me every time I came near them as if I had been a thing for a show; surveyed me from head to foot, and then again, and again, and again returned to my face, with so determined and so unabating a curiosity, that it really made me uncomfortable.

All the folks here impute the whole of this conduct to its having transpired that I am to bring out a play this season: for Mr. Cumberland, though in all other respects an agreeable and a good man, is so notorious for hating and envying and spiting all authors in the dramatic line, that he is hardly decent in his behaviour towards them.

He has little reason, at present at least, to bear me any ill-will; but if he is capable of such weakness and malignity as to have taken an aversion to me merely because I can make use of pen and ink, he deserves not to hear of my having suppressed my play, or of anything else that can gratify so illiberal a disposition.

Dr. Johnson, Mr. Cholmondeley, and Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, have all repeatedly said to me, "Cumberland no doubt hates you heartily by this time;" but it always appeared to me a speech of mingled fun and flattery, and I never dreamed of its being possible to be true. However, perhaps yet all this may be accidental, so I will discuss the point no longer.

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A few days since we drank tea at Mrs. Dickens's, where, with other company, we met Sir John and Lady S——. Sir John prides himself in being a courtier of the last age. He is abominably ugly, and a prodigious puffer—now of his fortune, now of his family, and now of his courtly connexions and feats. His lady is a beautiful woman, tall, genteel, and elegant in her person, with regular features, and a fine complexion. For the rest, she is well-bred, gentle, and amiable.

She invited us all to tea at her house the next evening, where we met Lady Pembroke, whose character, as far as it appears, seems exactly the same as Lady S——'s. But the chief employment of the evening was listening to Sir John's braggadocios of what the old king said to him,—which of the ladies of quality were his cousins,—how many acres of land he enjoyed in Sussex, and other such modest discourse.

After tea, we all went to the rooms, Lady Pembroke having first retired. There was a great deal of company, and among them the Cumberlands. The eldest of the girls, who was walking with Mrs. Musters, quite turned round her whole person every time we passed each other, to keep me in sight, and stare at me as long as possible; so did her brother. I never saw anything so ill-bred and impertinent; I protest I was ready to quit the rooms to avoid them; till at last Miss Thrale, catching Miss Cumberland's eye, gave her so full, determined, and *downing* a stare, that whether cured by shame or by resentment, she forbore from that time to look at either of us. Miss Thrale, with a sort of good-natured dryness, said, "Whenever you are disturbed with any of these starers, apply to me,—I'll warrant I'll cure them. I dare say the girl hates me for it; but what shall I be the worse for that? I would have served master Dickey so too, only I could not catch his eye."

OCT. 20.—Last Tuesday, at the request of Lady S——, who patronised a poor actor, we all went to the play,—which was Dryden's "Tempest,"—and a worse performance have I seldom seen. Shakespeare's "Tempest," which for fancy, invention, and originality, is at the head of beautiful improbabilities, is rendered by the additions of Dryden a childish chaos of absurdity and obscenity; and the grossness and awkwardness of these poor unskilful actors rendered all that ought to have been obscure so shockingly glaring, that there was no attending to them without disgust. All that afforded me any entertainment was looking at Mr. Thrale, who turned up his nose with an expression of contempt at the beginning of the performance, and never suffered it to return to its usual place till it was ended!

The play was ordered by Mrs. Cumberland. These poor actors never have any company in the boxes unless they can prevail upon some lady to bespeak a play, and desire her acquaintance to go to it. But we all agreed we should not have been very proud to have had our names at the head of a play-bill of Dryden's "Tempest."

By the way, Mrs. Cumberland has never once waited on Mrs. Thrale since our arrival, though, till now, she always seemed proud enough of the acquaintance. Very strange! Mr. Cumberland, after a week's consideration and delay, called at last, and chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale very sociably and agreeably. I happened to be upstairs, and felt no great desire, you may believe, to go down, and Mrs. Thrale archly enough said afterwards:

"I would have sent to you, but hang it, thought I, if I only name her, this man will snatch his hat and make off!"

The other morning the two Misses came into Thomas's shop while we were there, and the eldest, as usual, gave me, it seems, the honour of employing her eyes the whole time she stayed.

We afterwards met them on the Steyne, and they courtesied to Mrs. Thrale, who stopped and inquired after their father, and then a dawdling conversation took place.

"How were you entertained at the play, ma'am?—did you ever see anything so full?"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Thrale, "the ladies are all dying of it! such holding up of fans!"

"Oh, because it was so hot," cried Miss Cumberland, entirely misunderstanding her: "it was monstrous hot, indeed!"

The next time I meet them, I intend to try if I can stop this their staring system, by courtesying to them immediately. I think it will be impossible, if I claim them as acquaintance, that they can thus rudely fasten their eyes upon me.

We have had a visit from Dr. Delap. He told me that he had another tragedy, and that I should have it to read.

He was very curious to see Mr. Cumberland, who, it seems, has given evident marks of displeasure at his name, whenever Mrs. Thrale has mentioned it. That poor man is so wonderfully narrow-minded in his authorship capacity, though otherwise good, humane, and generous, that he changes countenance at either seeing or hearing of any writer whatsoever. Mrs. Thrale, with whom, this foible excepted, he is a great favourite, is so enraged with him for his littleness of soul in this respect, that, merely to plague him, she vowed at the rooms she would walk all the evening between Dr. Delap and me. I wished so little to increase his unpleasant feelings, that I determined to keep with Miss Thrale and Miss Dickens entirely. One time, though, Mrs. Thrale, when she was sitting by Dr. Delap, called me suddenly to her, and when I was seated, said, "Now let's see if Mr. Cumberland will come and speak to me!" But he always turns resolutely another way when he sees her with either of us; though at all other times he is particularly fond of her company.

"It would actually serve him right," says she, "to make Dr. Delap and you strut at each side of me, one with a dagger, and the other with a mask, as tragedy and comedy."

"I think, Miss Burney," said the doctor, "you and I seem to stand in the same predicament. What shall we do for the poor man?—suppose we burn a play apiece?"

"Depend upon it," said Mrs. Thrale, "he has heard, in town, that you are both to bring one out this season, and perhaps one of his own may be deferred on that account."

"Well, he's a fine man," cried the doctor; "pray, Miss Burney, show me him when you see him."

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On the announcement of the carriage, we went into the next room for our cloaks, where Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Cumberland were in deep conversation.

"Oh, here's Miss Burney!" said Mrs. Thrale aloud. Mr. Cumberland turned round, but withdrew his eyes instantly; and I, determined not to interrupt them, made Miss Thrale walk away with me. In about ten minutes she left him, and we all came home.

As soon as we were in the carriage,

"It has been," said Mrs. Thrale, warmly, "all I could do not to affront Mr. Cumberland to-night!"

"Oh, I hope not!" cried I; "I would not have you for the world!"

"Why, I have refrained; but with great difficulty!"

And then she told me the conversation she had just had with him. As soon as I made off, he said, with a spiteful tone of voice,

"Oh, that young lady is an author, I hear!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Thrale, "author of 'Evelina!'"

"Humph—I am told it has some humour!"

"Ay, indeed! Johnson says nothing like it has appeared for years!"

"So," cried he, biting his lips, and waving uneasily in his chair, "so, so!"

"Yes," continued she; "and Sir Joshua Reynolds told Mr. Thrale he would give fifty pounds to know the author!"

"So, so—oh, vastly well!" cried he, putting his hand on his forehead.

"Nay," added she, "Burke himself sat up all night to finish it!"

This seemed quite too much for him; he put both his hands to his face, and waving backwards and forwards, said,

"Oh, vastly well!—this will do for anything!" with a tone as much as to say, Pray, no more! Then Mrs. Thrale bid him good night, longing, she said, to call Miss Thrale first, and say, "So you won't speak to my daughter?—why, she is no author!"

I much rejoice that she did not, and I have most earnestly entreated her not to tell this anecdote to anybody here, for I really am much concerned to have ever encountered this sore man, who, if already he thus burns with envy at the success of my book, will, should he find his narrowness of mind resented by me, or related by my friends, not only wish me ill, but do me every ill office hereafter in his power. Indeed, I am quite shocked to find how he avoids and determines to dislike me; for hitherto I have always been willing and able to hope that I had not one real enemy or ill-wisher in the world. I shall still, however, hope, if I can but keep Mrs. Thrale's indignant warmth of friendship within bounds, to somewhat conciliate matters, and prevent any open enmity, which authorises all ill deeds, from taking place. All authorship contention I shudder to think of.

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I must now have the honour to present to you a new acquaintance, who this day dined here—Mr. B——y, an Irish gentleman, late a commissary in Germany. He is between sixty and seventy, but means to pass for about thirty; gallant, complaisant, obsequious, and humble to the fair sex, for whom he has an awful reverence; but when not immediately addressing them, swaggering, blustering, puffing, and domineering. These are his two apparent characters; but the real man is worthy, moral, religious, though conceited and parading.

He is as fond of quotations as my poor "*Lady Smatter*," and, like her, knows little beyond a song, and always blunders about the author of that. His language greatly resembles Rose Fuller's, who, as Mrs. Thrale well says, when as old, will be much such another personage. His whole conversation consists in little French phrases, picked up during his residence abroad, and in anecdotes and story-telling, which are sure to be re-told daily and daily in the same words.

Having given you this general sketch, I will endeavour to illustrate it by some specimens; but you must excuse their being unconnected, and only such as I can readily recollect.

Speaking of the ball in the evening, to which we were all going, "Ah, madam!" said he to Mrs. Thrale, "there was a

time when—tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol [rising, and dancing and singing], tol-de-rol!—I could dance with the best of them; but, now a man, forty and upwards, as my Lord Ligonier used to say—but—tol-de-rol!—there was a time!”

“Ay, so there was, Mr. B——y,” said Mrs. Thrale, “and I think you and I together made a very venerable appearance!”

“Ah! madam, I remember once, at Bath, I was called out to dance with one of the finest young ladies I ever saw. I was just preparing to do my best, when a gentleman of my acquaintance was so cruel as to whisper me—‘B——y: the eyes of all Europe are upon you!’—for that was the phrase of the times. ‘B——y!’ says he, ‘the eyes of all Europe are upon you!’—I vow, ma’am, enough to make a man tremble!—tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol! [dancing]—the eyes of all Europe are upon you!—I declare, ma’am, enough to put a man out of countenance!”

Dr. Delap, who came here some time after, was speaking of Horace.

“Ah! madam,” cried Mr. B——y, “this Latin—things of that kind—we waste our youth, ma’am, in these vain studies. For my part, I wish I had spent mine in studying French and Spanish—more useful, ma’am. But, bless me, ma’am, what time have I had for that kind of thing? Travelling here, over the ocean, hills and dales, ma’am—reading the great book of the world—poor ignorant mortals, ma’am—no time to do anything!”

“Ay, Mr. B——y,” said Mrs. Thrale, “I remember how you downed Beauclerk and Hamilton, the wits, once at our house, when they talked of ghosts!”

“Ah! ma’am, give me a brace of pistols, and I warrant I’ll manage a ghost for you! Not but Providence may please to send little spirits—guardian angels, ma’am—to watch us: that I can’t speak about. It would be presumptuous, ma’am—for what can a poor, ignorant mortal know?”

“Ay, so you told Beauclerk and Hamilton.”

“Oh yes, ma’am. Poor human beings can’t account for anything—and call themselves *esprits forts*. I vow ’tis presumptuous, ma’am! *Esprits forts*, indeed! they can see no farther than their noses, poor, ignorant mortals! Here’s an admiral,

and here's a prince, and here's a general, and here's a dipper—and poor Smoker, the bather, ma'am! What's all this strutting about, and that kind of thing? and then they can't account for a blade of grass!"

After this, Dr. Johnson being mentioned,

"Ay," said he, "I'm sorry he did not come down with you. I liked him better than those others: not much of a fine gentleman, indeed, but a clever fellow—a deal of knowledge—got a deuced good understanding!"

Dr. Delap rather abruptly asked my Christian name: Mrs. Thrale answered, and Mr. B——y tenderly repeated,

"Fanny! a prodigious pretty name, and a pretty lady that bears it. Fanny! Ah! how beautiful is that song of Swift's—

‘When Fanny, blooming fair,
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her mien and air——’

"Her face and air," interrupted Mrs. Thrale, "for 'mien and air' we hold to be much the same thing."

"Right, ma'am, right! You, ma'am—why, ma'am—you know everything; but, as to me—to be sure, I began with studying the old Greek and Latin, ma'am: but, then, travelling, ma'am!—going through Germany, and then France, and Spain, ma'am! and dipping at Brighthelmstone, over hills and dales, reading the great book of the world! Ay, a little poetry now and then, to be sure, I have picked up.

‘My Phoebe and I,
O'er hills, and o'er dales, and o'er valleys will fly,
And love shall be by!’

But, as you say, ma'am!—

‘Struck with her face and air,
I felt a strange delight!’

How pretty that is: how progressive from the first sight of her! Ah! Swift was a fine man!"

"Why, sir, I don't think it's printed in his works!" said Dr. Delap.

"No!" said Mrs. Thrale, "because 'tis Chesterfield's!"

"Ay, right, right, ma'am! so it is."

Now, if I had heard all this before I wrote my play, would you not have thought I had borrowed the hint of my "Witlings" from Mr. B——y?

"I am glad, Mr. Thrale," continued this hero, "you have got your fireplace altered. Why, ma'am, there used to be such a wind, there was no sitting here. Admirable dinners—excellent company—*très bon* fare—and, all the time, 'Signor Vento' coming down the chimney! Do you remember, Miss Thrale, how, one day at dinner, you burst out a-laughing, because I said a *très bon* goose?"

But if I have not now given you some idea of Mr. B——y's conversation, I never can, for I have written almost as many words as he ever uses, and given you almost as many ideas as he ever starts! And as he almost lives here, it is fitting I let you know something of him.

Well, in the evening we all went to the ball, where we had appointed to meet Lady S——, Mrs. Dickens, and Mr., Mrs., and the Misses S——, of Lewes.

The eldest Miss S—— had for a partner a most odiously vulgar young man, short, thick, and totally under-bred.

"I wonder," said she to me, between one of the dances, "what my partner's name is—do you know?"

"I am not sure," quoth I, "but I fancy Mr. Squab!"

"Mr. Squab!" repeated she. "Well, I don't like him at all. Pray, do you know who that gentleman is that jumps so?" pointing to Mr. Cure.

"Yes," answered I, "'tis a Mr. Kill!"

"Well," cried she, "I don't like his dancing at all. I wonder who that officer is?" pointing to a fat, coarse sort of a man, who stooped immoderately.

"Captain Slouch," quoth I.

"Well," said she, "I think the people here have very odd names!"

And thus, though the names I gave them were merely and markedly descriptive of their persons, did this little noodle and her sister instantly believe them.

When the dancing was over, and we walked about, Mr. Cure, with his usual obsequiousness, came to speak to me, and for awhile joined us; and these girls, who penned me between them, tittered, and pinched me, and whispered observations upon "Mr. Kill," till I was obliged to assume the most steady gravity, to prevent his discovering how free I had made with him.

Just before we came away, Mr. S—— came up to his daughter, and said, "Pray, my dear, who was the gentleman you danced with?"

"Mr. Squab, papa," answered she.

"A good, tight young man," said Mr. S——. "I must go and make a bow to him before we go."

All the Cumberlands were there. Mr. Cumberland avoids Miss Thrale as much as he does me, merely, I suppose, because she is commonly with me. However, if such is his humour, he was not made too happy this night, for Mrs. Thrale told me, that while she was seated next him, as he was playing at cards, Dr. Delap came to her, and began singing my *éloge*, and saying how I should be adored in France; that that was the paradise of lady wits, and that, for his part, if he had not known I was Dr. Burney's daughter, he thought I had so much a French face and look that he should have guessed me for a daughter of Voltaire's, —and other such speeches, all of which, I fear, were so many torments to poor Mr. Cumberland.

"But," said Mrs. Thrale, "let him be tormented, if such things can torment him. For my part I'd have a starling taught to halloo 'Evelina!'"

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I am absolutely almost ill with laughing. This Mr. B——y half convulses me; yet I cannot make you laugh by writing his speeches, because it is the manner which accompanies them, that, more than the matter, renders them so peculiarly ridiculous. His extreme pomposity, the solemn stiffness of his person, the conceited twinkling of his little old eyes, and the quaint importance of his delivery, are so much more like some pragmatistical old coxcomb represented on the stage, than like anything in real and common life, that I think, were I a man, I should sometimes be

betrayed into clapping him for acting so well. As it is, I am sure no character in any comedy I ever saw has made me laugh more extravagantly.

He dines and spends the evening here constantly, to my great satisfaction.

At dinner, when Mrs. Thrale offers him a seat next her, he regularly says,

“But where are *les charmantes*?” meaning Miss T. and me. “I can do nothing till they are accommodated!”

And, whenever he drinks a glass of wine, he never fails to touch either Mrs. Thrale’s, or my glass, with “*est-il permis*?”

But at the same time that he is so courteous, he is proud to a most sublime excess, and thinks every person to whom he speaks honoured beyond measure by his notice,—nay, he does not even look at anybody without evidently displaying that such notice is more the effect of his benign condescension, than of any pretension on their part to deserve such a mark of his perceiving their existence. But you will think me mad about this man.

By far the best among our men acquaintance here, and him whom, next to Mr. Selwyn, I like the best, is a Mr. Tidy. You will probably suspect, as Lady Hesketh did last night when she met him here, that this is a nickname only, whereas he hath not, Heaven knows, a better in the world! He appears a grave, reserved, quiet man; but he is a sarcastic, observing, and ridiculing man. No trusting to appearances, no, not even to wigs! for a meaner, more sneaking, and pitiful wig—a wig that less bespeaks a man worth twopence in his pocket, or two ideas in his head, did I never see than that of Mr. Tidy.

But the most agreeable part of the evening was the time I spent with Mr. Selwyn, to whom I have taken a prodigious fancy, and a very odd one you will say, if you inquire the “peticklers,” for it is neither for brilliancy, talents, wit, person, nor youth, since he is possessed of none of these; but the fact is, he appears to me uncommonly good, full of humanity, generosity, delicacy, and benevolence.

Do you know I have been writing to Dr. Johnson! I tremble to mention it; but he sent a message in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, to wonder why his pupils did not write to him, and to hope they did not forget him; Miss Thrale, therefore, wrote a letter immediately, and I added only this little postscript:

"P.S.—Dr. Johnson's other pupil a little longs to add a few lines to this letter,—but knows too well that all she has to say might be comprised in signing herself his obliged and most obedient servant, F. B.: so that's better than a long rigmarole about nothing."

Nov. 3.—Last Monday we went again to the ball. Mr. B——y, who was there, and seated himself next to Lady Pembroke, at the top of the room, looked most sublimely happy!—He continues still to afford me the highest diversion. Rose Fuller was never half so entertaining; and Mr. Selwyn, who has long known him, and has all his stories and sayings by heart, studies to recollect all his favourite topics, and tells me beforehand what he will say upon the subject he prepares me for leading him to. Indeed, between him and Mrs. Thrale, almost all he has to say is almost exhausted.

As he is notorious for his contempt of all artists, whom he looks upon with little more respect than upon day-labourers, the other day, when painting was discussed, he spoke of Sir Joshua Reynolds as if he had been upon a level with a carpenter or farrier.

"Did you ever," said Mrs. Thrale, "see his Nativity?"

"No, madam,—but I know his pictures very well; I knew him many years ago, in Minorca; he drew my picture there, and then he knew how to take a moderate price; but now, I vow, ma'am, 'tis scandalous—scandalous indeed! to pay a fellow here seventy guineas for scratching out a head!"

"Sir!" cried Dr. Delap, "you must not run down Sir Joshua Reynolds, because he is Miss Burney's friend."

"Sir," answered he, "I don't want to run the man down; I like him well enough in his proper place; he is as decent as any man of that sort I ever knew; but for all that, sir, his prices are

shameful. Why, he would not [*looking at the poor doctor with an enraged contempt*] he would not do *your* head under seventy guineas!"

"Well," said Mrs. Thrale, "he had one portrait at the last exhibition, that I think hardly could be paid enough for; it was of a Mr. Stuart; I had never done admiring it."

"What stuff is this, ma'am!" cried Mr. B——y, "how can two or three dabs of paint ever be worth such a sum as that?"

"Sir," said Mr. Selwyn (always willing to draw him out), "you know not how much he is improved since you knew him in Minorca; he is now the finest painter, perhaps in the world."

"Pho, pho, sir," cried he, "how can you talk so? you, Mr. Selwyn, who have seen so many capital pictures abroad?"

"Come, come, sir," said the ever odd Dr. Delap, "you must not go on so undervaluing him, for, I tell you, he is a friend of Miss Burney's."

"Sir," said Mr. B——y, "I tell you again I have no objection to the man; I have dined in his company two or three times; a very decent man he is, fit to keep company with gentlemen; but, ma'am, what are all your modern dabblers put together to one ancient? Nothing!—a set of—not a Rubens among them!" I vow, ma'am, not a Rubens among them!"

But, perhaps, his contempt of Dr. Delap's plea that he was my friend, may make you suppose that I am not in his good graces; whereas, I assure you it is not so: for the other evening, when they were all at cards, I left the room for some time, and, on my return, Mr. Selwyn said,

"Miss Burney, do not your cheeks tingle?"

"No," quoth I, "why should they?"

"From the conversation that has just passed," answered he; and afterwards I heard from Mrs. Thrale, that Mr. B——y had been singing my praises, and pronouncing me "a dear little *charmante*."

BRIGHTHELMSTONE.—To go on with the subject I left off with last—my favourite subject you will think it—Mr. B——y. I must inform you that his commendation was more astonishing to me than anybody's could be, as I had really taken it for

granted he had hardly noticed my existence. But he has also spoken very well of Dr. Delap—that is to say, in a very condescending manner. “That Dr. Delap, says he, “seems a good sort of man; I wish all the cloth were like him; but, lackaday! ’tis no such thing; the clergy in general are but odd dogs.”

Whenever plays are mentioned, we have also a regular speech about them.

“I never,” he says, “go to a tragedy,—it’s too affecting; tragedy enough in real life: tragedies are only fit for fair females; for my part, I cannot bear to see Othello tearing about in that violent manner;—and fair little Desdemona—ma’am, ’tis too affecting! to see your kings and your princes tearing their pretty locks,—oh, there’s no standing it! ‘A straw-crown’d monarch,’—what is that, Mrs. Thrale?

‘A straw-crown’d monarch in mock majesty.’

I can’t recollect now where that is; but for my part, I really cannot bear to see such sights. And then out come the white handkerchiefs, and all their pretty eyes are wiping, and then come poison and daggers, and all that kind of thing,—Oh ma’am, ’tis too much; but yet the fair tender hearts, the pretty little females, all like it!”

This speech, word for word, I have already heard from him literally four times.

When Mr. Garrick was mentioned, he honoured him with much the same style of compliment as he had done Sir Joshua Reynolds.

“Ay, ay,” said he, “that Garrick is another of those fellows that people run mad about. Ma’am, ’tis a shame to think of such things! an actor living like a person of quality! scandalous! I vow, scandalous!”

“Well,—commend me to Mr. B——y!” cried Mrs. Thrale, “for he is your only man to put down all the people that everybody else sets up.”

“Why, ma’am,” answered he, “I like all these people very well in their proper places; but to see such a set of poor beings living like persons of quality,—’tis preposterous! common sense,

madam, common sense is against that kind of thing. As to Garrick, he is a very good mimic, an entertaining fellow enough, and all that kind of thing; but for an actor to live like a person of quality—oh, scandalous!"

Some time after, the musical tribe was mentioned. He was at cards at the time with Mr. Selwyn, Dr. Delap, and Mr. Thrale, while we "fair females," as he always calls us, were speaking of Agujari. He constrained himself from flying out as long as he was able; but upon our mentioning her having fifty pounds a song, he suddenly, in a great rage, called out "Catgut and rosin!—ma'am, 'tis scandalous!"

We all laughed, and Mr. Selwyn, to provoke him on, said:

"Why, sir, how shall we part with our money better?"

"Oh fie! fie!" cried he, "I have not patience to hear of such folly; common sense, sir, common sense is against it. Why, now, there was one of these fellows at Bath last season, a Mr. Rauzzini,—I vow I longed to cane him every day! such a work made with him! all the fair females sighing for him! enough to make a man sick!"

* * * * *

I have always, at dinner, the good fortune to sit next the General, for I am sure if I had not I could not avoid offending him, because I am eternally upon the titter when he speaks, so that if I faced him he must see my merriment was not merely at his humour, but excited by his countenance, his language, his winking, and the very tone of his voice.

Mr. Selwyn, who, as I have already hinted, indulges my enjoyment of Mr. B——y's conversation, by always trying to draw him out upon such topics as he most shows off in, told me, some days since, that he feared I had now exhausted all his stories, and heard him discuss all his shining subjects of discourse; but afterwards, recollecting himself, he added, that there was yet one in reserve, which was "ladies learning Greek," upon which he had, last year, flourished very copiously. The occasion was Miss Streatfield's knowledge of that language, and the General, who wants two or three phrases of Latin to make him pass for a man of learning (as he fails not daily to repeat

his whole stock), was so much incensed that a "fair female" should presume to study Greek, that he used to be quite outrageous upon the subject. Mr. Selwyn, therefore, promised to treat me with hearing his dissertation, which he assured me would afford me no little diversion.

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The other day, at dinner, the subject was married life, and, among various husbands and wives, Lord L—— being mentioned, Mr. B——y pronounced his panegyric, and called him his friend.

Mr. Selwyn, though with much gentleness, differed from him in opinion, and declared he could not think well of him, as he knew his lady, who was an amiable woman, was used very ill by him.

"How, sir?" cried Mr. B——y.

"I have known him," answered Mr. Selwyn, "frequently pinch her till she has been ready to cry with pain, though she has endeavoured to prevent its being observed."

"And I," said Mrs. Thrale, "know that he pulled her nose, in his frantic brutality, till he broke some of the vessels of it; and when she was dying she still found the torture he had given her by it so great, that it was one of her last complaints."

The General, who is all for love and gallantry, far from attempting to vindicate his friend, quite swelled with indignation at this account, and, after a pause, big with anger, exclaimed,

"Wretched doings, sir, wretched doings!"

"Nay, I have known him," added Mr. Selwyn, "insist upon handing her to her carriage, and then, with an affected kindness, pretend to kiss her hand, instead of which he has almost bit a piece out of it!"

"Pitiful!—pitiful! sir," cried the General; "I know nothing more shabby!"

"He was equally inhuman to his daughter," said Mrs. Thrale, "for, in one of his rages, he almost throttled her."

"Wretched doings!" again exclaimed Mr. B——y, "what! cruel to a fair female! Oh fie! fie! fie!—a fellow who

cruel to females and children, or animals, must be a pitiful fellow indeed. I wish we had had him here in the sea. I should like to have had him stripped, and that kind of thing, and been well banged by ten of our dippers here with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Cruel to a fair female! Oh fie! fie! fie!"

I know not how this may read, but I assure you its sound was ludicrous enough.

However, I have never yet told you his most favourite story, though we have regularly heard it three or four times a day;—And this is about his health.

"Some years ago," he says—"let's see, how many? in the year '71—ay, '71, '72—thereabouts—I was taken very ill, and, by ill-luck, I was persuaded to ask advice of one of these Dr. Gallipots:—oh, how I hate them all! Sir, they are the vilest pick-pockets—know nothing, sir! nothing in the world! poor ignorant mortals! and then they pretend—in short, sir, I hate them all; I have suffered so much by them, sir—lost four years of the happiness of my life—let's see, '71, '72, '73, '74—ay, four years, sir!—mistook my case, sir!—and all that kind of thing. Why, sir, my feet swelled as big as two horses' heads! I vow I will never consult one of these Dr. Gallipot fellows again! lost me, sir, four years of the happiness of my life!—why I grew quite an object!—you would hardly have known me!—lost all the calves of my legs!—had not an ounce of flesh left!—and as to the rouge—why, my face was the colour of that candle!—those deuced Gallipot fellows!—why they robbed me of four years—let me see, ay, '71, '72——"

And then it all goes over again!

This story is always *à propos*; if health is mentioned, it is instanced to show its precariousness; if life, to bewail what he has lost of it; if pain, to relate what he has suffered; if pleasure, to recapitulate what he has been deprived of; but if a physician is hinted at, eagerly indeed is the opportunity seized of inveighing against the whole faculty.

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Tuesday was a very agreeable day indeed, and I am sure a merry one to me; but it was all owing to the General, and I do

not think you seem to have a true taste for him, so I shall give you but a brief account of my entertainment from him.

We had a large party of gentlemen to dinner. Among them was Mr. Hamilton, commonly called Single-speech Hamilton, from having made one remarkable speech in the House of Commons against Government, and receiving some *douceur* to be silent ever after.* This Mr. Hamilton is extremely tall and handsome; has an air of haughty and fashionable superiority; is intelligent, dry, sarcastic, and clever. I should have received much pleasure from his conversational powers, had I not previously been prejudiced against him, by hearing that he is infinitely artful, double, and crafty.

The dinner conversation was too general to be well remembered; neither, indeed, shall I attempt more than partial scraps relating to matters of what passed when we adjourned to tea.

Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Tidy, and Mr. Thrale seated themselves to whist; the rest looked on: but the General, as he always does, took up the newspaper, and, with various comments, made aloud, as he went on, reading to himself, diverted the whole company. Now he would cry, "Strange! strange that!"—presently, "What stuff! I don't believe a word of it!"—a little after, "O Mr. Bate, I wish your ears were cropped!"—then, "Ha! ha! ha! *funnibus! funnibus!* indeed!"—and, at last, in a great rage, he exclaimed, "What a fellow is this, to presume to arraign the conduct of persons of quality!"

Having diverted himself and us in this manner, till he had read every column methodically through, he began all over again, and presently called out, "Ha! ha! here's a pretty thing!" and then, in a plaintive voice, languished out some wretched verses.

Although the only mark of approbation with which the company favoured these lines was laughing at them, the General presently found something else equally bad, which he also praised, also read, and also raised a laugh at.

* William Gerrard Hamilton, (better known as "Single-speech Hamilton"), was, at the time he is referred to, Chancellor of the Exchequer of Ireland.

A few minutes after, he began puffing and blowing, with rising indignation, and, at last, cried out, "What a fellow is this? I should not be at all surprised if General Burgoyne cut off both his ears!"

"You have a great variety there," cried Mr. Hamilton, drily; "but I think, Mr. B——y, you have read us nothing to-day about the analeptic pills!"

Though we all smiled at this, the General, unconscious of any joke, gravely answered,

"No, sir! I have not seen them yet, but I dare say I shall find them by-and-by!"

And, by the time the next game was finished, he called out "No! I see nothing of the analeptic pills to-day; but here's some Samaritan drops!"

Soon after he began to rage about some baronet, whose title began Sir Carnaby. "Well," he cried, "what names people do think of! Here's another now, Sir Onesiphoras Paul! why, now, what a name is that! Poor human beings here, inventing such a name as that! I can't imagine where they met with it: it is not in the Bible."

"There you are a little mistaken!" said Mr. Hamilton, coolly.

"Is it? Well, I protest, Onesiphoras! ha! ha!"

"But you don't exactly pronounce it right," returned Mr. Hamilton, "it is Onesiphorus—not *as*, as you say it."

Mr. B——y made no answer, but went on reading the newspaper to himself.

Mr. Hamilton, who had now given his place at the whist-table to Mr. Bateson, related to us a very extraordinary cure performed by a physician, who would not write his prescriptions, "Because," said he, "they should not appear against him, as his advice was out of rule; but the cure was performed, and I much honour, and would willingly employ such a man."

"How!" exclaimed Mr. B——y, who always fires at the very name of a physician, "What! let one of those fellows try his experiments upon you? For my part, I'll never employ one again as long as I live! I've suffered too much by them; lost

me five years of the happiness of my life—ever since the year—let's see, '71, '72——”

“Mrs. Thrale,” interrupted Mr. Hamilton, “I was in some hopes Dr. Johnson would have come hither with you.”

Mrs. Thrale answered him ; but Mr. B——y went on.

“One of those Dr. Gallipots, now—Heberden—attended a poor fellow I knew. ‘Oh,’ says he, ‘he’ll do vastly well!’ and so on, and so on, and all that kind of thing: but the next morning, when he called, the poor gentleman was dead! There’s your Mr. Heberden for you! Oh, fie! fie!”

“What will you do without them?” said Mr. Hamilton.

“Do, sir? Why, live like men! Who wants a pack of their nostrums? I’ll never employ one again while I live! They mistook my case, sir; they played the very devil with me! Let me see, ’71, ’72——”

“What!” interrupted Mr. Hamilton, “are you seventy-two?”

The dry humour with which he asked this, set the whole company in a roar. Mr. B——y angrily answered:

“No, sir, no! no such thing; but I say——”

And then he went on with his story: no calves to his legs; mistook his case; feet swelled as big as horses’ heads; not an ounce of flesh;—and all the old phrases were repeated with so sad a solemnity, and attended to by Mr. Hamilton with so contemptuous a frigidity, that I was obliged to take up a newspaper to hide my face. Miss Thrale ran out of the room; Mr. Selwyn laughed till he could hardly hold his cards; Captain W——hallooed quite indecently; and Mr. Tidy shook all over as if he was in an ague; and yet the General never found it out.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

St. Martin’s-street, Dec., 1779.

MY DEAREST DADDY,

I have deferred writing from day to day, in expectation of being able to fix some time for my long and most earnestly coveted visit to dear Chesington; but my father’s own move-

ments have been so uncertain, that I found it impossible to tease him about fixing mine. At length, however, we have come to the point. He has desired me to sift for what room you have, and to sound as to convenience. Now I know the shortest way of doing this is by coming plump upon the question ; and, therefore, both to save myself the trouble of a long half-meaning, half-hinting, half-intelligible rigmarole, and you the trouble of vague suspicions, and puzzling conjectures, I think the best method is plainly to say, that, in about ten days, he thinks he can come to Chesington, if, without difficulty, you can then accommodate him.

Not one word has he yet said about the rest of the family ; but I know he means not to travel *solus* : and I know, too, that it is not any secret to him that I, for one, build upon accompanying him, as a thing of course.

I am extremely gratified by your approbation of my journal. Miss Birch, I do assure you, exists exactly such as I have described her. I never mix truth and fiction : all that I relate in journalising is strictly, nay plainly, fact. I never, in all my life, have been a sayer of the thing that is not ; and now I should be not only a knave but a fool also, in so doing, as I have other purposes for imaginary characters than filling letters with them. Give me credit, therefore, on the score of interest, and common sense, if not of principle. But, however, the world, and especially the Great world, is so filled with absurdity of various sorts, now bursting forth in impertinence, now in pomposity, now giggling in silliness, and now yawning in dulness, that there is no occasion for invention to draw what is striking in every possible species of the ridiculous.

I hope to be very comfortable with you, when I can get to you. I will bring you the little sketch I made of the heroine you seem to interest yourself in, and perhaps by your advice may again take her up, or finally let her rest.

Adieu, dearest daddy ; kindest love to you from all quarters—
mostly from—

CHAPTER VII.

1780.

Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—The Troubles of Popularity—Ladies' Dress—Miss Burney's Comedy of "The Witlings"—Sheridan's application to her—Plot and Characters of "The Witlings"—Lord Sandwich—Captain Cook—His Death—Hon. Captain Walsingham—George III. and the Navy—Dr. Hunter—Dr. Solander—Murphy—His Oddities—Table-talk—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—Excellent advice about her Comedy—Colley Cibber—Pacchierotti—Journey to Bath—The Lawrence Family at Devizes—The late President of the Royal Academy at Ten Years of Age—Prince Hoare—Arrival at Bath—Description of the Place and Company—Parties—Lady Miller's Vase—Mrs. Montagu—The Theatre—The Bowdler Family—Dr. Woodward—Dr. Harrington—Mrs. Byron—Lord Mulgrave—The Hon. Augustus Phipps—Table-talk—Anecdotes of the late General Phipps—Illustrations of "Evelina"—Dr. Johnson—The Provost of Eton—Bath Society—Dean of Ossory—Mrs. Montagu—A Witling—Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Thrale contrasted—Letter from Mr. Crisp—The Duchess of Marlborough—A Scotch Bishop—Duchess of Portland—Colley Cibber—Sheridan—Bath—Lord Mulgrave—The Bowdler Family—The Byrons—A Pleasant Meeting—A Mistake—An Evening Party—A Pretty Poet—Mrs. Siddons as Belvidera—A Pink and White Poet—Anstey, Author of the "New Bath Guide."

From Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

St. Martin's-street, January 22nd, 1780.

MY DEAREST DADDY,

As this sheet is but to contain a sequel of what I writ last, not to aspire as being regarded as a separate or answer-claiming letter, I shall proceed without fresh preamble.

You make a *comique* kind of inquiry about my "incessant and uncommon engagements."—Now, my dear daddy, this is an inquiry I feel rather small in answering, for I am sure you expect to hear something respectable in that sort of way, whereas I have nothing to enumerate that commands attention, or that will make

a favourable report. For the truth is, my "uncommon" engagements have only been of the *visiting system*, and my "incessant" ones only of the *working party*;—for perpetual dress requires perpetual replenishment, and that replenishment actually occupies almost every moment I spend out of company.

"Fact! fact!" I assure you—however paltry, ridiculous, or inconceivable, it may sound. Caps, hats, and ribbons make, indeed, no venerable appearance upon paper;—no more do eating and drinking;—yet the one can no more be worn without being made, than the other can be swallowed without being cooked; and those who can neither pay milliners nor keep scullions, must either toil for themselves, or go capless and dinnerless. So, if you are for a high-polished comparison, I'm your man!

Now, instead of furbelows and gewgaws of this sort, my dear daddy probably expected to hear of duodecimos, octavos, or quartos!—*Hélas!* I am sorry that is not the case,—but not one word, no, not one syllable did I write to any purpose, from the time you left me at Streatham, till Christmas, when I came home. But now I have something to communicate concerning which I must beg you to give me your opinion.

As my play was settled in its silent suppression, I entreated my father to call on Mr. Sheridan, in order to prevent his expecting anything from me, as he had had a good right to do, from my having sent him a positive message that I should, in compliance with his exhortations at Mrs. Cholmondeley's, try my fortune in the theatrical line, and send him a piece for this winter. My father did call, but found him not at home, neither did he happen to see him till about Christmas. He then acquainted him that what I had written had entirely dissatisfied me, and that I desired to decline for the present all attempts of that sort.

Mr. Sheridan was pleased to express great concern,—nay, more, to protest he would not accept my refusal. He begged my father to tell me that he could take no denial to seeing what I had done—that I could be no fair judge for myself—that he doubted not but it would please, but was glad I was not satisfied, as he had much rather see pieces before their authors were contented with them than afterwards, on account of sundry small

changes always necessary to be made by the managers, for theatrical purposes, and to which they were loth to submit when their writings were finished to their own approbation. In short, he said so much, that my father, ever easy to be worked upon, began to waver, and told me he wished I would show the play to Sheridan at once.

This very much disconcerted me: I had taken a sort of disgust to it, and was myself most earnestly desirous to let it die a quiet death. I therefore cooled the affair as much as I conveniently could, and by evading from time to time the conversation, it was again sinking into its old state,—when again Mr. Sheridan saw my father, and asked his leave to call upon me himself.

This could not be refused.

Well,—I was now violently fidgeted, and began to think of alterations,—and by setting my head to work, I have actually now written the fourth act from beginning to end, except one scene.—Mr. Sheridan, however, has not yet called, and I have so little heart in the affair, that I have now again quite dropped it.

Such is the present situation of my politics. Now, I wish you much to write me your private opinion what I had best do in case of an emergency. Your letters are always sacred, so pray write with your usual sincerity and openness. I know you too well to fear your being offended if things should be so managed that your counsel cannot be followed; it will, at any rate, not be thrown away, since it will be a fresh proof of your interest in my affairs and my little self.

My notions I will also tell you; they are (in case I must produce this piece to the manager):—

To entirely omit all mention of the club;—

To curtail the parts of Snatter and Dabbler as much as possible;—

To restore to Censor his 5000*l.* and not trouble him even to offer it;—

To give a new friend to Cecilia, by whom her affairs shall be retrieved, and through whose means the catastrophe shall be brought to be happy;—

And to change the nature of Beaufort's connexions with Lady

Smatter, in order to obviate the unlucky resemblance the adopted nephew bears to our female pride of literature.

This is all I have at present thought of. And yet, if I am so allowed, even these thoughts shall all turn to nothing; for I have so much more fear than hope, and anxiety than pleasure, in thinking at all of the theatre, that I believe my wisest way will be to shirk—which, if by evasive and sneaking means I can, I shall.

Now concerning Admiral Jem;—you have had all the accounts of him from my mother; whether or not he has made any change in his situation we cannot tell. *The Morning Post* had yesterday this paragraph:—

“We hear Lieutenant Burney has succeeded to the command of Capt. Clerke’s ship.”

That this, as Miss Waldron said of her hair, is all a falsity, we are, however, certain, as Lord Sandwich has informed my father that the first lieutenant of poor Capt. Cook was promoted to the *Discovery*. Whether, however, Jem has been made first lieutenant of the *Resolution*, or whether that vacancy has been filled up by the second lieutenant of that ship, we are not informed. The letter from my admiral has not, it seems, been very clear, for I met the Hon. Capt. Walsingham last week on a visit, and he said he had been at court in the morning. “And the king,” he continued, “said to me, ‘Why, I don’t think you captains in the navy shine much in the literary way!’ ‘No, sir,’ answered I; ‘but then, in return, no more do your Majesty’s captains in the army’—except Burgoyne, I had a good mind to say!—but I did not dare.”

I shall give you some further particulars of my meeting this Capt. Walsingham in some future letter, as I was much pleased with him.

I am sure you must have been grieved for poor Captain Cook.* How hard, after so many dangers, so much toil,—to die in so shocking a manner—in an island he had himself discovered—among savages he had himself, in his first visit to them, civilised,

* The news of Captain Cook’s melancholy death had just reached England. It took place in the preceding February.

and rendered kind and hospitable, and in pursuit of obtaining justice in a cause in which he had himself no interest, but zeal for his other captain! He was, besides, the most moderate, humane, and gentle circumnavigator who ever went out upon discoveries; agreed the best with all the Indians, and, till this fatal time, never failed, however hostile they met, to leave them his friends.

Dr. Hunter, who called here lately, said that he doubted not but Capt. Cook had trusted them too unguardedly; for as he always had declared his opinion that savages never committed murder without provocation, he boldly went among them without precautions for safety, and paid for his incautious intrepidity with his very valuable life.

The Thrales are all tolerably well,—Mr. Thrale, I think and hope, much better. I go to them very often, and they come here certainly once every week, and Mrs. Thrale generally oftener. I have had some charming meetings at their house, which, though in brief, I will enumerate.

At the first, the party was Mr. Murphy, Mr. Seward, Mr. Evans, Dr. Solander, and Lady Ladd. Dr. Johnson had not then settled in the borough.

Mr. Evans is a clergyman, very intimate with the Thrales, and a good-humoured and a sensible man.

Dr. Solander* whom I never saw before, I found very sociable, full of talk, information, and entertainment. My father has very exactly named him, in calling him a philosophical gossip.

The others you have heard of frequently.

Mr. Murphy "made at me" immediately;—he took a chair next mine, and would talk to me, and to me only, almost all the day. He attacked me about my play, entreated me most earnestly to show him the rest of it, and made it many compliments. I told him that I had quite given it up—that I did not like it now it was done, and would not venture to try it, and therefore could not consent to show it. He quite flew at this—vowed I should not be its judge.

* The Swedish naturalist, who accompanied Capt. Cook in his first voyage round the world.

"What!" cried he, "condemn in this manner!—give up such writing! such dialogue! such character! No, it must not be. Show it me—you shall show it me. If it wants a few stage-tricks trust it with me, and I will put them in. I have had a long experience in these matters. I know what the galleries will and will not bear. I will promise not to let it go out of my hands without engaging for its success."

This, and much more, he went on with in a low voice, obliging me by the nature of the subject to answer him in the same, and making everybody stare at the closeness of our confab, which I believe was half its pleasure to him, for he loves mischievous fun as much as if he was but sixteen.

While we were thus discoursing, Mr. Seward, who I am sure wondered at us, called out, "Miss Burney, you don't hear Dr. Solander." I then endeavoured to listen to him, and found he was giving a very particular account to the company of Captain Cook's appearance at Khamsehatka—a subject which they naturally imagined would interest me. And so indeed it did; but it was in vain, for Mr. Murphy would not hear a word; he continued talking to me in a whisper, and distracted my attention in such a manner that I heard both and understood neither.

Again, in a few minutes, Mr. Seward called out, "Miss Burney, you don't hear this;" and yet my neighbour would not regard him, nor would allow that I should. Exhortation followed exhortation, and entreaty entreaty, till, almost out of patience, Mr. Seward a third time exclaimed:

"Why, Miss Burney, Dr. Solander is speaking of your brother's ship."

I was half ashamed, and half ready to laugh.

"Ay," said Mrs. Thrale, "Mr. Murphy and Miss Burney are got to flirtation, so what care they for Captain Cook and Captain Clerke."

"Captain Cook and Captain Clerke?" repeated Mr. Murphy, "who mentioned them?"

Everybody laughed.

"Who?" said Mrs. Thrale. "Why Dr. Solander has been talking of them this hour."

"Indeed!" exclaimed he; "why, then, it's Miss Burney's fault: she has been talking to me all this time on purpose to prevent my listening."

Did you ever hear such assurance?

I can write no more particulars of my visit, as my letter is so monstrously long already; but in conclusion, Dr. Solander invited the whole party to the Museum that day week, and Lady Ladd, who brought me home, invited us all to dine with her after seeing it. This was by all accepted, and I will say something of it hereafter. I am very sorry I have forgot to ask for franks, and must not forget to ask your pardon.

And so God bless you, my dear daddy! and bless Mrs. Gast, Mrs. Ham, and Kitty, and do you say God bless

Your ever loving and affectionate

F. B.

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, Feb. 23, 1780.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

Our letters crossed each other. I did not receive yours till the day after mine was sent off, otherwise I should not have then omitted what you seemed to require—my notions on the subject of Mr. Sheridan's importunity. My great scruple all along has been the consideration of the great stake you are playing for, how much you have to lose, and how unequal your delicate and tender frame of mind would be to sustain the shock of a failure of success, should that be the case. You can't easily imagine how much it goes against me to say anything that looks like discouragement to a spirit already too diffident and apprehensive. Nothing but so rooted a regard for my Fannikin, and her peace and happiness, as I feel at this instant, could ever have prevailed on me to have used that freedom with her, which, though all authors pretend to insist on from the friends they consult, yet ninety-nine out of a hundred are offended at; and not only so, but bear a secret grudge and enmity for the sincerity

past! No man living was ever a better judge of stage interests and stage politics than Cibber.

What to advise, I profess I know not—only thus much: I should have a much greater deference for the opinion of Sheridan than of Murphy; I take him in himself to be much deeper; and he is besides deeply interested in the fate of whatever he brings forward on his own stage. Upon the whole, as he is so pressing to see what you have done, I should almost incline to consent.

Your other daddy and madam were kind enough last Sunday to come on purpose from London to see me; for which I think myself greatly obliged to them. They tell me of a delightful tour you are to make this autumn on the other side of the water, with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Murphy, &c. Where will you find such another set? O, Fanny, set this down as the happiest period of your life; and when you come to be old and sick, and health and spirits are fled (for the time may come), then live upon remembrance, and think that you have had your share of the good things of this world, and say,—For what I have received, the Lord make me thankful!

And now, my Fanny, let me hear from you soon the result of your theatrical councils; also a continuation of your own other adventures, and likewise (what you have hitherto shirked me of) the Susannitical Journal of Brighthelmstone.

Your loving daddy,

S. C.

Journal resumed.

BATH, APRIL 7.—A thousand thanks, my dearest Susy, for your kind and very satisfactory letter. I had, indeed, been extremely anxious to hear of poor Pacchierotti, for the account of his illness in the newspapers had alarmed me very much. You are very good for being so circumstantial. I long to hear of his more perfect recovery, for, to use his own words, he has made himself an interest in my regard more than for his profession. Merely for the profession, never can I admire more passionately than I did Millico; but I now consider Pacchierotti as an

girl, about thirteen years old, with fine dark hair upon a finely-formed forehead, opened it. Mrs. Thrale made an apology for her intrusion, but the poor girl blushed and retreated into a corner of the room: another girl, however, advanced, and obligingly and gracefully invited us in, and gave us all chairs. She was just sixteen, extremely pretty, and with a countenance better than her features, though those were also very good. Mrs. Thrale made her many compliments, which she received with a mingled modesty and pleasure, both becoming and interesting. She was, indeed, a sweetly-pleasing girl.

We found they were both daughters of our hostess, and born and bred at Devizes. We were extremely pleased with them, and made them a long visit, which I wished to have been longer. But though those pretty girls struck us so much, the wonder of the family was yet to be produced. This was their brother, a most lovely boy of ten years of age, who seems to be not merely the wonder of their family, but of the times, for his astonishing skill in drawing.* They protest he has never had any instruction, yet showed us some of his productions that were really beautiful. Those that were copies were delightful—those of his own composition amazing, though far inferior. I was equally struck with the boy and his works.

We found that he had been taken to town, and that all the painters had been very kind to him, and Sir Joshua Reynolds had pronounced him, the mother said, the most promising genius he had ever met with. Mr. Hoare† has been so charmed with this sweet boy's drawings that he intends sending him to Italy with his own son.

This house was full of books, as well as paintings, drawings, and music; and all the family seem not only ingenious and industrious, but amiable; added to which, they are strikingly handsome.

* This boy was afterwards the celebrated painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy.

† Mr. C. Prince Hoare. The intended patronage did not take place. The Lawrences left Devizes almost immediately after the date of the above notice, and henceforth the whole family were supported by the extraordinary talents of the boy artist.

Our afternoon was horribly wearying.

When we came away, Mr. Thrale ordered our chairs to the playhouse; Mr. Thrale would not accompany us. We were just in time for "The Padlock," which was almost as bad to me as the company I had just left. Yet the performers here are uncommonly good: some of them as good as almost any we have in town.

SUNDAY.—We went to St. James's Church, heard a very indifferent preacher, and returned to read better sermons of our own choosing.

In the evening we had again an engagement. This, however, was far more agreeable than our last. It was at Mrs. Lambart's. Mrs. Lambart is a widow of General Lambart, and a sister of Sir Philip Jennings. She is an easy, chatty, sensible woman of the world.

There was a good deal of company; among them, all that I much observed were two clergymen and a Miss Lewis.

One of the clergymen was Mr. W——, a young man, who has a house on the Crescent, and is one of the best supporters of Lady Miller's vase at Bath Easton.* He is immensely tall, thin, and handsome, but affected, delicate, and sentimentally pathetic; and his conversation about his own "feelings," about "amiable motives," and about the wind, which, at the Crescent, he said, in a tone of dying horror, "blew in a manner really frightful!" diverted me the whole evening. But Miss Thrale, not content with private diversion, laughed out at his expressions, till I am sure he perceived and understood her merriment.

The young lady, Miss Lewis, is a daughter of the Dean of Ossory; she is very handsome, and mighty gay and giddy, half tonish, and half hoydenish; and every other word she utters is "Horrible!"

* Lady Miller, of Bath Easton. Her "Vase" and its objects are thus alluded to by Horace Walpole:—"They hold a Parnassus-fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival. Six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest composition, which the respective successful ten candidates acknowledge."

well, but is more agreeable than formerly, and seems to have thrown aside her pedantry and ostentatious display of knowledge; and, therefore, as she is very sensible, and uncommonly cultivated, her conversation and company are very well worth seeking. I introduced her to Mrs. Thrale, which I saw was a great satisfaction, as she had long known her by fame, and wished much to be presented to her.

We had much talk of Teignmouth, and I inquired about my old friend Mr. Crispen, who I find now lives at Clifton.

Mrs. Thrale inquired of Miss Bowdler if she knew anything of Miss Cooper, and where she lived? And then Miss Bowdler, in a very respectful manner, begged permission to invite us all to meet Miss Cooper at her father's, for that very evening, as Mrs. Montagu was also engaged there; and Mrs. Thrale, with her usual frankness and good-humour, accepted the invitation without further ceremony.

In the afternoon we all went to Alfred-buildings, where Mr. Bowdler lives. He was not at home, but his wife and two daughters did the honours.

We found Mrs. Montagu, Miss Gregory, Miss Cooper, and Mrs. Sydney Lee already assembled.

This Mrs. Sydney Lee is a maiden sister of the famous rebel General.* She is a very agreeable woman.

Miss Cooper you must have heard of: she is Miss Streatfield's darling friend, and a very amiable and gentle old maid. I have seen her twice at Streatham.

Mrs. Bowdler is very sensible and intelligent, and my namesake was very rational and entertaining.

Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Thrale both flashed away admirably; but I was again engrossed by Miss Gregory, who raved of nothing but Mr. Seward.

When we returned home I found a note from Mrs. Cholmley,

* Charles Lee, the person alluded to under the name of the Rebel General, was an English officer who, after having served with honour in America, being disappointed of promotion on his return home, joined the insurgent colonies, and is said to have been the first who suggested the idea of a separation from the mother country. He died at Philadelphia in 1782.

inviting me to meet Mrs. Montagu on Friday. I was already engaged to a large party at Mrs. Lambart's, but my kind Mrs. Thrale, perceiving which way my inclination led, undertook to make my apologies for the beginning of the evening, and to allow me to join her after my own visit was paid. I therefore wrote my thanks to Mrs. Cholmley, and accepted her invitation.

THURSDAY.—The kindness of this family seems daily to increase towards me; not indeed that of Mrs. Thrale, for it cannot, so sweetly and delightfully she keeps it up; she has not left herself power to do more;—but Mr. Thrale evidently interests himself more and more about me weekly—as does his fair daughter.

This morning a milliner was ordered to bring whatever she had to recommend, I believe, to our habitation, and Mr. Thrale bid his wife and daughter take what they wanted, and send him the account.

But, not content with this, he charged me to do the same. You may imagine if I did. However, finding me refractory, he absolutely insisted upon presenting me with a complete suite of gauze lino, and that in a manner that showed me a refusal would greatly disoblige him. And then he very gravely desired me to have whatever I pleased at any time, and to have it added to his account. And so sincere I know him to be, that I am sure he would be rather pleased than surprised if I should run him up a new bill at this woman's. He would fain have persuaded me to have taken abundance of other things, and Mrs. Thrale seemed more gratified than with what he did for herself. Tell my dear father all this.

Dr. Woodward called this morning. He is a physician here, and a chatty, agreeable man.

At dinner, we had Dr. Harrington, another physician, and my father's friend and correspondent, upon whose account he was excessively civil to me. He is very sensible, keen, quiet, and well-bred.

In the evening we were all engaged to the Belvidere, to visit Mrs. Byron,* who arrived at Bath two days before.

* Wife of the Hon. Admiral John Byron, and grandmother of the poet. Her daughter, Augusta Barbara Charlotte (mentioned by Miss Burney),

The Belvidere is a most beautiful spot; it is on a high hill, at one of the extremities of the town, of which, as of the Avon and all the adjacent country, it commands a view that is quite enchanting.

Poor Mrs. Byron is very far from well, though already better than when I last saw her in town; but her charming spirits never fail her, and she rattled and shone away with all the fire and brilliancy of vigorous health. Augusta is much improved in her person, but preserves the same engaging simplicity of manners that distinguished her at Brighthelmstone. She was quite overjoyed at meeting me, and talked quite in raptures of renewing our acquaintance and seeing me often. I never hardly met with so artless an enthusiasm for what she loves as in this fair Augusta, whom I must love in return, whether I will or not.

In our way home we stopped at the theatre, and saw the farce of the "Two Misers"—wretched, wretched stuff indeed!

FRIDAY.—In the evening I had to make my first visit to Mrs. Cholmley, and a most formidable business it was, for she had had company to dinner, and a formal circle was already formed when my name was announced; added to which, as I knew not the lady of the house from her guests, you may imagine I entered the room without astonishing the company by my brass. Mrs. Cholmley made it as little awkward as she could to me, by meeting me almost at the door. She received me in a most elegant manner, making all sorts of polite speeches about my goodness in making the first visit, and so forth. She seems very gentle and well-bred; and perfectly amiable in character and disposition.

The party I found assembled was Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Poyntz, a relation of Lady Spencer, Miss Gregory, Lord Mulgrave, Hon. Augustus Phipps, Sir Cornwallis Maud, Mr. Cholmley, Miss Ann Cholmley, and one or two more that I did not hear named.

Mrs. Cholmley very obligingly placed me between herself and Miss Gregory, who is now become the most intimate acquaint-

married Vice-Admiral Christopher Parker, eldest son of the late Sir Peter Parker, Bart., and died in 1794.

friends, Mrs. Lambart made me sit next her, for she did not play herself, and we had some very comfortable talk till the commerce table broke up, and then a certain Miss Willis came to my other side, and entered into conversation with me very facetiously. A mighty good-natured, foolish girl.

While we were prating, Mr. E——, the clergyman I have mentioned before, joined us, and told Miss Willis how to call herself in Latin.

"Go," said he, "to your father, and say, 'How do you do, Mr. Voluntas-est?'"

This conceited absurdity diverted her and Miss Lewis amazingly.

"But, dear!" she cried, "it's so long I shan't remember it. I do think Latin words sound very odd. I dare say, Miss Burney, you know Latin very well?"

I assured her to the contrary.

"Well," said the little fool, "I know one word."

"Do you? pray what is it?"

"Why, it's *cogitabund*. It's a very droll word."

* * * * *

MONDAY.—Lord Mulgrave, Augustus Phipps, Miss Cooper, Dr. Harrington, and Dr. Woodward dined with us.

I like Lord Mulgrave very much. He has more wit, and a greater readiness of repartee, than any man I have met with this age. During dinner he was all brilliancy; but I drew myself into a little scrape with him, from which I much wanted some of his wit to extricate myself. Mrs. Thrale was speaking of the House of Commons, and lamenting that she had never heard any debates there.

"And now," said she, "I cannot, for this General Johnson has turned us all out most barbarously."

"General Johnson?" repeated Lord Mulgrave.

"Ay, or colonel—I don't know what the man was, but I know he was no man of gallantry."

"Whatever he was," said his lordship, "I hope he was a land officer."

"I hope so too, my lord," said she.

"No, no, no," cried Mr. Thrale, "it was Commodore Johnson."

"That's bad, indeed!" said Lord Mulgrave, laughing. "I thought, by his manners, he had belonged to the army."

"True," said I: "they were hardly polished enough for the sea."

This I said *à demi-voix*, and meant only for Mrs. Thrale; but Lord Mulgrave heard and drew up upon them, and, pointing his finger at me with a threatening air, exclaimed,

"Don't you speak, Miss Burney? What's this, indeed?"

They all stared, and to be sure I rouged pretty high.

"I did not expect this from you," continued he, "but take care! I shall tell you of it a twelvemonth hence!"

I could not, at the moment, understand him, but I afterwards found he was thinking of poor Jem, and meant to threaten me with putting the quarrel into his hands. And so, for more reasons than one, I only answered by laughing.

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "should be more respectful to be sure, for she has a brother at sea herself."

"I know it," said he, "and for all her, we shall see him come back from Khamschatka as polished a beau as any he will find."

Poor Jem! God send him safe back, polished or rough.

Lord Mulgrave's brother Edmund is just entered into the army.

"He told me t'other day," said his lordship, "that he did not like the thoughts of being a parson."

"'Very well,' said I, 'you are old enough to choose for yourself; what will you be then?'"

"'Why a soldier,' says he.

"'A soldier? will you so? Why then the best thing you can do is to embark with your brother Henry immediately, for you won't know what to do in a regiment by yourself.' Well, no sooner said than done! Henry was just going to the West Indies in Lord Harrington's regiment, and Edmund ordered a chaise, and drove to Portsmouth after him. The whole was settled in half an hour."

Curious enough. But I am sorry Edmund has taken this freak. He is an amiable young man, and I had rather he had kept clear of this fighting system, and "things of that sort."

In the evening, we had our company enlarged. Mrs. Montagu came first, and was followed by Miss Gregory, Mrs. Sydney Lee, Mrs. Bowdler, and Fanny Bowdler.

While I made tea, Lord Mulgrave sat next to me, and with a comical mock resentment told me he had not yet forgiven me for that sneer at his profession.

"However," he added, "if I can be of any use to you here at the tea-table, out of neighbourly charity, I will."

I declined his offer with thanks, but when I was putting away the tea-chest,

"So," he cried, taking it from me, "cannot I put that down? am I not polished enough for that?"

And afterwards, upon other similar opportunities, he said,

"So you are quite determined not to trust me?"

WEDNESDAY.—I received Charlotte's most agreeable account of Edward's stained drawings from "Evelina," and I am much delighted that he means them for the Exhibition, and that we shall thus show off together. His notion of putting a portrait of Dr. Johnson into Mr. Villars's parlour was charming. I shall tell the doctor of it in my next letter, for he makes me write to him.

In the evening we had Mrs. Lambart, who brought us a tale, called "Edwy and Edilda," by the sentimental Mr. W——, and unreadably soft, and tender, and senseless is it.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 13.—I am now come to the present time, and will try, however brief, to be tolerably punctual.

Dr. Johnson has sent a bitter reproach to Mrs. Thrale of my not writing to him, for he has not yet received a scrawl I have sent him. He says Dr. Barnard, the provost of Eton, has been singing the praises of my book, and that old Dr. Lawrence has read it through three times within this last month! I am afraid he will pass for being superannuated for his pains!

"But don't tell Burney this," adds Dr. Johnson, "because she will not write to me, and values me no more than if I were a Branghton!"

Our party to-night at the Dean of Ossory's has by no means proved enchanting, yet Mrs. Montagu was there, and Hoare, the painter, and the agreeable Mrs. Lambart. But I was unfortu-

note enough not to hear one word from any of them, by being pestered with windings all the night.

First I was seated next the eldest Miss L——, not the pretty girl I have mentioned, Charlotte, who is the second daughter. This Miss L—— is very heavy and tiresome, though she was pleased to promise to call upon me, and to cultivate acquaintance with me in most civil terms.

This was my lag till after tea, and then Mr. E—— joined us; I have always endeavoured to shrink this gentleman, who is about as entertaining and as wise as poor Mr. Pugh, but for whom not having the same regard, I have pretty soon enough of him; and so, as I rather turned away, he attacked Miss L——, and I spent another half-hour in hearing them.

After this, he aimed at me downright, inquiring if I had been at Bath before, and so forth, and a mighty insipid discourse ensued.

This lasted till Miss L—— proposed a "miss" party in the next room. Accordingly, off we moved; Miss Gregory went first, and I was following, when she ran back, and said the Dean was there waiting. I would then also have made off, but he came out after us, and taking my hand, would lead me into his library, protesting he had just sealed his letter. And then the other misses followed, and that wearisome Mr. E——, and another young man yet sillier.

The dean is very musical, and was much disappointed, I believe, that I did not play to him. However, we had a good deal of talk together, and he promised to contrive for me a hearing of Miss Guest, a lady whose pianoforte-playing I have heard extolled by all here, and whom I shall be much obliged to him for meeting with.

Soon after he went to join the party in the next room. And then two hours, I believe, were consumed in the most insipid manner possible. I will give you a specimen, though, to judge of.

Mr. E.: "I never had the pleasure of being in company with Mrs. Montagu before—I was quite pleased at it."

And yet the booby could not stay where she was!

"Mrs. Montagu! let's see," he continued, "pray, Miss Barney, did she not write 'Shakespeare Moralised'?"

I simpered a little, I believe, but turned to Miss Gregory to make the answer.

"No, sir," said she, "only an 'Essay on the Genius of Shakespeare.'"

"I think," said this wight, "nobody must have so much pleasure at a play as Mrs. Montagu, if it's well done; if not, nobody must suffer so much, for that's the worst of too much knowledge, it makes people so difficult."

"Ay, that is to say," said the other wiseacre, "that the more wisdom, the less happiness."

"That's all the better," said Miss L——, "for there are more people in the world ignorant than wise."

"Very true," said Mr. E——; "for, as Pope says,

'If ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.'"

Pope says! Did you ever hear such "witlings?"

But I won't write a word more about the evening—it was very stupid, and that's enough.

* * * * *

We see Mrs. Montagu very often, and I have already spent six evenings with her at various houses.

I am very glad at this opportunity of seeing so much of her; for, allowing a little for parade and ostentation, which her power in wealth, and rank in literature, offer some excuse for, her conversation is very agreeable: she is always reasonable and sensible, and sometimes instructive and entertaining; and I think of our Mrs. Thrale, we may say the very reverse, for she is always entertaining and instructive, and sometimes reasonable and sensible; and I write this because she is just now looking over me—not but what I think it too!

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

April 27, 1780.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

I am very glad you are now with the Thrales, in the midst of the Bath circle. Your time could not be better em-

ployed, for all your St. Martin's daddy wanted to retain you for some other purpose. You are now at school, the great school of the world, where swarms of new ideas and new characters will continually present themselves before you.

. . . "Which you'll draw in,
As we do air, fast as 'tis ministered!"

My sister Gast, in her younger days, was a great favourite with an old lady who was a particular crony and intimate of old Sarah Marlborough, who, though much of the jade, had undoubtedly very strong parts, and was indeed remarkably clever. When Mrs. Hinde (the old lady) would sometimes talk to her about books, she'd cry out, "Prithee, don't talk to me about books; I never read any books but men and cards!" But let anybody read her book, and then tell me if she did not draw characters with as masterly a hand as Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The portion you allowed me of your *Tunbridge and Brighton Journal* I sucked in with much pleasure and avidity. Why, you have begun already, and make good what I have said above—you take down whatever you see. Sophy Streatfield's mother is a character entirely new, and strongly marked. I pronounce it to be like, and, though to a degree uncommon, is natural.

I am glad the Attorney-General is a Scotchman, for I have heard it is a settled observation, that the Scotch, though deeply learned, great lawyers, great philosophers, physicians, historians, mathematicians, &c., are remarkable for having no turn, neither talents nor relish, for humour. Does not one of the letters in Swift's works speak of some bishop who was a Scot, and when asked his opinion of *Gulliver's Travels*, wondered how people could read such a heap of nonsensical, improbable lies? I hope Mr. Wedderburne is a better judge of law than of satire and ridicule, or the Lord have mercy on the suitors in the Court of Common Pleas!

Mrs. Montagu, too! How it flatters me to have my idea of her, formed above thirty years ago, confirmed by this instance.

I believe I have told you of several letters the Duchess of Portland showed me of hers formerly (for I had no acquaintance

with herself), so full of affectation, refinement, attempts to philosophise, talking metaphysics—in all which particulars she so bewildered and puzzled herself and her readers, and showed herself so superficial,—nay, really ignorant in the subjects she paraded on—that, in my own private mind's pocket-book, I set her down for a vain, empty, conceited pretender, and little else. I know I am now treading on tender ground; therefore mum for your life, or rather for my life. Were Mrs. Thrale to know of my presumption, and that I dare to vent such desperate treason to her playmate, what would she say to me?

You take no notice of several particulars I want to hear of. Your unbeautiful, clever heroine, beset all round for the sake of her great fortune—what is become of her? I am persuaded she'd make her own fortune, whatever were the fate of her hunters. The idea is new and striking, and presents a large field for unhackneyed characters, observations, subjects for satire and ridicule, and numberless advantages you'd meet with by walking in such an untrodden path.

Have you yet met with Colley Cibber, and read the passage I recommended to you?

I can't say I am sorry your affair with Mr. Sheridan is at present at a stand. In the mean time, the refusal coming from yourself, and not the manager, tells highly in your favour: your coyness will tend to enhance your fame greatly in public opinion.

"'Tis expectation makes the blessing dear!"

Your loving daddy,

S. C.

Journal resumed.

BATH, FRIDAY.—This evening we have all been at Mrs. Montagu's, where we met Mrs. and Miss Bowdler, Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Cholmley, and Miss Cooper. Miss Gregory, of course. Poor Mrs. Cholmley never ventures out of her own house in an evening, as her health is extremely delicate.

We had a very entertaining evening, for Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Thrale, and Lord Mulgrave talked all the talk, and talked it so well, no one else had a wish beyond hearing them.

Just before we came away, Miss Bowdler, who had been seated so far from me that I had not once spoken with her, crossed over to me, and said,

"I have been longing this great while to get to you, but could not bear to cross the circle; but there is a lady now at Bath, an acquaintance of mine, who wishes most eagerly to be an acquaintance of yours. She is a relation of Mr. Crisp."

"Mr. Crisp?" exclaimed I. "Don't you mean Mr. Crispen?"

"No, Mr. Crisp!" repeated she; "and this lady wishes to see you so much."

"Oh, so do I to see her," quoth I, "if she is a relative of Mr. Crisp!"

"I have promised," continued she, "to endeavour to introduce her to you: will you, therefore, be so good as to meet her at my house?"

"Oh, with the greatest pleasure in the world, at any time you please!"

"She has heard a great deal of you, and has seen some of your letters, and is so impatient, that the first moment you can spare——"

We then immediately settled next Monday morning, when I shall breakfast with them.

I am much delighted with the prospect of seeing a relation of my beloved daddy; but I am very much concerned, nay, and hurt, and half angry, that this lady whose name it seems is Leigh, should have seen any of my letters. It is not fair, and I am sure it is not pleasant; however, I shall write to Chesington about it.

I have one packet ready for him, which I shall send to-morrow. I dare not scold in that, because I am so much in arrears, I have not assurance; but when I get out of that shame I shall at both him and Mrs. Gast, whom I believe to be an accomplice.

SATURDAY.—We walked in the beautiful meadows round the city all the morning, and went to drink tea with the ugly Mrs. C—— in the evening.

But no more of the beauty of meadows, or ugliness of poor old women, for I must now speak, and thank you (I would, if I knew how) for your very delightful packet, with the account of Rinaldo. You do very well to compassionate me for missing such a rehearsal—I was half moped in reading it; yet your relation, my dearest Susy, is the very next best thing to having been there, because it is so circumstantial, so warm, and so full of feeling. Oh that I could but have been with you? Pacchierotti's having so much to do in the *cantabile* style is just what I have always wished, and I was almost thrilled only with your account of his energy, and fire, and exertion in his last song. Oh that I could but have heard him! Do, pray, tell him how much I repine at my unfortunate absence.

APRIL 29TH.—It is such an age since I have written, that had I not kept memorandums in my tablets, I could not possibly give any account of our proceedings.

But I shall begin where I left off, with again thanking you for your long relation of sweet Pacchierotti's visit after his illness, and for your design of making him begin his letter *sur-le-champ*; but in truth, I'm a little disappointed that he makes me wait so long. It will be very good-natured in you to tease him for me; but of all things, I desire you not to help him; for much as I love your letters, I hate even Garrick thus at second hand, and would not give a fig a-dozen for compilations of that sort. His note to Sheridan made me laugh, yet it much surprised me. O these Italians! no meekness can guard them from the rage of revenge; yet I do most firmly believe nothing but almost intolerable ill-usage would provoke it in our Pac.

Now back to my memorandums.

SUNDAY.—We had Mrs. Byron and Augusta, and Mrs. Lee, to spend the afternoon. Augusta opened her whole heart to me, as we sat together, and told me all the affairs of her family. Her brother, Captain George Byron, is lately returned from the West Indies, and has brought a wife with him from Barbadoes, though he was there only three weeks, and knew not this girl he has married till ten days before he left it!

Poor Mrs. Byron seems destined for mortification and humilia-

tion ; yet such is her native fire, and so wonderful are her spirits, that she bears up against all calamity, and though half mad one day with sorrow and vexation, is fit the next to entertain an assembly of company ;—and so to entertain them as to make the happiest person in the company, by comparison with herself, seem sad.

Augusta is a very amiably-ingenious girl, and I love her the more for her love of her sisters : she talked to me of them all, but chiefly of Sophia, the youngest next to herself, but who, having an independent fortune, has quarrelled with her mother, and lives with one of her sisters, Mrs. Byron, who married a first cousin, and son of Lord Byron.

“ Ah, Miss Burney,” she says continually, “ if you knew Sophy, you would never bear me ! she is so much better than I am,—and so handsome, and so good, and so clever—and I used to talk to her of you by the hour together. She longs so to know you ! ‘ Come,’ she says, ‘ now tell me something more about your darling, Miss Burney.’ But I ought to hope you may never see her, for if you did I should be so jealous !”

You wish to hear more of Mrs. Sydney Lee, but Augusta so entirely occupied me, that I could talk to no one else. But it was an odd sort of meeting between the sister of the rebel general, and the wife of the king’s admiral ! Mrs. Lee corresponds with her brother, and had a letter from him not long since,—almost torn, she says, to pieces, it had been so often opened and read in its voyage and journey.

MONDAY.—According to my appointment I breakfasted at the Bowdlers’. I was immediately introduced to my daddy’s cousin, Miss Leigh. She is a tall, pretty, elegant girl, very sensible in her conversation, and very gentle and pleasing in her manners. I went prepared to like her for Mr. Crisp’s sake, and I came away forced to like her for her own.

She came up to me in a flattering manner, to tell me how much she had wished to make the acquaintance, and so forth : and then I told her how happy I was to see a relation of Mr. Crisp.

“ What Mr. Crisp is it ?” cried Mrs. Bowdler ; “ is it Sam ?”

"Yes, ma'am," said I, staring at her familiarity.

"What!" cried she again, "do you know little Sam Crisp?"

"I don't know for little," returned I, much surprised; "but he is the most intimate friend I have in the world, and the dearest. Do you know him then?"

"Do I?—yes, very well; I have known little Sam Crisp this long while."

"I can't imagine," cried I, half affronted at her manner of naming him, "why you should so 'little' him; I know not any one thing in the world in which he is little,—neither in head, nor heart,—neither in understanding, persons, talents, nor mind."

"I fancy, ma'am," said Miss Leigh, "you hardly mean the Mr. Crisp Miss Burney does."

"I mean Sam Crisp," said she, "the Greenwich Traveller."

This appeased me,—and we cleared up the mistake. But Mrs. Bowdler, though a very clever woman, is not a very delicate one. For, after this, Miss F. Bowdler had a letter brought her,—and presently read aloud from it, "I long extremely to know Miss Burney,—I hope she will not leave Bath till I return."

"Pray," said I, "may I ask who that is from?"

"From my sister Harriet," answered she.

"Yes," bolted out Mrs. Bowdler, "Harriet is one of the greatest admirers of 'Evelina.'"

These sort of abrupt speeches from people one hardly knows are amazingly disagreeable: and Fanny Bowdler and Miss Leigh looked almost as awkward as myself.

The rest of the visit was almost wholly devoted to the praise of Mr. Crisp and Mrs. Gast; Miss Leigh adores Mrs. Gast, and so the brother and the sister were in good hands. She lives here with her mother, from whom she brought me many kind speeches, and whom I readily promised to wait upon.

This evening, the only one since we came, we spent at home without company.

TUESDAY.—We all went to Mrs. Bowdler's.

Mr. Bowdler, a very worthy, extremely little man (much less than Sam Crisp, I assure you, Mrs. Bowdler), appeared to-day; but only appeared, for he was shy, and spoke not. I have

Augusta Byron and Miss Gregory were of our party. They are both so much my friends, that they made me divide the evening between them.

In the evening we had Mrs. L——, a fat, round, panting, short-breathed old widow; and her daughter, a fubsy, good-humoured, laughing, silly, merry old maid. They are rich folks, and live together very comfortably, and the daughter sings—not in your fine Italian taste! no, that she and her mother agree to hold very cheap—but all about Daphne, and Chloe, and Damon, and Phillis, and Jockey!

FRIDAY.—In the morning, to my great concern, Lord Mulgrave called to take leave. He takes away with him more wit than he leaves behind him in all Bath, except what is lodged with Mrs. Thrale. As to Mrs. Montagu, she reasons well, and harangues well, but wit she has none. Mrs. Thrale has almost too much; for when she is in spirits, it bursts forth in a torrent almost overwhelming. Ah! 'tis a fault she has as much to herself as her virtues!

Mrs. Cholmley was so kind as to call this morning, and as I happened to be alone, we had a very comfortable chat together, and then Mrs. Thrale came in, and I had the pleasure of introducing them to each other. She is a woman of as much real delicacy as Mr. Jerminham (whom Lord Mulgrave calls a pink-and white poet—for not only his cheeks, but his coat is pink) is a man of affected delicacy.

In the evening we went to visit Mrs. K——.

Mrs. K—— is a Welsh lady, of immense fortune, who has a house in the Crescent, and lives in a most magnificent style. She is about fifty, very good-humoured, well-bred, and civil, and her waist does not measure above a hogshead. She is not very deep, I must own; but what of that? If all were wits, where would be the admirers at them?

She received me very graciously, having particularly desired Mrs. Thrale to bring me: for she is an invalid, and makes no visits herself. She told me she knew my uncle at Shrewsbury very well.

"And pray, ma'am, says she, "how does Dr. Burney do?"

"Very well," I thanked her.

"Do you know Dr. Burney, ma'am?" said Mr. Thrall.

"No, sir, but I know his book. I think it's vastly pretty."

"Why, yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Thrall. "Dr. Burney has found out the art of making all people like both him and his book."

It is comical enough to see how she is always provoked at hearing these underlings praise him. She is ready to kill them for liking him, and has a whimsical notion that their applause degrades him.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mrs. K——, "and there is somebody else too that has made all people like her book."

"True, ma'am; Dr. Burney's daughter inherits that art from him."

"O, ma'am, I was so entertained! Oh, dear! and I was quite ill too, ma'am, quite ill when I read it. But for all that—why, why, ma'am, I was as eager, and I wanted sadly to see the author."

Soon after this, arrived Mrs. Montagu and Miss Gregory. Miss Gregory brought a chair next to mine, and filled up the rest of my evening. I am really half sorry she appeared to such disadvantage that evening we saw her together at Mrs. Ord's, for I now begin to like her very much. She is frank, open, shrewd, and sensible, and speaks her opinion both of matters and things with a plumpness of honesty and readiness that both pleases and diverts me. And though she now makes it a rule to be my neighbour wherever we meet, she has never made me even a hint of a compliment; and that is not nothing as times go.

Afterwards, who should be announced but the author of the "Bath Guide," Mr. Austey. I was now all eye; but not being able to be all ear, I heard but little that he said, and that little was scarce worth hearing. He had no opportunity of shining, and was as much like another man as you can imagine. It is very unfair to expect wonders from a man all at once; yet it was impossible to help being disappointed, because his air, look, and manner are mighty heavy and unfavourable to him.

But here see the pride of riches! and see whom the simple

Mrs. K—— can draw to her house! However, her party was not thrown away upon her,—as I ought to say, because highly honoured by her exultingly whispering to Mrs. Thrale,

“Now, ma’am, now, Mrs. Thrale, I’m quite happy; for I’m surrounded with people of sense! Here’s Mrs. Montagu, and Mrs. Thrale, and Mr. Anstey, and Miss Burney. I’m quite surrounded, as I may say, by people of sense!”

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Harrington—Chatterton—Bishop Porteus—A Dull Evening—A Busy Day—Mrs. Dobson—A Long Story about Nothing—An Evening Party—Pliny Melmoth—A Comical Day—A Fine Lady—A Disappointed Gentleman—A Granddaughter of Richardson—Bath Diary resumed—Dr. Johnson—His Fondness for Miss Burney—Ansted—Bishop of Peterborough—A Bishop's Lady—The Duchess of Devonshire—Lady Spencer—Lord Mulgrave—Sea Captains—Younger Brothers—A Mistake—Bath Gossips—Anecdotes of Abyssinian Bruce—The Bowdler Family—Table-talk—Admiral Byron—Mrs. Cholmley—An Evening Party—Anstey—Lady Miller—An Agreeable Rattle—A Private Concert—An Accident—Lord Althorpe—A Bath Beau—Lord Huntingdon—Lord Mulgrave—The Bishop of Peterborough—Mrs. Elizabeth Carter—Ferry's Folly—A Singular Collation—An Evening Party—A Public Breakfast—A Singular Character—A Female Misanthrope—The Results of Hume's Essays—Love and Suicide—Beattie *versus* Bolingbroke—The Belvidere—Anecdote of Lord Mulgrave—A Bath Ball.

SATURDAY.—In the morning my ever kind Mrs. T. accompanied me to the Belvidere, to call upon Mrs. and Miss Leigh, and to invite the latter to our house in the evening, to meet the Bowdlers. Mrs. Leigh herself cannot make any visits, because she has dreadfully sprained her ankle, and is obliged to wear a large shoe and flannel. She is a very sensible, agreeable woman, not so elegant as her daughter, but very civil, courteous, and good-natured. We talked away about Mr. Crisp and Mrs. Gast like mad. I know no subject upon which I am more fluent; and so I suppose I seldom have, to a new acquaintance, appeared more loquacious. They were both too prudent to mention having seen my letters; but Miss Bowdler has given me intelligence which I shall not make the less use of.

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Is it not a shocking thing, my dear Susette, that I am obliged to write to you upon this decent paper? I never bring half enough riff-raff with me for the volumes I write to you, and yet it always goes to my heart to treat you so genteelly.

Well, to go back to that Saturday that passed an age ago, where I left off in my last.

Dr. Harrington and Miss Cooper dined here.

Dr. Harrington, I find, is descended in a right line from the celebrated Sir John Harrington, who was god-son of Queen Elizabeth, and one of the gayest writers and flashers of her reign; and it is his son that is the Rev. Henry Harrington, who published those very curious, entertaining and valuable remains of his ancestor under the title "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," which my father and all of us were formerly so fond of.

We had much talk among us of Chatterton, and, as he was best known in this part of the world, I attended particularly to the opinion of Dr. Harrington concerning him; and the more particularly because he is uncommonly well-versed in the knowledge of English antiquities; therefore was I much surprised to find it his opinion that Chatterton was no impostor, and that the poems were authentic, and Rowley's. Much indeed, he said they had been modernized in his copies; not by design, but from the difficulty which attended reading the old manuscript—a difficulty which the genius of Chatterton urged him not to confess but to redress. A book, however, is now publishing that is entirely to clear up this so long-disputed and very mysterious affair, by Dr. Mills, Dean of Exeter.

In the evening we had a great deal more company,—consisting of the Dean of Ossory, Mrs. and Miss Lewis, but not Charlotte Lewis, who is not well, Mrs. and Miss Bowdler, my pretty new acquaintance, Miss Leigh, and Mr. Jerningham.

Miss Leigh and I kept together very rigidly the whole evening, and talked a great deal of talk, and grew very intimate; but one time, when accidentally I took up a book from the table, merely to peep at the title-page, Mr. Jerningham approached me, and said, in a gentle style of raillery:

"Why do you take up a book, Miss Burney?—you know you can't read."

"Oh," answered I, in the same gentle style, "I only do it to make believe."

And you can't think how prettily he laughed. He inquired, however, a great deal after my father, and wonders he does not come down here.

Another time he said to me, "Pray were not you the lady that used the glass the other night at the play?"

Here I was quite shocked; but could only defend, not deny; protesting, with great truth, that I only used it for the performers, and could not see at all without it.

"A lady in the box with me," continued he, "wanted sadly to know which was you; so, indeed, did all the company I was with, and I fancy I pointed right—did not I point right?"

Mrs. Bowdler, to keep up the character I have already given of her, once called out from the furthest end of the room, "Miss Burney, my daughter Harriet longs more and more to see you; she writes us word she hopes to come home in time, or she shall be prodigiously disappointed."

I had much discourse with the Dean, all about the prospects, and the walks, and the country; he is extremely civil and well-bred.

SUNDAY.—This morning Miss Gregory came to accompany us to St. James's Church, to hear Dr. Porteus, Bishop of Chester,* preach a charity sermon for an excellent institution here, to enable the poor sick to drink the waters in an hospital. It was an admirable sermon, rational, judicious, forcible, and truth-breathing; and delivered with a clearness, stillness, grace, and propriety that softened and bettered us all—as, I believe, appeared by the collection, for I fancy not a soul left the church without offering a mite.

The evening we spent with old Mrs. C.—, and divers other old gentlewomen assembled at her house. Immensely dull work, indeed!

MONDAY.—This morning we appointed for hearing Miss Guest

* Dr. Beilby Porteus, afterwards Bishop of London. He died in 1808.

play; and Miss Lawes, that good and odd old maid I have already mentioned, conducted us to her house; and was delighted beyond measure with a mixture of good-humour for us, and exultation for herself, that she had the credit of the introduction.

Miss Guest is very young, but far from handsome; she is, however, obliging, humble, unassuming, and pleasing. At her house, by appointment, we met the Dean of Ossory and Dr. Woodward.

She began with playing the third of Eichner, and I wished she had begun with something else, for I have so often heard our dear Etty in this, that I was quite spoiled for Miss Guest, or, I firmly believe, for anybody; because in Eichner, as in Bach of Berlin, Echard and Boccherini, Etty plays as if inspired, and in taste, expression, delicacy and feeling, leaves nothing to wish. Miss Guest has a very strong hand, and is indeed a very fine player—so fine a one as to make me think of Etty while she plays, though always, and in all particulars, to this poor girl's disadvantage.

She next played the second of Clementi, which seemed to want nothing but a strong hand, and therefore I was full as well content with the player as with the music, but not enchanted with either.

After this she sung, "Io che fedele," and here I thought I liked her better than in her playing. She has but little voice, but it is very sweet. Sacchini was her master, and I fancy, must have taught her this very song, for she really sings it charmingly. Altogether I was so well pleased with her that I was quite sorry we could stay to hear nothing more. I am most greedily hungry for a little music, and have heard nothing at all approaching Miss Guest since I left town. She is to come hither to give lessons to Miss Thrale, and help keep up her singing, and so I shall probably often hear her.

In our way home we met Miss Gregory, who flew up to me, and taking my hand, cried:

"I have received in a letter I had this morning such an *éloge* of 'Evelina'—such a description of you. 'Tis from Mrs. Chapone, too, and I will show you next time we meet."

There's for you! who would not be a blue-stockinger at this rate?

We parted with Miss Lawes upon the Parade and came in to dress, and while I was yet engaged in this important occupation, Mrs. Thrale came laughing into my room to tell me Miss Lawes had just been with her again, and told her she had just been with Mrs. Dobson, "And, dear ma'am, there I heard all about Miss Burney! I was never so surprised. But I am going to the library immediately for the book; though I assure you I read it all when it first came out; but that was nothing like, not knowing anything of the matter; but Mrs. Dobson has let me into the secret, so I wanted to know if it's all true?"

Mr. Thrale readily confirmed it.

"Well," cried she, "I shall run to the library, then, directly and fetch it; but to be sure I thought from beginning that something was the matter, though I could not tell what, because, ma'am, I felt such a panic—I assure you when I sung before Miss Burney I was never in such a panic in my life!"

Mrs. Dobson, I dare say, is not a new name to you; she has made an abridged translation of "*Petrarch's Life*," and of the "*History of the Troubadours*." She has long been trying to make acquaintance with Mrs. Thrale, but Mrs. Thrale not liking her advances, has always shrunk from them; however, I find she has prevailed with Miss Lawes to let her be one of her party when her visit is returned.

This evening we all went to Mrs. Cholmley's, in consequence of an elegant invitation from that very elegant lady, to meet Mrs. Montagu, who was there with Miss Gregory, Miss Poyntz, and a Mrs. Wilson.

We had a very cheerful and pleasant evening.

TUESDAY.—This morning I went to the Belvidere to breakfast, by engagement, with Mrs. and Miss Leigh.

I like them more and more, and we talked about dear Chesington, and were quite comfortable, and I was so well pleased with my visit that I stayed with them almost all the morning.

In the evening we went to Mrs. Lambart, who is another of my favourites. I was very ready to like her for the sake of her

brother, Sir Philip Jennings Clerke; and I find her so natural, so chatty, so prone to fun and ridicule, and so sociably agreeable, that I am highly pleased with her acquaintance.

This evening we had plenty of sport with her, of the ridiculous sort, which is quite her favourite style. She had nobody with her at first but a Miss Pleydell, a very unaffected and good-humoured girl, and therefore she produced for our entertainment a new tragedy, in manuscript, written by a Worcester clergyman, who is tutor to her son. This tragedy, it seems, Mr. Sheridan has read, and has promised to bring out next winter. It is called "Timoleon." It is mighty common trash, and written in very clumsy language, and many of the expressions afforded us much diversion by their mock grandeur, though not one affected, interested, or surprised us. But, it seems, when we complained of its length and want of incident, Mrs. Lambart told us that the author was aware of that, and said he knew there was no incident, but that he could not help it, for there was none that he could find in the history! Don't you admire the necessity he was under of making choice of a subject to which he knew such an objection?

I did not, however, hear above half the piece, though enough not to regret missing the rest, for Mr. E—— now made his appearance, and Mrs. Thrale read the rest to herself.

As you seem to have rather a taste for these "Witlings," I will give you another touch of this young divine. He soon found out what we were about, and presently said, "If that play is writ by the person I suspect, I am sure I have a good right to know some of it; for I was once in a house with him, and his study happened to be just over my head, and so there I used to hear him spouting by the hour together."

He spoke this in a tone of complaint that made us all laugh, with which facetiousness, however, he was so far from being disturbed, that he only added, in a voice of fretful plaintiveness,

"I'm sure I've cause enough to remember it, for he has kept me awake by the whole night together."

We were now not content with simpering, for we could not forbear downright laughing: at which he still looked most stupidly unmoved.

"Pray, Mrs. Lambart," said he, "what is its name?"

"Timoleon," answered she.

"Pray," said he, "is it an invention of his own, or an historical fact?"

WEDNESDAY was a sort of grand day. We all dined and spent the evening at Mrs. K——'s. Our party was Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Poyntz, Miss Gregory, Miss Owen, Dr. Maningham, and Mr. Hunt.

The ladies you have heard of enough. Of the men, Dr. Maningham is very good-humoured, fat, and facetious. He asked me much after my dear father, whom he met with at Buxton, and after the Denoyers, with whom he seemed extremely intimate; and so, indeed, he was well inclined to be with me, for he shook me by the wrist twenty times in the course of the day. Mr. Hunt is a young man of very large independent fortune, very ugly, very priggish, a violent talker, and a *self-piquer* upon immense good breeding.

Miss Gregory and I kept together all the day, and did each of us very well. She told me that the Mrs. Wilson I met at Mrs. Cholmley's wanted to know me, and, if I should not think her "very impudent," would come up to speak to me the first time, she saw me on the Parade. I condescended to send her a civil permission.

Mrs. K—— took the first opportunity that presented itself, to make me, in a low voice, abundance of civil, speeches about "Evelina." All the loud speeches were made by Mr. Hunt, who talked incessantly, and of nothing but dancing! Poor Mrs. Montagu looked tired to death, and could not get in a word;—it was really ridiculous to see how this coxcomb silenced her.

When everybody was gone but ourselves and Miss Gregory, we Misses growing somewhat facetious in a corner, Mrs. K—— good-humouredly called out, "I'm sure, ladies, I am very glad to see you so merry. Ah,—one of you young ladies,—I don't say which—has given me a deal of entertainment! I'm sure I could never leave off reading; and when Miss Owen came into my room, says I, 'Don't speak a word to me, for I'm so engaged!'—I could not bear to be stopped—and then, Mrs. Thrale, I had

such a prodigious desire to see her—for I said, says I, 'I'm sure she must have a good heart,—here's such fine sentiments,' says I.—Oh! it's a sweet book!"

"Ay, ma'am," said Mrs. Thrale; "and we that know her, like her yet better than her book."

"Well, ma'am," answered she, "and I that know the book best,—to be sure I like that."

"Then, ma'am, you show your taste; and I my judgment."

"And what must I show?" cried I—"my back, I believe, and run away, if you go on so!"

Here, then, it stopped; but when I was taking leave Mrs. K—— repeated her praises, and added:

"I'm sure, ma'am, you must have a very happy way of thinking; and then there's Mrs. Duval—such a natural character!"

THURSDAY.—We were appointed to meet the Bishop of Chester at Mrs. Montagu's. This proved a very gloomy kind of grandeur; the Bishop waited for Mrs. Thrale to speak, Mrs. Thrale for the Bishop; so neither of them spoke at all!

Mrs. Montagu cared not a fig, as long as she spoke herself, and so she harangued away. Meanwhile Mr. Melmoth, the Pliny Melmoth, as he is called, was of the party, and seemed to think nobody half so great as himself, and, therefore, chose to play first-violin without further ceremony. But, altogether, the evening was not what it was intended to be, and I fancy nobody was satisfied. It is always thus in long-projected meetings.

The Bishop, however, seems to be a very elegant man: Mrs. Porteus, his lady, is a very sensible and well-bred woman: he had also a sister with him, who sat quite mum all the night, and looked prodigiously weary.

Mr. Melmoth seems intolerably self-sufficient—appears to look upon himself as the first man in Bath, and has a proud conceit in look and manner, mighty forbidding. His lady is in nothing like the Bishop's; I am sure I should pity her if she were.

The good Miss Cooper was of the party, and a Mrs. Forster. I, as usual, had my friend Greg. at my elbow. If I had not now taken to her, I should absolutely run wild!

FRIDAY was a busy and comical day. We had an engagement of long standing, to drink tea with Miss L——, whither we all went, and a most queer evening did we spend.

When we entered, she and all her company were looking out of the window; however, she found us out in a few minutes, and made us welcome in a strain of delight and humbleness at receiving us, that put her into a flutter of spirits from which she never recovered all the evening.

Her fat, jolly mother took her seat at the top of the room; next to her sat a lady in a riding-habit, whom I soon found to be Mrs. Dobson; below her sat a gentlewoman, prim, upright, neat, and mean; and, next to her, sat another, thin, haggard, wrinkled, fine, and tawdry, with a thousand frippery ornaments and old-fashioned furbelows; she was excellently nicknamed, by Mrs. Thrale, the Duchess of Monmouth. On the opposite side was placed Mrs. Thrale, and, next to her, Queeny. For my own part, little liking the appearance of the set, and half-dreading Mrs. Dobson, from whose notice I wished to escape, I had made up myself to one of the now deserted windows, and Mr. Thrale had followed me. As to Miss L——, she came to stand by me, and her panic, I fancy, returned, for she seemed quite panting with a desire to say something, and an incapacity to utter it.

It proved happy for me that I had taken this place, for in a few minutes the mean, neat woman, whose name was Aubrey, asked if Miss Thrale was Miss Thrale?

"Yes, ma'am."

"And pray, ma'am, who is that other young lady?"

"A daughter of Dr. Burney's, ma'am."

"What!" cried Mrs. Dobson, "is that the lady that has favoured us with that excellent novel?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Then burst forth a whole volley from all at once. "Very extraordinary, indeed!" said one—"Dear heart, who'd have thought it?" said another—"I never saw the like in my life!" said a third. And Mrs. Dobson, entering more into detail, began praising it through, but chiefly Evelina herself, which she said was the most natural character she had ever met in any book.

Meantime, I had almost thrown myself out of the window, in my eagerness to get out of the way of this gross and noisy applause; but poor Miss L——, having stood quite silent a long time, simpering, and nodding her assent to what was said, at last broke forth with:

"I assure you, ma'am, we've been all quite delighted: that is, we had read it before, but only now upon reading it again."

I thanked her, and talked of something else, and she took the hint to have done; but said:

"Pray, ma'am, will you favour me with your opinion of Mrs. Dobson's works?"

A pretty question, in a room so small that even a whisper would be heard from one end to another! However, I truly said I had not read them.

Mr. and Mrs. Whalley now arrived, and I was obliged to go to a chair—when such staring followed; they could not have opened their eyes wider when they first looked at the Guildhall giants! I looked with all the gravity and demureness possible, in order to keep them from coming plump to the subject again, and, indeed, this, for a while, kept them off.

Soon after, Dr. Harrington arrived, which closed our party. Miss L—— went whispering to him, and then, came up to me, with a look of dismay, and said:

"Oh, ma'am, I'm so prodigiously concerned; Mr. Henry won't come!"

"Who, ma'am?"

"Mr. Henry, ma'am, the doctor's son. But, to be sure, he does not know you are here, or else—but I'm quite concerned, indeed, for here now we shall have no young gentlemen!"

"Oh, all the better," cried I; "I hope we shall be able to do very well without."

"Oh yes, ma'am, to be sure. I don't mean for any common young gentlemen; but Mr. Henry, ma'am, it's quite another thing;—however, I think he might have come; but I did not happen to mention in my card that you were to be here, and so—but I think it serves him right for not coming to see me."

Soon after the mamma hobbled to me, and began a furious panegyric upon my book, saying, at the same time:

"I wonder, Miss, how you could get at them low characters. As to the lords and ladies, that's no wonder at all; but, as to t'others, why, I have not stirred, night nor morning, while I've been reading it: if I don't wonder how you could be so clever!"

And much, much more. And, scarcely had she unburthened herself, ere Miss L—— trotted back to me, crying in a tone of mingled triumph and vexation:

"Well, ma'am, Mr. Henry will be very much mortified when he knows who has been here; that he will, indeed: however, I'm sure he deserves it!"

I made some common sort of reply, that I hoped he was better engaged, which she vehemently declared was impossible.

We had now some music. But the first time there was a cessation of harmony, Miss L——, again respectfully approaching me, cried:

"Well, all my comfort is that Mr. Henry will be prodigiously mortified! But there's a ball to-night, so I suppose he's gone to that. However, I'm sure if he had known of meeting you young ladies here—but it's all good enough for him, for not coming!"

"Nay," cried I, "if meeting young ladies is a motive with him, he can have nothing to regret while at a ball, where he will see many more than he could here."

"O, ma'am, as to that—but I say no more, because it mayn't be proper; but, to be sure, if Mr. Henry had known—however, he'll be well mortified!"

Soon after this, a chair next mine being vacated, Mrs. Dobson came and seated herself in it, to my somewhat dismay, as I knew what would follow. Plump she came upon her subject, saying:

"Miss Burney, I am come to thank you for the vast entertainment you have given me. I am quite happy to see you; I wished to see you very much. It's a charming book, indeed; the characters are vastly well supported!"

In short, she ran on for half an hour, I believe, in nothing but plain, unadorned, downright praise; while I could only bow, and say she was very good, and long to walk out of the room.

When she had run herself out of breath, and exhausted her store of compliments, she began telling me of her own affairs; talked, without any introduction or leading speeches, of her translations, and took occasion to acquaint me she had made 400*l.* of her "Petrarca." She then added some other anecdotes, which I have not time to mention, and then said:

"Miss Burney, I shall be very happy to wait upon you and Mrs. Thrale. I have longed to know Mrs. Thrale these many years: pray, do you think I may wait upon you both on Sunday morning?"

"To be sure, we shall be very happy."

"Well, then, if you don't think it will be an intrusion—but will you be so good as to mention it to Mrs. Thrale?"

I was obliged to say "Yes," and soon after she quitted me to go and give another dose of flummery to Mrs. Thrale.

I was not two minutes relieved, ere Miss L—— returned, to again assure me how glad she was that Mr. Henry would be mortified. The poor lady was quite heart-broken that we did not meet.

The next vacation of my neighbouring chair was filled by Mrs. L——, who brought me some flowers; and when I thanked her, said:

"O, Miss, you deserve everything! You've writ the best and prettiest book. That lord there—I forget his name, that marries her at last, what a fine gentleman he is! You deserve everything for drawing such a character; and then Miss Elena, there, Miss Belmont, as she is at last—what a noble couple of 'em you have put together! As to that t'other lord, I was glad he had not her, for I see he had nothing but a bad design."

Well, have you enough of this ridiculous evening? Mrs. Thrale and I have mutually agreed that we neither of us ever before had so complete a dish of gross flattery as this night. Yet let me be fair, and tell you that this Mrs. Dobson, though coarse, low-bred, forward, self-sufficient, and flaunting, seems to have a strong and masculine understanding, and parts that, had they been united with modesty, or fostered by education, might have made her a shining and agreeable woman; but she has

evidently kept low company, which she has risen above in literature, but not in manners. She obtained 'Mrs. Thrale's leave to come on Sunday, and to bring with her a granddaughter of Mr. Richardson's, who she said was dying to see Mrs. T. and Miss B., and who Mr. Whalley said had all the elegance and beauty which her grandfather had described in *Clarissa* or *Clementina*.

SUNDAY.—Mrs. Dobson called, and brought with her Miss Ditcher—a most unfortunate name for a descendant of Richardson! However, Mr. Whalley had not much exaggerated, for she is, indeed, quite beautiful, both in face and figure. All her features are very fine; she is tall, looks extremely modest, and has just sufficient consciousness of her attractions to keep off bashfulness, without enough to raise conceit. I think I could take to her very much, but shall not be likely to see her again.

BATH, MAY 28.—I was very happy, my dearest girls, with the account of your safe return from the borough. I never mentioned your having both accompanied me till I had got half-way to Bath; for I found my dear Mrs. Thrale so involved in business, electioneering, canvassing, and letter-writing, that after our first *embrassades*, we hardly exchanged a word till we got into the chaise next morning.

Dr. Johnson, however, who was with her, received me even joyfully; and, making me sit by him, began a gay and spirited conversation, which he kept up till we parted, though in the midst of all this bustle.

The next morning we rose at four o'clock, and when we came downstairs, to our great surprise, found Dr. Johnson waiting to receive and breakfast with us: though the night before he had taken leave of us, and given me the most cordial and warm assurances of the love he has for me, which I do indeed believe to be as sincere as I can wish; and I failed not to tell him the affectionate respect with which I return it; though, as well as I remember, we never came to this open declaration before.

We, therefore, drank our coffee with him, and then he handed

us both into the chaise. He meant to have followed us to Bath, but Mrs. Thrale discouraged him, from a firm persuasion that he would be soon very horribly wearied of a Bath life: an opinion in which I heartily join.

When at last I told Mrs. T. of your adventure of accompanying me to the borough, she scolded me for not bringing you both in; but, as I told her, I am sure you would have been very uncomfortable in a visit so ill-timed. However, she said she hoped she should see you both there when again settled for winter, and make amends for so inhospitable a beginning.

Adventures in our journey we had no time to think of; we flew along as swift as possible, but stopped to change horses at Devizes in preference to Chippenham, merely to inquire after the fair and very ingenious family of the Lawrences; but we only saw the mother and elder son.

We found our dear master charmingly well, and very glad indeed to see us. Miss Cooper, who was with them, and who is made up of quick sensations, manifested the most pleasure of all the party. We have agreed to visit comfortably in town. She is by no means either bright or entertaining, but she is so infinitely good, so charitable to the poor, so kind to the sick, so zealous for the distressed, and in every part of her conduct so blameless where quiet, and so praiseworthy where active, that I am really proud of the kindness she seems to have taken for me, and shall cultivate it with the truest satisfaction.

The next morning we had visitors pouring in to see us after our journey; but the two whose eagerness was infinitely most sincere were the Bishop of Peterborough, who adores, and is adored in return by Mrs. Thrale, and the fair Augusta Byron, my romantically-partial young friend.

In the evening, we all went to the Dean of Ossory's. I felt horribly fagged; but Mrs. Thrale was so gay and so well, in spite of all her fatigues, that I had not courage to complain and desire to be excused joining the party.

There was a great deal of company: among them Mrs. and Miss F. Bowdler, who again spoke very kindly of my mother; but of that I shall write to herself; and Mrs. Lambart, and Mr.

Anstey, and the Bishop of Peterborough; besides others not worth naming.

The bishop, in conversation, is indeed a most shining and superior man,—gay, high-spirited, manly, quick, and penetrating. I was seated, however, between the two Miss L——s, and heard but little conversation besides theirs and my own,—and which of the three afforded me most delight I have now no time to investigate.

Mr. Anstey opens rather more, and approaches nearer to being rather agreeable. If he could but forget he had written the "Bath Guide," with how much more pleasure would everybody else remember it.

SUNDAY.—We went to the Abbey to hear the bishop preach. He gave us a very excellent sermon, upon the right use of seeking knowledge, namely, to know better the Creator by his works, and to learn our own duty in studying his power.

Mrs. Montagu we miss cruelly, and Miss Gregory I thi everywhere I go, as she used to be my constant elbow, is, with panion, and most smiling greeter. Mrs. Montagu has I I never me, in a letter to Mrs. T., with this line: "Give m:d got half-the truly lovely Miss Burney!" I fancy she meantinvolved in but be that as it may, I am sure she meant no harmwriting, that fore I shall take her blindness in good part. . . . word till we

MONDAY.—We went to Mrs. Lambart. Here Dorothy Inglish, a Scotchwoman; Sir Robert Piceived me even lishman; Mrs. North, the Bishop of Worcester/ gay and spirited and many nameless others. . . . ed, though in the

Mrs. North, who is so famed for tonishness, in a more perfect undress than I ever before and when we came or small, appear in upon a visit. Anything; Johnson waiting to than other folks, that does but obtain notice night before he had is sufficient to make happy ladies and gentle cordial and warm always long to treat them as Daddy Crisp do I do indeed believe his own partners) at whist, and call to them not to tell him the temptuous anger, "Bless you! bless you!" ; though, as well as

I had no talk but with Mrs. Lambart he declaration before. Byron excepted, is far the most agreeabl, and then he handed

mean among the women mistresses—for among the women misses, of the very first class I reckon Miss F. Bowdler.

TUESDAY.—The bishop and Mrs. Lambart dined with us, and stayed the afternoon, which was far more agreeable, lively, and sociable than when we have more people. I believe I told you that, before I last left Bath, the bishop read to Mrs. T. and me a poem upon Hope, of the Duchess of Devonshire's, obtained with great difficulty from Lady Spencer. Well, this day he brought a tale called "Anxiety," which he had almost torn from Lady Spencer, who is still here, to show to Mrs. T.; and, as before, he extended his confidence to me. It is a very pretty tale, and has in it as much entertainment as any tale upon so hackneyed a subject as an assembly of all the gods and goddesses to bestow their gifts upon mankind can be expected to give.

Lord Mulgrave called this morning. He is returned to Bath for only a few days. He was not in his usual spirits; yet he failed not to give me a rub for my old offence, which he seems determined not to forget; for upon something being said, to which, however, I had not attended, about seamen, he cast an arch glance at me, and cried out:

"Oh, Miss Burney, I know, will take our parts—if I remember right, she is one of the greatest of our enemies!"

"All the sea captains," said Mrs. Thrale, "fall upon Miss Burney: Captain Cotton, my cousin, was for ever plaguing her about her spite to the navy."

This, however, was for the character of Captain Mirvan which, in a comical and good-humoured way, Captain Cotton pretended highly to resent, and so, he told me, did all the captains in the navy.

Augusta Byron, too, tells me that the Admiral, her father, very often talks of Captain Mirvan, and though the book is very high in his favour, is not half pleased with the Captain's being such a brute.

However, I have this to comfort me,—that the more I see of sea captains, the less reason I have to be ashamed of Captain Mirvan; for they have all so irresistible a propensity to wanton mischief,—to roasting beaux, and detesting old women, that I

quite rejoice I showed the book to no one ere printed, lest I should have been prevailed upon to soften his character.

Some time after, while Lord Mulgrave was talking of Captain G. Byron's marrying a girl at Barbadoes, whom he had not known a week, he turned suddenly to me, and called out :

"See, Miss Burney, what you have to expect ;—your brother will bring a bride from Khamseharka, without doubt."

"That," said I, "may perhaps be as well as a Hottentot, for when he was last out, he threatened us with a sister from the Cape of Good Hope."

In the evening, we went to see the "Merchant of Venice," and Augusta was of our party. My favourite Mr. Lee played Shylock, and played it incomparably. With the rest of the performers I was not too much charmed.

THURSDAY.—Lord Mulgrave and Dr. Harrington dined here. Lord Mulgrave was delightful ;—his wit is of so gay, so forcible, so splendid a kind, that when he is disposed to exert it, he not only engrosses attention from all the rest of the company, but demands the full use of all one's faculties to keep pace in understanding the speeches, allusions, and sarcasms which he sports. But he will never, I believe, be tired of attacking me about the sea ; "he will make me 'eat that leek,' I assure you!"

During dinner, he was speaking very highly of a sea officer whose name, I think, was Reynolds.

"And who is he?" asked Mrs. Thrale; to which his Lordship answered, "Brother to Lord—— something, but I forget what;" and then, laughing and looking at me, he added, "We have all the great families in the navy,—ay, and all the best families, too,—have we not, Miss Burney? The sea is so favourable an element to genius, that there all high-souled younger brothers with empty pockets are sure of thriving; nay, I can say even more for it, for it not only fosters the talents of the spirited younger brothers, it also lightens the dulness even of that poor animal,—an elder brother: so that it is always the most desirable place both for best and worst."

"Well, your Lordship is always ready to praise it," said Mrs. Thrale; "and I only wish we had a few more like you in the

service,—and long may you live, both to defend and to ornament it!"

"Defence," answered he with quickness, "it does not want,—and, for ornament, it is above all!"

In the evening, we had more company,—the Bishop of Peterborough, Mr. Anstey, Dean of Ossory, Mrs. and Charlotte Lewis, F. Bowdler, and Miss Philips,—a lady with whom the beginning of my acquaintance was by a very strange mistake.

I forget if I ever mentioned to you that Miss Gregory long since told me that a Mrs. Wilson, whom I had seen at Mrs. Cholmley's, wished to know me, and sent me word she should accost me some day when I was walking on the Parade, if I should not think her very impudent for her pains. Well, divers messages, in consequence of this, passed between us; and, some time after, as I was sauntering upon the Parade with Mr. Thrale, a lady came out of the house in which I knew Mrs. Wilson resided, and with a smiling face, and a curtsy, made up to us. I took it for granted this was my destined acquaintance, whose face, as I was never near to her, I was too near-sighted to mark. I readily returned her civility, and myself began a conversation with her, of the weather, walks, and so forth, but we were both of us abominably embarrassed, and parted rather abruptly; and while Mr. Thrale and I were laughing at the encounter, we saw this lady join Mrs. Thrale, and presently we all met again. "And so," cried Mrs. Thrale to her husband, "you did not know Miss Philips? she says she made up to you, and you never spoke to her!" I now found my mistake, and that she neither was Mrs. Wilson, nor had intended addressing me. I was, therefore, quite ashamed of my own part in the affair, and obliged to clear it up with all speed.

Miss Philips, however, who is a Welsh lady, and sister to Lady Milford, has been pleased to make me her acquaintance ever since. Two days after, she called and finding me at home, and alone, sat with me a full hour, and talked away very so freely and unreservedly. She presses me to visit and take morning walks with her; but the truth is, though she is a sensible and agreeable, she is not much to my taste, and therefore I have

evaded availing myself of her civility as much as has been in my power.

Charlotte Lewis, who is a mighty gay, giddy, pretty girl, and says whatever comes uppermost, told me she had heard a very bad account of me the night before at an assembly.

"A gentleman told me," she continued, "that you and Mrs. Thrale did nothing but criticise the play and the players at the 'Merchant of Venice' the whole night."

For the play, I believe it might defy us; but for the players, I confess the case, and am by no means happy in having been so remarked, for Charlotte Lewis declared she had heard the same account since from another gentleman, and from three ladies, though there was not a face in the boxes I ever recollected having seen before; but Bath is as tittle-tattle a town as Lynn; and people make as many reports, and spread as many idle nothings abroad, as in any common little town in the kingdom.

FRIDAY.—In the morning, I waited upon Miss Cooper, to return her a letter, which she had sent me to peruse, from Mr. Bruce to Mr. H. Seaton.

It was in his own handwriting, and contained a curious account of his making a friendship with an Arab, through the means of being known to a Mr. Hamilton, by whom this Arab had been kindly treated when a prisoner in Italy: and, through the friendship of this man, he enabled himself to pass on quietly to various places forbidden to strangers, and to make several of his best drawings, of ruins shown him by this Arab.

SATURDAY.—According to appointment, I went to breakfast at the Bowdlers. I found all the Bowdlers, and Miss Leigh.

Harriet Bowdler is much younger than any of her sisters, but less handsome; she is sprightly, good-humoured, and agreeable. I was introduced to her very quietly by her sister, but soon after, Mrs. Bowdler finding some fault with the manner in which she had pinned her ribbons, applied to me about them. I sided, however, with Harriet, whose method I preferred.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Bowdler, "there spoke the Evelina—you like that way best because it is whimsical! Well, I like a little whim, too; but Harriet—oh, she is such an admirer of 'Evelina!'"

Harriet modestly being her head; Fanny, terribly frowned; and, to my great surprise, the matter went no further. But Mrs. Bowdler has long been dying to come to the point.

The very amiable Miss Leigh, with whom indeed I am greatly pleased, told me she had a favour to request of me, which I gladly promised to perform *à l'instant*.

"I have a relation here," said she, "Captain Frohman, who was made captain by Admiral Byron, to whom he is under very great obligations. Now he has heard that Mr. Byron is quite incensed with him for not having waited upon her; but as he did not know how he stayed away merely from fearing she would think a visit from him importunate. Now if you will be so good as to pave the way for his reception, and make his apologies, he will be greatly obliged to you, and so shall I."

This I most readily understood; and having stayed putting with them all till twelve o'clock, I looked away, after a very agreeable breakfast, and went to Mrs. Cholmley.

I found her at home and quite alone, and I stayed with her the rest of the morning. I have never yet been near so well pleased with her. She is much better in a *little-dé-tête* than in a mixed company. Her gentleness, good sense, and the delicacy of her mind, all show to advantage in close and intimate conversation; but in a room full of company, they are buried in the tumult of general talk and mere flashy brilliancy. I found her now "soft without insipidity," as my dear father said she was, and every way worthy of her own most sweet *père*. Not, however, quite neither, for I am still far from believing her talents equal to his. But she is a sweet woman, and I was very happy in being earnestly pressed by her to visit her in town.

In the afternoon we all went to the Whalleys, where we found a large and a highly-dressed company: at the head of which sat Lady Miller. Among the rest were Mr. Anstey, his lady, and two daughters, Miss Weston, Mrs. Aubrey, the thin Quaker-like woman I saw first at Mrs. Lawes', Mrs. Lambart, and various others, male and female, that I knew not.

Miss Weston instantly made up to me, to express her "delight" at my return to Bath, and to beg she might sit by

me. Mrs. Whalley, however, placed me upon a sofa between herself and Mrs. Aubrey; which, however, I did not repine at, for the extreme delicacy of Miss Weston makes it prodigiously fatiguing to converse with her, as it is no little difficulty to keep pace with her refinement, in order to avoid shocking her by too obvious an inferiority in daintiness and *ton*.

Mr. Whalley, to my great astonishment, so far broke through his delicacy as to call to me across the room, to ask me divers questions concerning my London journey; during all which, Mr. Anstey, who sat next to him, earnestly fixed his eyes in my face, and both then and for the rest of the evening, examined me with a look of most keen penetration.

As soon as my discourse was over with Mr. Whalley (during which, as he called me by my name, everybody turned towards me, which was not very agreeable), Lady Miller arose, and went to Mrs. Thrale, and whispered something to her. Mrs. Thrale then rose too, and said:

"If your ladyship will give me leave, I will first introduce my daughter to you"—making Miss Thrale, who was next her mother, make her reverences.

"And now," she continued, "Miss Burney, Lady Miller desires to be introduced to you."

Up I jumped, and walked forward; Lady Miller very civilly more than met me half-way, and said very polite things, of her wish to know me, and regret that she had not sooner met me, and then we both returned to our seats.

Do you know now that, notwithstanding Bath Easton is so much laughed at in London, nothing here is more tonish than to visit Lady Miller, who is extremely curious in her company, admitting few people who are not of rank or of fame, and excluding all those who are not people of character very unblemished.

Some time after, Lady Miller took a seat next mine on the sofa, to play at cards, and was excessively civil indeed—scolded Mrs. Thrale for not sooner making us acquainted, and had the politeness to offer to take me to the balls herself, as she heard Mr. and Mrs. Thrale did not choose to go.

After all this, it is hardly fair to tell you what I think of her.

However, the truth is, I always, to the best of my intentions, speak honestly what I think of the folks I see, without being biassed either by their civilities or neglect; and that you will allow is being a very faithful historian.

Well, then, Lady Miller is a round, plump, coarse-looking dame of about forty, and while all her aim is to appear an elegant woman of fashion, all her success is to seem an ordinary woman in very common life, with fine clothes on. Her habits are bustling, her air is mock-important, and her manners very inelegant.

So much for the lady of Bath Easton; who, however, seems extremely good-natured, and who is, I am sure, extremely civil.

The card-party was soon after broken up, as Lady Miller was engaged to Lady Dorothy English, and then I moved to seat myself by Mrs. Lambart.

I was presently followed by Miss Weston, and she was pursued by Mr. Bouchier, a man of fortune, who is in the army or the militia, and who was tormenting Miss Weston, *en badinage*, about some expedition upon the river Avon, to which he had been witness. He seemed a mighty rattling, harem-searem gentleman, but talked so fluently, that I had no trouble in contributing my mite towards keeping up the conversation, as he talked enough for four; and this I was prodigiously pleased at, as I was in an indolent mood, and not disposed to bear my share. I fancy, when he pleases, and thinks it worth while, he can be sensible and agreeable, but all his desire then was to alarm Miss Weston, and persuade the company she had been guilty of a thousand misdemeanours.

In the midst of this rattle, Mr. Whalley proposed that Miss Thrale should go down stairs to hear a Miss Sage play upon the harpsichord. Miss Sage is a niece of Mrs. Whalley, and about nine years old. I offered to be of the party. Miss Weston joined us, as did the Miss Ansteys, and down we went.

And terribly wearied was I! she played a lesson of Giordani's that seemed to have no end, and repeated all the parts into the bargain; and this, with various little English songs, detained us till we were summoned to the carriage. I had an opportunity, however, of seeing something of the Miss Ansteys.

Mr. Anstey, I cannot doubt, must sometimes be very agreeable; he could not else have written so excellent, so diverting, so original a satire. But he chooses to keep his talents to himself, or only to exert them upon very particular occasions. Yet what he can call particular I know not, for I have seen him with Mrs. Montagu, with Mrs. Thrale, with the Bishop of Peterborough, and with Lord Mulgrave; and four more celebrated folks for their abilities can hardly be found. Yet, before them all he has been the same as when I have seen him without any of them—shyly important, and silently proud!

Well, and there are men who are to be and to make happy, and there are men who are neither to make nor be made so!

Ah, how different and how superior our sweet father! who never thinks of his authorship and fame at all, but who is respected for both by everybody for claiming no respect from anybody; and so, Heaven be praised, Dr. Burney and not Mr. Anstey gave birth to my Susan and to her F. B.

BATH, JUNE 4.—To go on with Saturday evening.

We left the Wharleys at nine, and then proceeded to Sir J. C——, who had invited us to a concert at his house.

We found such a crowd of chairs and carriages we could hardly make our way. I had never seen any of the family, consisting of Sir J. and three daughters, but had been particularly invited. The two rooms for the company were quite full when we arrived, and a large party was standing upon the first-floor landing-place. Just as I got upstairs, I was much surprised to hear my name called by a man's voice who stood in the crowd upon the landing-place, and who said:

"Miss Burney, better go up another flight (pointing upstairs)—if you'll take my advice, you'll go up another flight, for there's no room anywhere else."

I then recollected the voice, for I could not see the face of Lord Mulgrave, and I began at first to suppose I must really do as he said, for there seemed not room for a sparrow, and I have heard the Sharp family do actually send their company all over their house when they give concerts. However, by degrees we squeezed ourselves into the outer room, and then Mrs. Lambart

made way up to me, to introduce me to Miss C——, who is extremely handsome, genteel, and pleasing, though tonish, and who did the honours, in spite of the crowd, in a manner to satisfy everybody. After that, she herself introduced me to her next sister, Arabella, who is very fat, but not ugly. As to Sir J., he was seated behind a door in the music-room, where, being lame, he was obliged to keep still, and I never once saw his face, though I was on the point of falling over him; for, at one time, as I had squeezed just into the music-room, and was leaning against the door, which was open, and which Lord Althorpe, the Duchess of Devonshire's brother, was also lolling against, the pressure pushed Sir James's chair, and the door beginning to move, I thought we should have fallen backwards. Lord Althorpe moved off instantly, and I started forwards without making any disturbance, and then Mr. Travell came to assure me all was safe behind the door, and so the matter rested quietly, though not without giving me a ridiculous fright.

Mr. Travell, ma'am, if I have not yet introduced him to you, I must tell you is known throughout Bath by the name of Beau Travell; he is a most approved connoisseur in beauty, gives the ton to all the world, sets up young ladies in the *beau monde*, and is the sovereign arbitrator of fashions, and decider of fashionable people. I had never the honour of being addressed by him before, though I have met him at the dean's and at Mrs. Lambart's. So you may believe I was properly struck.

Though the rooms were so crowded, I saw but two faces I knew—Lord Huntingdon, whom I have drunk tea with at Mrs. Cholmley's, and Miss Philips; but the rest were all showy tonish people, who are only to be seen by going to the rooms, which we never do.

Some time after, Lord Mulgrave crowded in among us, and cried out to me:

"So you would not take my advice!"

I told him he had really alarmed me, for I had taken him seriously.

He laughed at the notion of sending me up to the garrets, and then poked himself into the concert-room.

Oh, but I forgot to mention Dr. Harrington, with whom I had much conversation, and who was dry, comical, and very agreeable. I also saw Mr. Henry, but as Miss L—— was not present, nothing ensued.

Miss C—— herself brought me a cup of ice, the room being so crowded that the man could not get near me. How ridiculous to invite so many more people than could be accommodated!

Lord Mulgrave was soon sick of the heat, and finding me distressed what to do with my cup, he very good-naturedly took it from me, but carried not only that, but himself also, away, which I did not equally rejoice at.

You may laugh, perhaps, that I have all this time said never a word of the music, but the truth is I heard scarce a note. There were quartettos and overtures by gentlemen performers whose names and faces I know not, and such was the never-ceasing tattling and noise in the card-room, where I was kept almost all the evening, that a general humming of musical sounds, and now and then a twang, was all I could hear.

Nothing can well be more ridiculous than a concert of this sort; and Dr. Harrington told me that the confusion amongst the musicians was equal to that amongst the company; for that, when called upon to open the concert, they found no music. The Miss C—— had prepared nothing, nor yet solicited their *dilettanti* to prepare for them. Miss Harrington, his daughter, who played upon the harpsichord, and by the very little I could sometimes hear, I believe very well, complained that she had never touched so vile an instrument, and that she was quite disturbed at being obliged to play upon it.

About the time that I got against the door, as I have mentioned, of the music-room, the young ladies were preparing to perform, and with the assistance of Mr. Henry, they sang catches. Oh, such singing! worse squalling, more out of tune, and more execrable in every respect, never did I hear. We did not get away till late.

SUNDAY.—We had an excellent sermon from the Bishop of Peterborough, who preached merely at the request of Mrs. Thrale. From the Abbey we went to the pump-room, where

we met Mrs. and Miss Byron, and I gave Captain Frodsham's message, or rather apologies, to Mrs. Byron, who in her warm and rapid way told me she thought it extremely ill-bred that he had not waited upon her, but consented to receive him if he thought proper to come, and I undertook to let him know the same through Miss Leigh.

At the pump-room we also saw the beautiful Miss Ditcher, Richardson's granddaughter, Mr. Whalley, &c. But what gave me most pleasure was meeting with Miss Cooper, and hearing from her that Mrs. Carter was come to Bath, though only for that very day, in her way somewhere farther. I have long languished to see Mrs. Carter,* and I entreated Miss Cooper to present me to her, which she most readily undertook to do, and said we should meet her upon the Parade. Miss F. Bowdler joined us, and we all walked away in search of her, but to no purpose; Mrs. Thrale, therefore, accompanied Miss Cooper to York House, where she was to repose that night, purposely to invite her to spend the evening with us.

At dinner, we had the Bishop and Dr. Harrington; and the Bishop, who was in very high spirits, proposed a frolic, which was, that we should all go to Spring Gardens, where he should give us tea, and thence proceed to Mr. Ferry's, to see a very curious house and garden. Mrs. Thrale pleaded that she had invited company to tea at home, but the Bishop said we would go early, and should return in time, and was so gaily authoritative that he gained his point. He had been so long accustomed to command, when master of Westminster school, that he cannot prevail with himself, I believe, ever to be overcome.

Dr. Harrington was engaged to a patient, and could not be of our party. But the three Thrales, the Bishop, and I, pursued our scheme, crossed the Avon, had a sweet walk through the meadows, and drank tea at Spring Gardens, where the Bishop did the honours with a spirit, a gaiety, and an activity that

* Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the celebrated translator of "Epictetus." At the date of the passages in which she is referred to in the Diary, she was about sixty-three years of age. She died in 1806, at the age of eighty-nine years.

jovialised us all, and really we were prodigiously lively. We then walked on to Mr. Ferry's habitation.

Mr. Ferry is a Bath alderman; his house and garden exhibit the house and garden of Mr. Tattersall, enlarged. Just the same taste prevails, the same paltry ornaments, the same crowd of buildings, the same unmeaning decorations, and the same unsuccessful attempts at making something of nothing.

They kept us half an hour in the garden, while they were preparing for our reception in the house, where after parading through four or five little vulgarly showy closets, not rooms, we were conducted into a very gaudy little apartment, where the master of the house sat reclining on his arm, as if in contemplation, though everything conspired to show that the house and its inhabitants were carefully arranged for our reception. The bishop had sent in his name by way of gaining admission.

The Bishop, with a gravity of demeanour difficult to himself to sustain, apologised for our intrusion, and returned thanks for seeing the house and garden. Mr. Ferry started from his pensive attitude, and begged us to be seated, and then a curtain was drawn, and we perceived through a glass a perspective view of ships, boats, and water! This raree-show over, the maid who officiated as show-woman had a hint given her, and presently a trap-door opened, and up jumped a covered table, ornamented with various devices. When we had expressed our delight at this long enough to satisfy Mr. Ferry, another hint was given, and presently down dropped an eagle from the ceiling, whose talons were put into a certain hook at the top of the covering of the table, and when the admiration at this was over, up again flew the eagle, conveying in his talons the cover, and leaving under it a repast of cakes, sweetmeats, oranges, and jellies.

When our raptures upon this feat subsided, the maid received another signal, and then seated herself in an armchair, which presently sunk down underground, and up in its room came a barber's block, with a vast quantity of black wool on it, and a high head-dress.

This, you may be sure, was more applauded than all the rest: we were *en extase*, and having properly expressed our gratitude, were soon after suffered to decamp.

You may easily believe that these sights occasioned us a good merry walk home; indeed we laughed all the way, and thought but little how time went till we were again crossing the Avon, when we were reminded of it by seeing the windows full of company.

This was the worst part of the story. Mrs. Thrale was in horrid confusion; but as the Bishop gave her absolution, her apologies were very goodnatureddly accepted in general. But Mrs. Byron, half-affronted, had decamped before we returned; and Mr. Travell, the beau, looked very grim at this breach of etiquette, and made his bow just after we returned. But what was to me most vexatious, was finding that Mrs. Carter had been waiting for us near an hour. The loss of her company I most sincerely regretted, because it was irretrievable, as she was to leave Bath next day.

The rest of the party waiting consisted of Miss Cooper, Misses F. and Harriet Bowdler, Miss Sharp, who is always with Mrs. Carter; Mrs. Lambart, and my gentle friend Augusta. The two latter had been to Spring Gardens in search of us, where they had drunk tea, but we were then at Mr. Ferry's.

As soon as the general apologies were over, Miss Cooper, who knew my earnest desire of being introduced to Mrs. Carter, kindly came up to me, and taking my hand, led me to her venerable friend, and told her who I was. Mrs. Carter arose, and received me with a smiling air of benevolence that more than answered all my expectations of her. She is really a noble-looking woman; I never saw age so graceful in the female sex yet; her whole face seems to beam with goodness, piety, and philanthropy.

She told me she had lately seen some relations of mine at Mrs. Ord's, who had greatly delighted her by their musical talents—meaning, I found, Mr. Burney and our Eddy; and she said something further in their praise, and of the pleasure they had given her; but as I was standing in a large circle, all looking on, and as I kept her standing, I hardly could understand what she said, and soon after returned to my seat.

She scarce-stayed three minutes longer. When she had left

the room, I could not forbear following her to the head of the stairs, on the pretence of inquiring for her cloak. She then turned round to me, and looking at me with an air of much kindness, said, "Miss Burney, I have been greatly obliged to you long before I have seen you, and must now thank you for the very great entertainment you have given me."

This was so unexpected a compliment, that I was too much astonished to make any answer. However, I am very proud of it from Mrs. Carter, and I will not fail to seek another meeting with her when I return to town,—which I shall be able enough to do by means of Miss Cooper, or Miss Ord, or Mrs. Pepys.

* * * * *

You are, indeed, a most good and sweet girl for writing so copiously, and you oblige and indulge me more than I can express.

Well, after I had read your letter, I went to the Belvidere, and made Mr. Thrale accompany me by way of exercise, for the Belvidere is near a mile from our house, and all up hill.

Mrs. Leigh and her fair daughter received me with their usual kindness, which, indeed, is quite affectionate, and I found with them Miss Harriet Bowdler and Captain Frodsham. I negotiated matters with all the address in my power, and softened Mrs. Byron's haughty permission into a very civil invitation, which I hoped would occasion an agreeable meeting. Captain Frodsham is a very sensible, well-bred, and pleasing young man: he returned me many thanks for my interference, and said he would wait upon Mrs. Byron very speedily.

We made a long visit here, as the people were mighty likeable, and then Miss Harriet Bowdler, Miss Leigh, and Captain Frodsham accompanied us to the Parade, *i.e.* home.

In the evening we all went to Mrs. Cholmley's, where we met Mrs. Poyntz, and were, as usual at that house, sociable, cheerful, and easy.

TUESDAY.—This morning, by appointment, we met a party at the pump-room, thence to proceed to Spring Gardens, to a public breakfast. The folks, however, were not to their time, and we sallied forth only with the addition of Miss Weston and Miss Byron.

As soon as we entered the gardens, Augusta, who had hold of my arm, called out, "Ah! there's the man I danced with at the ball! and he plagued me to death, asking me if I liked this, and that, and the other, and, when I said 'No,' he asked me what I did like? So, I suppose he thought me a fool, and so, indeed, I am! only you are so good to me that I wrote my sister Sophy word you had almost made me quite vain; and she wrote to me t'other day a private letter, and told me how glad she was you were come back, for, indeed, I had written her word I should be quite sick of my life here, if it was not for sometimes seeing you."

The gentleman to whom she pointed presently made up to us, and I found he was Captain Bouchier, the same who had rattled away at Mr. Whalley's. He instantly joined Miss Weston and consequently our party, and was in the same style of flighty raillery as before. He seems to have a very good understanding, and very quick parts, but he is rather too conscious of both: however, he was really very entertaining, and as he abided wholly by Miss Weston, whose delicacy gave way to gaiety and flash, whether she would or not, I was very glad that he made one among us.

The rest of the company soon came, and were Mr. and Mrs. Whalley, Mrs. Lambart, Mrs. Aubrey, Colonel Campbell, an old officer and old acquaintance of Mr. Thrale, and some others, both male and female, whose names I know not.

We all sat in one box, but we had three tea-makers. Miss Weston presided at that table to which I belonged, and Augusta, Captain Bouchier, and herself were of our set. And gay enough we were, for the careless rattle of Captain Bouchier, which paid no regard to the daintiness of Miss Weston, made her obliged, in her own defence, to abate her finery, and laugh, and rally, and rail, in her turn. But, at last, I really began to fear that this flighty officer would bring on a serious quarrel, for, among other subjects he was sporting, he, unfortunately, started that of the Bath Easton Vase, which he ridiculed without mercy, and yet, according to all I have heard of it, without any injustice; but Mrs. Whalley, who overheard him, was quite irritated with him.

Sir John and Lady Miller are her friends, and she thought it incumbent upon her to vindicate even this vain folly, which she did weakly and warmly, while Captain Bouchier only laughed and ridiculed them the more. Mrs. Whalley then coloured, and grew quite enraged, reasoning upon the wickedness of laughing at her good friends, and talking of generosity and sentiment. Meanwhile, he scampered from side to side, to avoid her; laughed, shouted, and tried every way of braving it out; but was compelled at last to be serious, and enter into a solemn defence of his intentions, which were, he said, to ridicule the vase, not the Millers.

In the evening we went to Mrs. Lambart's; but of that visit, in which I made a very extraordinary new acquaintance, in my next packet; for this will not hold the account.

WEDNESDAY.—To go on with Mrs. Lambart. The party was Mr. and Mrs. Vanbrugh—the former a good sort of man—the latter, Captain Bouchier says, reckons herself a woman of humour, but she kept it prodigious snug; Lord Huntingdon, a very deaf old lord; Sir Robert Pigot, a very thin old baronet; Mr. Tyson, a very civil master of the ceremonies; Mr. and Mrs. White, a very insignificant couple; Sir James C——, a bawling old man; two Misses C——, a pair of tonish misses; Mrs. and Miss Byron; Miss W——, and certain others I knew nothing of.

Augusta Byron, according to custom, had entered into conversation with me, and we were talking about her sisters, and her affairs, when Mr. E—— (whose name I forgot to mention) came to inform me that Mrs. Lambart begged to speak to me. She was upon a sofa with Miss W——, who, it seemed, desired much to be introduced to me, and so I took a chair facing them.

Miss W—— is young and pleasing in her appearance, not pretty, but agreeable in her face, and soft, gentle, and well-bred in her manners. Our conversation, for some time, was upon the common Bath topics; but when Mrs. Lambart left us—called to receive more company—we went insensibly into graver matters.

As soon as I found, by the looks and expressions of this young lady, that she was of a peculiar cast, I left all choice of subjects

to herself, determined quietly to follow as she led; and very soon, and I am sure I know not how, we had for topics the follies and vices of mankind, and, indeed, she spared not for lashing them. The women she rather excused than defended, laying to the door of the men their faults and imperfections; but the men, she said, were all bad—all, in one word, and without exception, sensualists!

I stared much at a severity of speech for which her softness of manner had so ill-prepared me; and she, perceiving my surprise, said:

"I am sure I ought to apologise for speaking my opinion to you—you, who have so just and so uncommon a knowledge of human nature. I have long wished ardently to have the honour of conversing with you; but your party has, altogether, been regarded as so formidable, that I have not had courage to approach it."

I made—as what could I do else?—disqualifying speeches, and she then led to discoursing of happiness and misery: the latter she held to be the invariable lot of us all; and "one word," she added, "we have in our language, and in all others, for which there is never any essential necessity, and that is—*pleasure!*" And her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"How you amaze me!" cried I; "I have met with misanthropes before, but never with so complete a one; and I can hardly think I hear right when I see how young you are!"

She then, in rather indirect terms, gave me to understand that she was miserable at home, and in very direct terms, that she was wretched abroad; and openly said, that to affliction she was born, and in affliction she must die, for that the world was so vilely formed as to render happiness impossible for its inhabitants.

There was something in this freedom of repining that I could by no means approve, and, as I found by all her manner that she had a disposition to even respect whatever I said, I now grew very serious, and frankly told her that I could not think it consistent with either truth or religion to cherish such notions.

"One thing," answered she, "there is, which I believe might make me happy, but for that I have no inclination: it is an

amorous disposition ; but that I do not possess. I can make myself no happiness by intrigue."

"I hope not, indeed!" cried I, almost confounded by her extraordinary notions and speeches ; "but, surely, there are worthier subjects of happiness attainable!"

"No, I believe there are not, and the reason the men are happier than us, is because they are more sensual!"

"I would not think such thoughts," cried I, clasping my hands with an involuntary vehemence, "for worlds!"

The Misses C—— then interrupted us, and seated themselves next to us ; but Miss W—— paid them little attention at first, and soon after none at all ; but, in a low voice, continued her discourse with me, recurring to the same subject of happiness and misery, upon which, after again asserting the folly of ever hoping for the former, she made this speech :

"There may be, indeed, one moment of happiness, which must be the finding one worthy of exciting a passion which one should dare own to himself. That would, indeed, be a moment worth living for ! but that can never happen—I am sure, not to me—the men are so low, so vicious, so worthless ! No, there is not one such to be found !"

What a strange girl ! I could do little more than listen to her, from surprise at all she said.

"If, however," she continued, "I had your talents, I could, bad as this world is, be happy in it. There is nothing, there is nobody I envy like you. With such resources as yours there can never be *ennui* ; the mind may always be employed, and always be gay ! Oh, if I could write as you write !"

"Try," cried I, "that is all that is wanting : try, and you will soon do much better things !"

"Oh no ! I have tried, but I cannot succeed."

"Perhaps you are too diffident. But is it possible you can be serious in so dreadful an assertion as that you are never happy ? Are you sure that some real misfortune would not show you that your present misery is imaginary ?"

"I don't know," answered she, looking down, "perhaps it is so—but in that case, 'tis a misery so much the harder to be cured."

"You surprise me more and more," cried I; "is it possible you can so rationally see the disease of a disordered imagination, and yet allow it such power over your mind?"

"Yes, for it is the only source from which I draw any shadow of felicity. Sometimes when in the country, I give way to my imagination for whole days, and then I forget the world and its cares, and feel some enjoyment of existence."

"Tell me what is then your notion of felicity? Whither does your castle-building carry you?"

"Oh, quite out of the world—I know not where, but I am surrounded with sylphs, and I forget everything besides."

"Well, you are a most extraordinary character, indeed; I must confess I have seen nothing like you!"

"I hope, however, I shall find something like myself, and, like the magnet rolling in the dust, attract some metal as I go."

"That you may attract what you please, is of all things the most likely; but if you wait to be happy for a friend resembling yourself, I shall no longer wonder at your despondency."

"Oh!" cried she, raising her eyes in ecstasy, "could I find such a one!—male or female—for sex would be indifferent to me. With such a one I would go to live directly."

I half laughed, but was perplexed in my own mind whether to be sad or merry at such a speech.

"But then," she continued, "after making, should I lose such a friend, I would not survive."

"Not survive?" repeated I, "what can you mean?"

She looked down, but said nothing.

"Surely you cannot mean," said I, very gravely indeed, "to put a violent end to your life?"

"I should not," she said, again looking up, "hesitate a moment."

I was quite thunderstruck, and for some time could not say a word; but when I did speak, it was in a style of exhortation so serious and earnest, that I am ashamed to write it to you, lest you should think it too much.

She gave me an attention that was even respectful, but when I urged her to tell me by what right she thought herself entitled

to rush unlicensed on eternity, she said, "By the right of believing I shall be extinct."

I really felt horror-struck.

"Where, for Heaven's sake," I cried, "where have you picked up such dreadful reasoning?"

"In Hume," said she; "I have read his Essays repeatedly."

"I am sorry to find they have power to do so much mischief. You should not have read them, at least till a man equal to Hume in abilities had answered him. Have you read any more infidel writers?"

"Yes, Bolingbroke, the divinest of all writers."

"And do you read nothing upon the right side?"

"Yes, the Bible, till I was sick to death of it, every Sunday evening to my mother."

"Have you read Beattie on the 'Immutability of Truth'?"

"No."

"Give me leave, then, to recommend it to you. After Hume's Essays you ought to read it. And even for lighter reading, if you were to look at Mason's 'Elegy on Lady Coventry,' it might be of no disservice to you."

And then I could not forbear repeating to her from that beautiful poem:

"Yet, know, vain sceptics, know, th' Almighty Mind
Who breathed on man a portion of His fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confined,
To Heaven, to immortality, aspire!

"Nor shall the pile of hope, His mercy rear'd,
By vain philosophy be e'er destroyed.
Eternity—by all, or wish'd, or fear'd,
Shall be by all, or suffer'd or enjoy'd."

This was the chief of our conversation, which indeed made an impression upon me I shall not easily get rid of. A young and agreeable infidel is even a shocking sight, and with her romantic, flighty, and unguarded turn of mind, what could happen to her that could give surprise?

Poor misguided girl! I heartily indeed wish she was in good hands. She is in a very dangerous situation, with ideas so loose of religion, and so enthusiastic of love. What, indeed, is there

to restrain an infidel, who has no belief in a future state, from sin and evil of any sort?

Before we left Mrs. Lambart, Mrs. Byron took me aside to beg I would go and make her peace with Captain Frodsham. Droll enough to have the tables so turned. She feared, she said, that she had offended him by certain unfortunate reflections she had inadvertently cast upon some officers to whom he was related. The particulars would but tire you; but I readily undertook the commission, and assured her I was certain such condescension on her part would make the captain all her own.

Augusta, with her usual sweetness, lamented seeing so little of me, as Miss W—— had occupied me solely; but said she did not wonder, and had no right to complain, as she wished to do the same. She is, indeed, quite romantic in her partiality.

THURSDAY.—In the morning I walked to the Belvidere, to execute my commission. Captain Frodsham I met at Mrs. Leigh's, and began my treaty of peace, but soon found he had taken no offence, but, on the contrary, had been much charmed with Mrs. Byron's conversation and vivacity. I had therefore soon done, and having spent an hour with them very agreeably, I proceeded to Mrs. Byron, to tell her the success of the negotiation. Augusta walked back with me, but on the South Parade we met Miss C——, who joined me, and then the bashful Augusta would not go another step, but hastily shook my hand and ran away.

At night, however, we met again, as we had a party at home, consisting of the Byrons, Dean of Ossory, Mrs. and Charlotte Lewis, Mrs. Lambart, and Dr. Finch.

Dr. Finch is a tall, large, rather handsome, smiling, and self-complacent clergyman. He talked very much of an old lady here aged ninety, who was very agreeable, and upon inquiry I found she was Mrs. Ord's mother, Mrs. Dellingham. I could not forbear wishing to see her, and then Dr. Finch, who lodges in the same house with her, was very pressing to introduce me to her. I could not agree to so abrupt an intrusion, but I did not object to his making overtures for such a meeting, as my affection and respect for Mrs. Ord made me extremely wish to see her mother.

FRIDAY.—Early this morning I received my Susan's second packet of this second Bath journey. The remaining account of the *miserere* concert is very entertaining, and Rauzzini's badinage diverted me much.

I have nobody to tell you of here that you care a fig for, but not caring, you may sometimes have a chance of being diverted, —so on I go.

This morning, by appointment, I was to breakfast with Miss Leigh. Just as I came to the pump-room, I met Mr. and Mrs. Cholmley. The latter shook hands with me, and said she should leave Bath in a day or two. I was very sorry for it, as she is a real loss to me. On, then, I posted, and presently before me I perceived Lord Mulgrave. As I was rather hurried, I meant to take an adroit turn to pass him, but he was in a frisky humour, and danced before me from side to side to stop me, saying, "Why, where now, where are you posting so fast?"

I then halted, and we talked a little talk of the Thrales, of the weather, &c., and then finding he was at his old trick of standing still before me, without seeming to have any intention we should separate, though I did not find he had anything more to say, I rather abruptly wished him good morning and whisked off.

I had, however, only gone another street ere I again encountered him, and then we both laughed, and he walked on with me. He himself lives at the Belvidere, and very good-humouredly made my pace his, and chatted with me all the way, till I stopped at Mrs. Leigh's. Our confabulation, however, was all about Bath matters and people, and, therefore, will not bear writing, though I assure you it was pretty enough, and of half a mile's length.

In the evening was the last ball expected to be at Bath this season, and, therefore, knowing we could go to no other, it was settled we should go to this. Of our party were Mrs. Byron and Augusta, Miss Philips, and Charlotte Lewis.

Mrs. Byron was placed at the upper end of the room by Mr. Tyson, because she is honourable, and her daughter next to her; I, of course, the lowest of our party; but the moment Mr. Tyson had arranged us, Augusta arose, and nothing would satisfy her but taking a seat not only next to, but below me; nor could I,

for my life, get the better of the affectionate humility with which she quite supplicated me to be content. She was soon after followed by Captain Brisbane, a young officer who had met her in Spring Gardens, and seemed much struck with her, and was now presented to her by Mr. Tyson for her partner.

Captain Brisbane is a very pretty sort of young man, but did not much enliven us. Soon after I perceived Captain Bouchier, who, after talking some time with Mrs. Thrale, and various parties, made up to us, and upon Augusta's being called upon to dance a minuet, took her place, and began a very lively sort of chit-chat.

Just before she went to dance her minuet, upon my admiring her bouquet, which was the most beautiful in the room, she tore from it the only two moss-roses in it, and so spoilt it all before her exhibition, merely that I might have the best of it.

Country dances were now preparing, and Captain Bouchier asked me for the honour of my hand, but I had previously resolved not to dance, and, therefore, declined his offer. But he took, of the sudden, a fancy to prate with me, and therefore budged not after the refusal.

He told me this was the worst ball for company there had been the whole season; and, with a wicked laugh that was too significant to be misunderstood, said, "And, as you have been to no other, perhaps you will give this for a specimen of a Bath ball!"

He told me he had very lately met with Hannah More, and then mentioned Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter, whence he took occasion to say most high and fine things of the ladies of the present age,—their writings, and talents; and I soon found he had no small reverence for us blue-stockings.

About this time, Charlotte, who had confessedly dressed herself for dancing, but whose pretty face had by some means been overlooked, drawled towards us, and asked me why I would not dance?

"I never intended it," said I; "but I hoped to have seen you."

"No," said she, yawning, "no more shall I,—I don't choose it."

"Don't you?" said Captain Bouchier, drily, "why not?"

"Why, because I don't like it."

"O fie!" cried he; "consider how cruel that is."

"I must consider myself," said she, pertly; "for I don't choose to heat myself this hot weather."

Just then, a young man came forward, and requested her hand. She coloured, looked excessively silly, and walked off with him to join the dancers.

When, between the dances, she came our way, he plagued her, *à la* Sir Clement.

"Well," cried he, "so you have been dancing this hot night! I thought you would have considered yourself better?"

"Oh," said she, "I could not help it—I had much rather not;—it was quite disagreeable to me."

"No, no,—pardon me there!" said he maliciously; "I saw pleasure dance first in your eyes; I never saw you look more delighted: you were quite the queen of smiles!"

She looked as if she could have killed him: and yet, from giddiness and good-humour, was compelled to join in the laugh.

After this we went to tea. When that was over, and we all returned to the ball-room, Captain Bouchier followed me, and again took a seat next mine, which he kept, without once moving, the whole night.

Before we broke up, this Captain asked me if I should be at the play next night?—"Yes," I could not but say, as we had had places taken some time; but I did not half like it, for his manner of asking plainly implied, "If *you* go, why *I* will!"

When we made our exit, he saw me safe out of the rooms, with as much attention as if we had actually been partners. As we were near home we did not get into chairs; and Mr. Travell joined us in our walk.

"Why, what a flirtation!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "why, Burney, this is a man of taste!—Pray, Mr. Travell, will it do? What has he?"

"Twenty thousand pounds, ma'am," answered the beau.

"O ho! has he so?—Well, well, we'll think of it."

Finding her so facetious, I determined not to acquaint her with the query concerning the play, knowing that, if I did, and he

appeared there, she would be outrageous in merriment. She is a most dear creature, but never restrains her tongue in anything, nor, indeed, any of her feelings :—she laughs, cries, scolds, sports, reasons, makes fun,—does everything she has an inclination to do, without any study of prudence, or thought of blame ; and, pure and artless as is this character, it often draws both herself and others into scrapes which a little discretion would avoid.

CHAPTER IX.

Bath Diary resumed—A Dinner-party—Raillery—Flirtation—The Bath Theatre—Bath Actors—The Abbey Church—Garrick and Quin—Morning Calls—Curiosity—The Dean of Ossory—Beau Travell—Family Quarrels—An Oddity—Bath Easton—Female Admiration—Miss Bowdler—A Female Sceptic—A Baby Critic—Lord George Gordon—The No-Popery Riots—Danger of Mr. Thrale from the Riots—Precipitate Retreat—Letters from Miss Burney—Public Excitement—Riots at Bath—Salisbury—Mr. Thrale's House attacked—Letters from Dr. Burney and Mrs. Thrale—Description of the Riots—Brighton Society—Conclusion of the Riots—Letters from Miss Burney—Pacchierotti—A Dinner-party at Dr. Burney's—Lord Sandwich—Captain Cook's Journal—Letter from Mrs. Thrale—Brighton Society—Grub-street—Miss Burney to Mrs. Thrale—Dangerous Times—A Dinner-party at Dr. Burney's—A Visit to Dr. Johnson—Miss Burney and Dr. Johnson in Grub-street—Son of Edmund Burke—A Female Rattle—Johnson's Lives of the Poets—Streatham Diary resumed—Brighton—Lady Hesketh—Lady Shelley—A Juvenile Musician—Dangerous Illness of Mr. Thrale—Dr. Johnson and Mr. Murphy—Lady Ladd—Letters—Sheridan's "Critic"—"Evelina" in the Bodleian Library—Promotion—Chit-chat.

Bath Diary resumed.

JUNE.—I feel myself inclined, my dearest Susy, to do nothing now but write to you; and so many packets do I owe you, that *le devoir* here joins *l'inclination*.

I left off with Friday's ball.

SATURDAY morning I spent in visiting.

At dinner we had Mrs. Lambart and Colonel Campbell. All the discourse was upon Augusta Byron's having made a conquest of Captain Brisbane, and the match was soon concluded, upon,—at least, they all allowed it would be decided this night, when she was to go with us to the play; and if Captain Brisbane was there, why then he was *in for it*, and the thing was done.

Well—Augusta came at the usual time; Colonel Campbell

took leave, but Mrs. Lambart accompanied us to the play: and in the lobby, the first object we saw was Captain Brisbane. He immediately advanced to us, and, joining our party, followed us to our box.

Nothing could equal the wickedness of Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Lambart; they smiled at each other with such significance! Fortunately, however, Augusta did not observe them.

Well, we took our seats, and Captain Brisbane, by getting into the next box, on a line with ours, placed himself next to Augusta: but, hardly had Mrs. Thrale and Lambart composed their faces, ere I heard the box-door open. Every one looked round but me, and I had reasons for avoiding such curiosity,—reasons well enough founded, for instantly grins, broader than before, widened the mouths of the two married ladies, while even Miss Thrale began a titter that half choked her, and Augusta, nodding to me with an arch smirk, said, “Miss Burney, I wish you joy!”

To be sure I could have no doubt who entered, but, very innocently, I demanded of them all the cause of their mirth. They scrupled not explaining themselves; and I found my caution, in not mentioning the query that had been put to me, availed me nothing, for the Captain was already a marked man in my service!

He placed himself exactly behind me, but very quietly and silently, and did not, for some minutes, speak to me; afterwards however, he did a little,—except when my favourite Mr. Lee, who acted Old Norval, in “Douglas,” was on the stage, and then he was strictly silent. I am in no cue to write our discourse; but it was pleasant and entertaining enough at the time, and his observations upon the play and the players were lively and comical. But I was prodigiously worried by my own party, who took every opportunity to inquire how I was entertained, and so forth,—and to snigger.

Two young ladies, who seemed about eighteen, and sat above us, were so much shocked by the death of Douglas, that they both burst into a loud fit of roaring, like little children,—and sobbed on, afterwards, for almost half the farce! I was quite astonished; and Miss Weston complained that they really dis-

turbed her sorrows; but Captain Bouchier was highly diverted, and went to give them comfort, as if they had been babies, telling them it was all over, and that they need not cry any more.

SUNDAY.—In the morning, after church-time, I spent an hour or two in looking over the abbey church, and reading epitaphs,—among which, Garrick's on Quin was much the best.

In the afternoon I called upon the Leighs, to take leave, as they were going from Bath next day.

From them I went to Mrs. Byron's, where the Thrales were already, and a large party: Lord Mulgrave, Mrs. Vanbrugh, Mrs. Lambart, Captains Brisbane and Frodsham, Beau Travell, Mr. Tyson, the Hon. Mr. Wyndham, brother to Lord Egremont, and Mr. Chadwick.

MONDAY.—After breakfast, Fanny Bowdler called upon me, and we were *tête-à-tête* all the morning. She is an extraordinary good *tête-à-tête*, and I did not think her the less agreeable, I suppose, for telling me that Mrs. Carter had condescended to speak of me in very flattering terms since our meeting.

She told me also that Miss Leigh is soon to be married to Captain Frodsham. I am very glad of it, as they seem very deserving of each other, and will make a most agreeable and sensible pair.

In the evening we were at the Vanbrughs', where we met Mr., Mrs., and Miss G——, all three mighty tonish folks: the Mr. in a common and heavy way, the Mrs. in an insolent, overbearing way, and the Miss in a shy, proud, stiff way. Also the good-humoured Dr. Maningham, and Mrs. and Miss ditto, of no characters apparent; Miss Jones, an ugly, sensible, reserved woman; her father—I know not what; Mr. Tom Pitt, a prosing, conceited man of fashion, and sense to boot; Mrs. Lambart, Mrs. Byron, and some others I know not.

All the early part of the evening Miss Thrale and I sat together; but afterwards Mrs. Thrale, who was at another part of the room, called me over, and said:

"Come, Miss Burney, come and tell Mrs. Lambart about these *green rails* at Clifton."

And so saying, she gave me her seat, which was between Mrs. Lambart and Mrs. Byron, and walked away to other folks.

I found they had all been laughing about some house upon Clifton Hill with green rails, which Mrs. Lambart vowed was *Mrs. Beaumont's*, and said she was sure I must have meant it should seem such: and a sportively complimentary conversation took place, and lasted till Mrs. G——, having cut out at cards, with an air of tonish stateliness approached us, and seating herself by Mrs. Lambart, and nearly opposite to me, fixed her eyes on my face, and examined it with a superb dignity of assurance that made me hardly know what I said, in my answers to Mrs. Lambart and Mrs. Byron.

Having looked in silence till she was tired, in which I must own I felt some sympathy, she whispered Mrs. Lambart,

"Is that Miss Burney?"

"Yes," re-whispered Mrs. Lambart; "shall I introduce her to you?"

"No, no," answered she, "I can do that well enough."

This, though all in very low voices, I was too near not to hear; and I began to feel monstrous glumpy upon this last speech, which indeed was impertinent enough.

Soon after, this high lady said:

"Were you ever in Bath before, Miss Burney?"

"Yes, ma'am," I replied, very dryly; and to show how little I should stoop the lower for her airs, I instantly went on talking with Mrs. Byron, without allowing her an opportunity for the conference she seemed opening. Characters of this sort always make me as proud as they are themselves; while the avidity with which Mrs. Byron honours, and the kindness with which Mrs. Thrale delights me, makes me ready to kiss even the dust that falls from their feet.

Having now, therefore, reanimated my courage, I took a fit of talking, and made my own part good, and then I less minded her busy eyes, which never a moment spared me.

This lasted till Mrs. Thrale again joined us, and sat down next to Mrs. G——, who, in a few minutes, said to her in a whisper:

"She is just what I have heard—I like her vastly."

This quite amazed me, for her whisper was unavoidably heard by me, as we all sat cheek by jowl; and presently she repeated with yet more earnestness:

"I like her of all things."

"Yes, she is a sweet creature indeed," answered my dear puffer, "and I am sure I love her dearly."

Afterwards, she asked Mrs. Thrale a hundred questions concerning Dr. Johnson, with an air and an abruptness that provoked her so she could hardly answer her; and when Mrs. Lambart again hinted at the green rails, Mrs. G——, looking at me with a smile, the softest she could assume, said:

"I am a great admirer of 'Evelina'—I think it has very great merit."

And I dare say she thought the praise of Dr. Johnson had never been half so flattering to me.

TUESDAY evening we spent at the Dean of Ossory's. We met no company there but Dr. Finch, who appointed the next morning for presenting me to Mrs. Dellingham. (N.B. I hope I have mentioned this doctor is married, otherwise you may be justly and cruelly alarmed for my reputation.)

WEDNESDAY.—Dr. Finch called in the morning, and escorted me to Mrs. Dellingham's.

Mrs. Dellingham is said to be ninety and more; I, therefore, expected to walk up to her easy-chair and bawl out in her ear, "Ma'am, your servant;" but no such thing happened; to my great surprise, she met at the door of the drawing-room, took my hand, welcomed me very politely, and led me to the best seat at the upper end of the room. She is a very venerable and cheerful old gentlewoman, walks well, hears readily, is almost quite upright, and very chatty and well bred.

My discourse, as you may imagine, was all of Mrs. Ord: but Dr. Finch took care it should not be much, as he is one of those placid prozers who are never a moment silent.

As soon as I had returned home, Charlotte L—— called, and the little gig told all the quarrels and all *les malheurs* of the domestic life she led in her family, and made them all ridiculous, without meaning to make herself so.

She was but just gone, when I was again called down to Miss Weston—nobody else at home; and then I was regaled with a character equally ludicrous, but much less entertaining, for nothing would she talk of but “dear nature,” and nothing abuse but “odious affectation!” She really would be too bad for the stage, for she is never so content as when drawing her own character for other people’s, as if on purpose to make one sick of it. She begged, however, for my town direction, and talked in high strains of the pleasure she should have in visiting me. But in London we can manage those matters better. She was to leave Bath next day.

Mrs. Whalley also called *pour prendre congé*, and made much invitation to her country-seat for us.

In the evening, we all went to Mrs. Lambart’s, where we met the Grenvilles, Byrons, Vanbrughs, Captain Brisbane, Messrs. Chadwicke, Travell, and Wyndham, Miss Philips, Lady Dorothy English, Lord Cunningham, and various others. But I have no time for particulars, and, as I shall, perhaps, see few of them any more, no inclination.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8.—We went to Bath Easton. Mrs. Lambart went with us.

The house is charmingly situated, well fitted up, convenient, and pleasant, and not large, but commodious and elegant. Thursday is still their public day for company, though the business of the Vase is over for this season.

The room into which we were conducted was so much crowded we could hardly make our way. Lady Miller came to the door, and, as she had first done to the rest of us, took my hand, and led me up to a most prodigious fat old lady, and introduced me to her. This was Mrs. Riggs, her ladyship’s mother, who seems to have Bath Easton and its owners under her feet.

I was smiled upon with a graciousness designedly marked, and seemed most uncommonly welcome. Mrs. Riggs looked as if she could have shouted for joy at sight of me! She is mighty merry and facetious. Sir John was very quiet, but very civil.

I saw the place appropriated for the Vase, but at this time it was removed. As it was hot, Sir John Miller offered us to walk

round the house, and see his green-house, &c. So away we set off Harriet Bowdler accompanying me, and some others following.

We had not strolled far ere we were overtaken by another party, and among them I perceived Miss W——, my new sceptical friend. She joined me immediately, and I found she was by no means in so sad a humour as when I saw her last: on the contrary, she seemed slightly gay.

"Were you never here before?" she asked me.

"No."

"No? why what an acquisition you are then! I suppose you will contribute to the Vase?"

"No, indeed?"

"No more you ought; you are quite too good for it."

"No not that; but I have no great passion for making the trial. You, I suppose, have contributed?"

"No, never—I can't. I have tried, but I could never write verses in my life—never get beyond Cupid and staid."

"Did Cupid, then, always come in your way? what a mischievous archer!"

"No, he has not been very mischievous to me this year."

"Not this year! Oh, very well! He has spared you, then, for a whole twelvemonth?"

She laughed, and we were interrupted by more company.

Afterwards, when we returned into the house, we found another room filled with company. Among those that I knew were the Oldwells, the Grenvilles, some of the Bowdlers, Mr. Wyndham, and Miss J——.

This Miss J—— had, when I last met her at Mrs. Lambert's, desired to be introduced to me, as Mrs. Lambert told me, who performed that ceremony; for Mrs. Lambert, with whom I am in no small favour, always makes me the most consequential, and I found she was Mrs. Riskton's old friend, and, therefore, all I remember hearing of her gave me no desire to make her my new one. However, nothing convinced me more that I was the fool at Bath, than her making this overture, for everything I ever heard of her proved her insolent pride. Besides

Beau Travell has spoken very highly of me! So my fame is now made, and Mrs. G——, who had passed me when she entered the room at Bath Easton, while I was engaged in conversation with Lady Miller, afterwards suddenly came up, and with a look of equal surprise and pleasure at sight of me, most graciously and smilingly addressed me. My coldness in return to all these sickening, heartless, *ton-led* people, I try not to repress, though to treat them with such respect as their superior stations fairly claim, I would not for the world neglect.

Some time after, while I was talking with Miss W—— and Harriet Bowdler, Mrs. Riggs came up to us, and with an expression of comical admiration, fixed her eyes upon me, and for some time amused herself with apparently watching me. Mrs. Lambart, who was at cards, turned round and begged me to give her her cloak, for she felt rheumatic; I could not readily find it, and, after looking some time, I was obliged to give her my own; but while I was hunting, Mrs. Riggs followed me, laughing, nodding, and looking much delighted, and every now and then saying:

"That's right, Evelina!—Ah, look for it, Evelina!—Evelina always did so—she always looked for people's cloaks, and was obliging and well bred!"

I grinned a little to be sure, but tried to escape her, by again getting between Miss W—— and Harriet Bowdler; but Mrs. Riggs still kept opposite to me, expressing from time to time, by uplifted hands and eyes, comical applause.

Harriet Bowdler modestly mumbled some praise, but addressed it to Miss Thrale. I begged a truce, and retired to a chair in a corner, at the request of Miss W——, to have a *tête-à-tête*, for which, however, her strange levity gave me no great desire.

She begged to know if I had written anything else. I assured her never.

"The 'Sylph,'" said she, "I am told, was yours."

"I had nothing at all to do with that or anything else that ever was published but 'Evelina;' you, I suppose, read the 'Sylph' for its name's sake?"

"No; I never read novels—I hate them; I never read

'Evelina' till I was quite persecuted by hearing it talked of. 'Sir Charles Grandison' I tried once, but could not bear it; Sir Charles for a lover! no lover for me! for a guardian or the trustee of an estate, he might do very well—but for a lover!"

"What—when he bows upon your hand! would not that do?"

She kept me by her side for a full hour, and we again talked over our former conversation; and I inquired what first led her to seeking infidel books?

"Pope," she said; he was himself a deist, she believed, and his praise of Bolingbroke made her mad to read his books, and then the rest followed easily.

She also gave me an account of her private and domestic life; of her misery at home, her search of dissipation, and her incapability of happiness.

Poor girl! I am really sorry for her; she has strong and lively parts, but I think her in the high road of lasting destruction. And she thinks about religion only to persuade herself there is none. I recommended to her all the good books I could think of, and scrupled not to express warmly and most seriously my surprise and horror at her way of thinking. It was easy to me to see that she attended to my opinions with curiosity, and yet easier to discover that had she not respected me as the author of a book she happened to be fond of, she would have rallied them unmercifully; however, that consideration gave weight to what I said, and evidently disposed her to be pleased with me.

Our conversation would have lasted till leave-taking, but for our being interrupted by Miss Miller, a most beautiful little girl of ten years old.

Miss W—— begged her to sing us a French song. She coquetted, but Mrs. Riggs came to us, and said if I wished it, I did her granddaughter great honour, and she insisted upon her obedience. The little girl laughed and complied, and we went into another room to hear her, followed by the Misses Caldwell. She sung in a pretty childish manner enough.

When we became more intimate, she said:

"Ma'am, I have a great favour to request of you, if you please!"

I begged to know what it was, and assured her I would grant it; and, to be out of the way of these misses, I led her to the window.

"Ma'am," said the little girl, "will you then be so good as to tell me where Evelina is now?"

I was a little surprised at the question, and told her I had not heard lately.

"O ma'am, but I am sure you know!" cried she, "for you know you wrote it! and mamma was so good as to let me hear her read it; and pray, ma'am, do tell me where she is? and whether Miss Branghton and Miss Polly went to see her when she was married to Lord Orville?"

I promised her I would inquire, and let her know.

"And pray, ma'am, is Madame Duval with her now?"

And several other questions she asked me, with a childish simplicity that was very diverting. She took the whole for a true story, and was quite eager to know what was become of all the people. And when I said I would inquire, and tell her when we next met,

"Oh, but, ma'am," she said, "had not you better write it down, because then there would be more of it, you know?"

She told me repeatedly how sorry she was that I had not come to Bath Easton in "Vase" time, and how sorry her mamma had been.

When we were coming away, and Lady Miller and Sir John had both taken very civil leave of me, I curtsied in passing Mrs. Riggs, and she rose, and called after me—"Set about another!"

When we came home, our newspaper accounts of the tumults in town, with Lord George Gordon and his mob, alarmed us very much; but we had still no notion of the real danger you were all in.

FRIDAY.—We drank tea with the Bowdlers, and met Captain Frodsham. Fanny Bowdler congratulated me very wickedly upon my initiation at Bath Easton. At our return home we were informed a mob was surrounding a new Roman Catholic

chapel. At first we disbelieved it, but presently one of the servants came and told us they were knocking it to pieces; and in half an hour, looking out of our windows, we saw it in flames! and listening, we heard loud and violent shouts!

I shall write no particulars; the horrible subject you have had more than your share of. Mrs. Thrale and I sat up till four o'clock, and walked about the Parades, and at two we went with a large party to the spot, and saw the beautiful new building consuming; the mob then were all quiet—all still and silent, and everybody seemed but as spectators.

SATURDAY morning, to my inexpressible concern, brought me no letters from town, and my uneasiness to hear from you made me quite wretched. Mrs. Thrale had letters from Sir Philip Clerke and Mr. Perkins, to acquaint her that her town-house had been three times attacked, but was at last saved by guards,—her children, plate, money, and valuables all removed. Streat-ham also threatened, and emptied of all its furniture.

The same morning also we saw a Bath and Bristol paper, in which Mr. Thrale was asserted to be a papist. This villainous falsehood terrified us even for his personal safety, and Mrs. Thrale and I agreed it was best to leave Bath directly, and travel about the country.

She left to me the task of acquainting Mr. Thrale with these particulars, being herself too much disturbed to be capable of such a task. I did it as well as I could, and succeeded so far that, by being lightly told of it, he treated it lightly, and bore it with much steadiness and composure. We then soon settled to decamp.

We had no time nor spirits *pour prendre congé* stuff, but determined to call upon the Bowdlers and Miss Cooper. They were all sorry to part, and Miss Cooper, to my equal surprise and pleasure, fairly made a declaration of her passion for me, assuring me she had never before taken so great a fancy to a new acquaintance, and beginning warmly the request I meant to make myself, of continuing our intimacy in town. I am sure I think so highly of her, that I shall be well pleased to attend to this injunction.

From Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

Bath, June 9, 1780.

MY DEAREST SIR,

How are you? where are you? and what is to come next? These are the questions I am dying with anxiety to have daily announced. The accounts from town are so frightful, that I am uneasy, not only for the city at large, but for every individual I know in it. I hope to Heaven that ere you receive this, all will be once more quiet; but till we hear that it is so, I cannot be a moment in peace.

Does this martial law confine you quite to the house? Folks here say that it must, and that no business of any kind can be transacted. Oh, what dreadful times! Yet I rejoice extremely that the opposition members have fared little better than the ministerial. Had such a mob been confirmed friends of either or of any party, I think the nation must have been at their disposal; for if headed by popular or skilful leaders, who and what could have resisted them?—I mean, if they are as formidable as we are here told.

Dr. Johnson has written to Mrs. Thrale, without even mentioning the existence of this mob; perhaps at this very moment he thinks it "a humbug upon the nation," as George Bodens called the parliament.

A private letter to Bull, the bookseller, brought word this morning that much slaughter has been made by the military among the mob. Never, I am sure, can any set of wretches less deserve quarter or pity; yet it is impossible not to shudder at hearing of their destruction. Nothing less, however, would do; they were too outrageous and powerful for civil power.

But what is it they want? who is going to turn papist? who indeed, is thinking in an alarming way of religion—this pious mob, and George Gordon excepted?

I am very anxious indeed about our dear Etty. Such disturbance in her neighbourhood I fear must have greatly terrified her; and I am sure she is not in a situation or state of health to bear terror. I have written and begged to hear from her.

All the stage-coaches that come into Bath from London are chalked over with "No Popery," and Dr. Harrington called here just now, and says the same was chalked this morning upon his door, and is scrawled in several places about the town. Wagers have been laid that the popish chapel here will be pulled or burnt down in a few days; but I believe not a word of the matter, nor do I find that anybody is at all alarmed. Bath, indeed, ought to be held sacred as a sanctuary for invalids; and I doubt not but the news of the firing in town will prevent all tumults out of it.

Now, if, after all the intolerable provocation given by the mob, after all the leniency and forbearance of the ministry, and after the shrinking of the minority, we shall by-and-by hear that this firing was a massacre—will it not be villainous and horrible? And yet as soon as safety is secured—though by this means alone all now agree it can be secured—nothing would less surprise me than to hear the seekers of popularity make this assertion.

Will you, dear sir, beg Charlotte to answer this letter by your directions, and tell me how the world goes? We are sure here of hearing too much or too little. Mr. Grenville says he knows not whether anything can be done to Lord George; and that quite shocks me, as it is certain that, in all equity and common sense, he is either mad enough for Moorfields, or wicked enough for the Tower, and, therefore, that to one of these places he ought to go.

FRIDAY NIGHT.—The above I writ this morning, before I recollected this was not post-day, and all is altered here since. The threats I despised were but too well grounded, for, to our utter amazement and consternation, the new Roman Catholic chapel in this town was set on fire at about nine o'clock. It is now burning with a fury that is dreadful, and the house of the priest belonging to it is in flames also. The poor persecuted man himself has, I believe, escaped with life, though pelted, followed, and very ill used. Mrs. Thrale and I have been walking about with the footmen several times. The whole town is still and orderly. The rioters do their work with great composure, and though

there are knots of people in every corner, all execrating the authors of such outrages, nobody dares oppose them. An attempt indeed was made, but it was ill-conducted, faintly followed, and soon put an end to by a secret fear of exciting vengeance.

Alas! to what have we all lived!—the poor invalids here will probably lose all chance of life, from terror. Mr. Hay, our apothecary, has been attending the removal of two, who were confined to their beds, in the street where the chapel is burning. The Catholics throughout the place are all threatened with destruction, and we met several porters, between ten and eleven at night, privately removing goods, walking on tiptoe, and scarcely breathing.

I firmly believe, by the deliberate villainy with which this riot is conducted, that it will go on in the same desperate way as in town, and only be stopped by the same desperate means. Our plan for going to Bristol is at an end. We are told it would be madness, as there are seven Romish chapels in it; but we are determined upon removing somewhere to-morrow; for why should we, who can go, stay to witness such horrid scenes?

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 10.—I was most cruelly disappointed in not having one word to-day. I am half crazy with doubt and disturbance in not hearing. Everybody here is terrified to death. We have intelligence that Mr. Thrale's house in town is filled with soldiers, and threatened by the mob with destruction. Perhaps he may himself be a marked man for their fury. We are going directly from Bath, and intend to stop only at villages. To-night we shall stop at Warminster, not daring to go to Devizes. This place is now well guarded, but still we dare not await the event of to-night; all the Catholics in the town have privately escaped.

I know not now when I shall hear from you. I am in agony for news. Our head-quarters will be Brighthelmstone, where I do most humbly and fervently entreat you to write—do, dearest sir, write, if but one word—if but only you name YOURSELF! Nothing but your own hand can now tranquillize me. The reports about London here quite distract me. If it were possible to send me a line by the diligence to Brighton, how grateful I

should be for such an indulgence! I should then find it there upon our arrival. Charlotte, I am sure, will make it into a sham parcel, and Susy will write for you all but the name. God bless—defend—preserve you! my dearest father. Life is no life to me while I fear for your safety.

God bless and save you all! I shall write to-morrow from wherever we may be,—nay, every day I shall write, for you will all soon be as anxious for news from the country as I have been for it from town. Some infamous villain has put it into the paper here that Mr. Thrale is a papist. This, I suppose, is an Hothamite report, to inflame his constituents.

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

Salisbury, June 11, 1780.

Here we are, dearest sir, and here we mean to pass this night.

We did not leave Bath till eight o'clock yesterday evening, at which time it was filled with dragoons, militia, and armed constables, not armed with muskets, but bludgeons: these latter were all chairmen, who were sworn by the mayor in the morning for petty constables. A popish private chapel, and the houses of all the Catholics, were guarded between seven and eight, and the inhabitants ordered to keep house.

We set out in the coach-and-four, with two men on horseback, and got to Warminster, a small town in Wiltshire, a little before twelve.

This morning two more servants came after us from Bath, and brought us word that the precautions taken by the magistrates last night had had good success, for no attempt of any-sort had been renewed towards a riot.

But the happiest tidings to me were contained in a letter which they brought, which had arrived after our departure, by the diligence, from Mr. Perkins, with an account that all was quiet in London, and that Lord G. Gordon was sent to the Tower.

I am now again tolerably easy, but I shall not be really comfortable, or free from some fears, till I hear from St. Martin's-street.

The Borough House has been quite preserved. I know not how long we may be on the road, but nowhere long enough for receiving a letter till we come to Brighthelmstone.

We stopped in our way at Wilton, and spent half the day at that beautiful place.

Just before we arrived there, Lord Arundel had sent to the officers in the place, to entreat a party of guards immediately, for the safety of his house, as he had intelligence that a mob was on the road from London to attack it:—he is a Catholic. His request was immediately complied with.

We intended to have gone to a private town, but find all quiet here, and, therefore, prefer it as much more commodious. There is no Romish chapel in the town; mass has always been performed for the Catholics of the place at a Mrs. Arundel's in the Close—a relation of his lordship's, whose house is fifteen miles off. I have inquired about the Harrises; I find they are here, and all well.

Peace now, I trust, will be restored to the nation—at least as soon as some of the desperate gang that may escape from London, in order to spread confusion in the country, are dispersed or overcome.

I will continue to write while matters are in this doubtful state, that you may have no anxiety added to the great stock you must suffer upon my account.

We are all quite well, and when I can once hear you are so, I shall be happy.

Adieu, most dear sir! Love, duty, and compliments to all from

Your most dutiful

And most affectionate,

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Miss F. Burney.

1, St. Martin's-street, Monday Afternoon.
Your letter just received.

MY DEAR FANNY,

We are all safe and well, after our heartaches, and terrors. London is now the most secure residence in the kingdom.

I wrote a long letter to our dear Mrs. T. on Friday night, with a kind of detail of the week's transactions. I am now obliged to go out, and shall leave the girls to fill up the rest of the sheet. All is safe and quiet in the Borough. We sent William thither on Saturday. God bless you! All affection and good wishes attend our dear friends.

I said that riot would go into the country, like a new cap, till it was discountenanced and out of fashion in the metropolis. I bless every soldier I see—we have no dependence on any defence from outrage but the military.

Miss Charlotte Burney to Miss F. Burney.

I am very sorry, my dear Fanny, to hear how much you have suffered from your apprehension about us. Susan will tell you why none of us wrote before Friday; and she says she has told you what dreadful havoc and devastation the mob have made here in all parts of the town. However, we are pretty quiet and tranquil again now. Papa goes on with his business pretty much as usual, and so far from the military keeping people within doors (as you say, in your letter to my father, you suppose to be the case), the streets were never more crowded—everybody is wandering about in order to see the ruins of the places that the mob have destroyed.

There are two camps, one in St. James's, and the other in Hyde Park, which, together with the military law, makes almost every one here think he is safe again. I expect we shall all have "a passion for a scarlet-coat" now.

I hardly know what to tell you that won't be stale news. They say that duplicates of the handbill that I have enclosed were distributed all over the town on Wednesday and Thursday last; however, thank Heaven, everybody says now that Mr. Thrale's house and brewery are as safe as we can wish them. There was a brewer in Turnstile that had his house gutted and burnt, because, the mob said, "he was a *papish*, and sold popish beer." Did you ever hear of such diabolical ruffians?

Sister Hetty is vastly well, and has received your letter; I think she has stood the fright better, and been a greater heroine, than any of us.

To add to the pleasantness of our situation, there have been gangs of women going about to rob and plunder. Miss Kirwans went on Friday afternoon to walk in the Museum gardens, and were stopped by a set of women, and robbed of all the money they had. The mob had proscribed the mews, for they said, "the king should not have a horse to ride upon!" They besieged the new Somerset House, with intention to destroy it, but were repulsed by some soldiers placed there for that purpose.

Mr. Sleeppe has been here a day or two, and says the folks at Watford, where he comes from, "approve very much of having the Catholic chapels destroyed, for they say it's a shame the pope should come here!" There is a house hereabouts that they had chalked upon last week, "Empty, and No Popery!"

I am heartily rejoiced, my dearest Fanny, that you have got away from Bath, and hope and trust that at Brighthelmstone you will be as safe as we are here.

It sounds almost incredible, but they say, that on Wednesday night last, when the mob were more powerful, more numerous, and outrageous than ever, there was, nevertheless, a number of exceedingly genteel people at Ranelagh, though they knew not but their houses might be on fire at the time!

God bless you, my dear Fanny,—for Heaven's sake keep up your spirits!

Yours ever, with the greatest affection,

CHARLOTTE ANN BURNEY.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Brighton, Thursday Evening, June 29, 1780.

Streatham detained me so scandalously late that I never entered Reigate till twelve o'clock—you know we had calculated for eleven. I had, however, the satisfaction of leaving Presto in the arms of a mistress he preferred to me, and he found love an

ample recompense for the loss of friendship. All dogs do, I suppose!

At ten o'clock I saw myself here, and quitted my very riotous companions, to look for their father and sister, who were walking with Miss Owen to the Point. The evening was spent in chat, and this morning I carried a bunch of grapes to Mr. Scrase, who was too ill to swallow one, or to see even me. My master, however, is quite in rosy health—he is, indeed—and jokes Peggy Owen for her want of power to flash. He made many inquiries for you; and was not displeased that I had given Perkins two hundred guineas instead of one—a secret I never durst tell before, not even to Johnson, not even to you—but so it was.

I have no society here, so I might go to work like you, if I had any materials. Susan and Sophy have taken to writing verses—'tis the fashion of the school they say, and Sophy's are the best performances of all the misses, except one monkey of eighteen years old.

Harry C—— is here, and with him a Mr. S——, two poor empty, unmeaning lads from town, who talk of a man being a high treat, &c. They are, I think, the first companions I ever picked up and dismissed as fairly worse than none.

Ah, my sweet girl! all this stuff written, and not one word of the loss I feel in your leaving me! But, upon my honour, I forbear only to save your fretting, for I do think you would vex if you saw how silly I looked about for you ever since I came home. I shall now say, as Johnson does, "Ah, Burney! if you loved me, &c., &c." But no more of what must be missed and must not be mourned.

Yours,

H. L. T.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Saturday, July 1, 1780.

Have you no "quality" yet, my dearest madam, that letters are three days upon the road! I have only this instant received yours, though you were so kindly indulgent to my request of

writing the next day after your journey. I rejoice, indeed, that you found my master so well. I dare say Queeny had kept him sharp. What does he think of Dr. Johnson's dieting scheme? I must confess that if, like Mrs. Tattersall, he should consent to adopt the *vegetable* system, I should be as unwilling as her husband to be a good beefsteak in his way!

Your liberality to Perkins charms me; and so does Mr. Thrale's approbation of it: for his being not displeased implies nothing short of approbation. I am sorry for Miss Owen, but I much hope you will be able to revive and comfort her: sure I am that if spirit can reanimate, or sweetness can soothe her, she will not be long in so forlorn a way.

Your account of Miss M——'s being taken in, and taken in by Captain B——, astonishes me! surely not half we have heard either of her adorers, or her talents, can have been true. Mrs. Byron has lost too little to have anything to lament, except, indeed, the time she sacrificed to foolish conversation, and the civilities she threw away upon so worthless a subject. Augusta has nothing to reproach herself with, and riches and wisdom must be rare indeed, if she fares not as well with respect to both, as she would have done with an adventurer whose pocket, it seems, was as empty as his head.

Nothing here is talked of but the trial of the rioters: most people among those who are able to appear as witnesses, are so fearful of incurring the future resentment of the mob, that evidence is very difficult to be obtained, even where guilt is undoubted: by this means numbers are daily discharged who have offended against all laws, though they can be punished by none. I am glad, however, to see the moderation of those who might now, perhaps, extirpate all power but their own; for neither art nor authority is used to blacken the crimes of the accused, or force into light the designs of the suspected. Nothing has yet appeared that indicates any plot, except for general plunder, nor have any of the conspirators who have yet been examined seemed to have confederated for any deeper purpose than to drink hard, shout loud, and make their betters houseless as themselves.

I have seen Pacchierotti, and he has sung to me as sweetly, and complimented me as liberally, as ears the most fastidious, and a mind the most vain, could desire ; yet not the less have I thought of or regretted my ever dear, ever kind, and most sweet Mrs. Thrale ! But, as I am come, after many absences, to a family so deservedly beloved by me, I am determined neither to sour my friends nor myself, by encouraging a repining spirit, but now to be happy as I can with them, and hope, ere long, to be again so with you ; for, with affection more sincere, and a heart more true, nobody can love my dear Mrs. Thrale more fervently and faithfully than her ever devoted.

F. BURNEY.

My love and duty to my master : and love, without the duty, to Miss Thrale ; and my best compliments to Miss Owen.

We shall go to Chesington as soon as the trials are over and the town is quiet.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Saturday, July 8, 1780.

See but, dearest madam, my prompt obedience, by this brown and rough-edged mark of it. Your sweet letter I have but this moment received, so I think the quality use you very ill, or rather me, for I have made a wry face at the postman's knock, without a letter from Brighton, this day or two.

You give me nothing but good news about my master, and that delights me very sincerely ; but I can see that you are not quite comfortable yourself. Why have you this cold and headache ? Have you gone imprudently into the sea—I mean without taking counsel with nurse Tibson ? You know we long since settled, that whenever you were ill all your friends would impute it to bathing ; so this doubt will not surprise, though ten to one but it provokes you.

I have not seen Dr. Johnson since the day you left me, when he came hither, and met Mrs. Ord, Mr. Hoole, Mrs. Reynolds, Baretti, the Paradises, Pepys, Castles, Dr. Dunbar, and some

others; and then he was in high spirits and good humour, talked all the talk, affronted nobody, and delighted everybody. I never saw him more sweet, nor better attended to by his audience. I have not been able to wait upon him since, nor, indeed, upon anybody, for we have not spent one evening alone since my return.

Pacchierotti left London yesterday morning. We all miss him much, myself particularly, because, for all Dr. Johnson, he is not only the first, most finished, and most delightful of singers, but an amiable, rational, and intelligent creature, who has given to himself a literary education, and who has not only a mind superior to his own profession, which he never names but with regret, in spite of the excellence to which he has risen, but he has also, I will venture to say, talents and an understanding that would have fitted him for almost any other, had they, instead of being crushed under every possible disadvantage, been encouraged and improved. Had you seen as much of him as I have done, I think, in defiance of prejudice, you would be of the same opinion.

I am quite disappointed with respect to Miss Owen. I had hoped she would have been more comfortable to you. Mr. Scrase, too!—indeed, your account of your society grieves me. Sickness, spleen, or folly seem to compose it; and if you, who have so much facility in making new acquaintance, find them so insupportable, it is, I am sure, that they must be impenetrable blockheads!

Sir John Bounce's apology for not having signalised himself more gloriously in public life, made me laugh very heartily. Do you hear anything of my general, his case, or his monkey, or the lost calves of his legs? As one of your true ancient swaggerers, Brighthelmstone seems to have a fair and natural right to him.

Mrs. Montagu has been in town. I heard this from Mrs. Ord, who had an appointment to meet her at her new house, and was invited to a *conversazione* with her at Mr. Pepys'.

I have no private intelligence to give about the rioters, or Lord George, save that I am informed he is certainly to be tried for high treason, not for a misdemeanour. Are you not rejoiced at the sequel of good news from America?

The soldiers are drawn off gently, but daily, from all parts of the metropolis. The camps in the parks are, however, expected to remain all summer. Poor Captain Clerke is dead! I was willing to doubt it as long as possible, but it has been confirmed to my father by Lord Sandwich.

We have no consolation from Admiral Jem's promotion, for the first-lieutenant of the late Captain Cook's ship has succeeded to the command of Captain Clerke's. Is it not a melancholy circumstance that both the captains of this expedition should perish ere it is completed? Lord Sandwich told my father that the journal of Captain Cook is arrived, and now in the hands of the king, who has desired to have the first perusal of it. I am very impatient to know something of its contents. The ships are both expected almost daily. They have already been out a year longer than was intended. Mr. Jem has not written one line. Don't you think my master will allow him to be a man of sense, and take to him?

Adieu, my dearest madam! I hope I have used you ill enough, with regard to paper, to satisfy your desire, and convince you of the true affection of

Your faithful and much obliged

F. B.

My best respects to Mr. and Miss Thrale.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Nobody does write such sweet letters as my dear Mrs. Thrale, and I would sooner give up a month's allowance of meat, than my week's allowance of an epistle.

The report of the parliament's dissolution I hope is premature. I inquire of everybody I see about it, and always hear that it is expected now to last almost as long as it can last. Why, indeed, should government wish to dissolve it, when they meet with no opposition from it?

Since I wrote last I have drunk tea with Dr. Johnson. My father took me to Bolt-court, and we found him, most fortunately,

with only one brass-headed cane gentleman. Since that, I have had the pleasure to meet him again at Mrs. Reynolds's, when he offered to take me with him to Grub-street, to see the ruins of the house demolished there in the late riots, by a mob that, as he observed, could be no friend to the Muses! He inquired if I had ever yet visited Grub-street? but was obliged to restrain his anger when I answered "No," because he acknowledged he had never paid his respects to it himself. "However," says he, "you and I, Burney, will go together; we have a very good right to go, so we'll visit the mansions of our progenitors, and take up our own freedom together." There's for you, madam! What can be grander?

The loss of Timoleon is really terrible; yet, as it is an incident that will probably dwell no little time upon the author's mind, who knows but it may be productive of another tragedy, in which a dearth of story will not merely be no fault of his, but no misfortune?

I have no intelligence to give about the Dean of Coleraine, but that we are now in daily expectation of hearing of his arrival.

Yesterday I drank tea at Sir Joshua's, and met by accident with Mrs. Cholmondeley; I was very glad to find that her spirits are uninjured by her misfortunes; she was as gay, flighty, entertaining, and frisky as ever. Her *sposo* is not confined, as was said; he is only gone upon his travels: she seems to bear his absence with remarkable fortitude. After all, there is something in her very attractive; her conversation is so spirited, so humorous, so enlivening, that she does not suffer one's attention to rest, much less to flag, for hours together.

Sir Joshua told me he was now at work upon your pictures, touching them up for Streatham, and that he has already ordered the frames, and shall have them quite ready whenever the house is in order for them.

I also met at his house Mr. W. Burke, and young Burke, the orator's son, who is made much-ado about, but I saw not enough of him to know why.

We are all here very truly concerned for Mr. Chamier, who you know is a very great favourite among us. He is very ill,

and thinks himself in a decline. He is now at Bath, and writes my father word he has made up his mind, come what may.

Your good news of my master glads me, however, beyond what good news of almost any other man in the world could do. Pray give him my best respects, and beg him not to forget me so much as to look strange upon me when we next meet; if he does it won't be fair, for I feel that I shall look very kind upon him.

I fancy Miss Thrale is quite too difficult; why, bless me, by "something happening" I never meant to wait for a murder, nor a wedding, no, nor an invasion, nor an insurrection; any other bore will do as well. My father charges me to give you his kindest love, and not daintify his affection into respects or compliments.

Adieu, dearest madam, and from me accept not only love, and not only respects, but both, and gratitude, and warmest wishes, and constancy invariable into the bargain.

F. BURNEY.

I am very glad Mr. Tidy is so good. Thank him for me, and tell him I am glad he keeps my place open; and pray give Dr. Delap my compliments. Has he settled yet how he shall dress the candle snuffers the first night? I would by no means have the minutest directions omitted.

From Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Brightelmstone, Wednesday, July 19, 1780.

And so my letters please you, do they, my sweet Burney? I know yours are the most entertaining things that cross me in the course of the whole week; and a miserable praise too, if you could figure to yourself my most dull companions. I write now from Bowen's shop, where he has been settled about three days I think; and here comes in one man hopping, and asks for "Russell on Sea-water"—another tripping, and begs to have the last new novel sent him home to-night; one lady tumbles the ballads about, and fingers the harpsichord which stands here at every blockhead's mercy; and another looks over the Lilliputian library, and purchases Polly Sugarcake for her long-legged missey.

My master is gone out riding, and we are to drink tea with Lady Rothcs; after which the Steyne hours begin, and we cluster round Thomas's shop, and contend for the attention of Lord John Clinton, a man who could, I think, be of consequence in no other place upon earth, though a very well-informed and modest-mannered boy. Dr. Pepys is resolutely and profoundly silent: and Lady Shelley, having heard wits commended, has taken up a new character, and says not only the severest but the cruellest things you ever heard in your life. Here is a Mrs. K——, too, sister to the Duchess of M——, who is very uncompanionable indeed, and talks of *Tumbridge*. These, however, are literally all the people we ever speak to—oh yes, the Drummonds—but they are scarce blest with utterance.

Mr. Scrase mends, and I spent an hour with him to-day. Now have I fairly done with Brighthelmstone, and will congratulate myself on being quite of your advice—as Pacchierotti would call it—concerning Burke the minor, whom I once met and could make nothing of.

Poor Mr. Chamier! and poor Dr. Burney, too! The loss of real friends after a certain time of life is a terrible thing, let Dr. Johnson say what he will. Those who are first called do not get first home. I remember Chamier lamenting for Mr. Thrale, who will now, I verily think, live to see many of those go before him who expected to stay long after. He will not surely look strange upon you, for he is glad to see your letters; though he does not sigh over them so dismally as he did yesterday, over one he saw I had directed to Chid.

Lord George Gordon is to be liberated upon bail, his quality brethren tell me. This is, I think, contrary to the general disposition of the people, who appear to wish his punishment. But the thunder-cloud always moves against the wind, you know.

The going to Grub-street would have been a pretty exploit. Are you continuing to qualify yourself for an inhabitant?

Sweet Mrs. Cholmondeley! I am glad she can frolic and frisk so:—the time will come too soon that will, as Grumio expresses it, “tame man, woman, and beast,”—and thyself, fellow Curtis.

The players this year are rather better than the last; but the theatre is no bigger than a hand-box, which is a proper precaution, I think, as here are not folks to fill even that. The shops are almost all shut still, and a dearth of money complained of that is lamentable; but we have taken some Spanish ships, it seems, and La Vera Cruz besides.

Adieu,—and divide my truest kindness among all the dear Newtonians,* and keep yourself a large share. You are in no danger of invaders from the sea-coast. Susan and Sophy bathe and grow, and riot me out of my senses. I am ever, my dear girl, most faithfully yours,

H. L. T.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

August 16.

I return you my most hearty thanks, my dear madam, for your last most comfortable tidings, which, as they have removed all my fears, shall, for the present, banish their subject. I will never be melancholic, even though it were recommended to be lady as well as “gentleman-like,” but when perforce I cannot help it; for in good truth that method of varying the mode of existence offers itself with so kind a readiness of its own accord, that a very little patience, and a very little feeling, will bring in supplies, fresh and fresh, of that sort of food, which, with a very moderate economy of anxiety, will lay by for croaking moments stores inexhaustible. Indeed, though I have so often heard lamentations of the scarcity of every other commodity, useful or ornamental, intellectual or sensual, I never once, even from the most greedy devourer of sadness, have heard the remotest hint that *de quocumque* was in danger of being wanted for the gluttons of evil and misery; for though eating but makes their appetite the stronger, their materials are as little diminished by voracity as their hunger.

Well—*mal d' propos* to all this,—Dr. Johnson, who expects

* Alluding to the house of Sir Isaac Newton, in St. Martin's-street, in which Dr. Burney was at this time residing.

nothing but what is good, and swallows nothing but what he likes, has delighted me with another volume of his "Lives,"—that which contains Blackmore, Congreve, &c., which he tells me you have had. O what a writer he is! what instruction, spirit, intelligence, and vigour in almost every paragraph! Addison I think equal to any in the former batch; but he is rather too hard upon Prior, and makes Gay, I think, too insignificant. Some of the little poems of Prior seem to me as charming as any little poems can be; and Gay's pastorals I had hoped to have seen praised more liberally.

At length I have seen the S. S. She has been again in town, and was so good as to make us a very long visit. She looked as beautiful as an angel, though rather pale, but was in very high spirits, and I thought her more attractive and engaging than ever. So I believe did my father.—Ah! "littell cunning woman," if you were to put your wicked scheme in practice, I see how it would take.

We are to go to Chesington next week; so I suppose there we shall be when you quit Brighton. If so, pray tell my dear master I insist upon his keeping his promise of coming thither; if not, I won't hold myself in readiness to go to Italy—no, not if Farinelli were in his prime. But do come, dearest madam, and do make him: you know he always does as you bid him, so you have but to issue your commands. 'Tis a charming thing to keep a husband in such order. A thousand loves from all nere, but mostly, being spokeswoman, I have a right to say that,

From yours,

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Chesington, August 24th.

Here at length we are—arrived just in time to witness poor Daddy Crisp's misery upon receiving intelligence of our late very dreadful loss. Good heaven, what a terrible blow! our prophet here, who, however, is always a croaking prophet, foretells nothing but utter destruction for its inevitable consequence. You, dearest

madam, who are as croaking a prophetess, what say you? must Jamaica, must all the West Indies be lost? or have you some words of comfort to give us?

Baretti met Mr. Greville and Mr. Sastris at our house the evening before we left town, and assured us peremptorily, and with furious vehemence, that the war would be finished in another year, and France, Spain, and America, would make what terms we pleased! Perhaps, as he found everybody else foreboding ill, he thought it something for the benefit of mankind to forebode good: but you would have laughed to have seen the little respect he paid to the opposition and opinions of the great Mr. Greville, the arrogance with which he "downed" whatever he advanced, and the fury with which he answered him when contradicted in his assertions. I really expected every moment to hear him exclaim, "It is that you are an impenetrable block-head;"—and I could not get out of my head the rage with which Mr. Greville would have heard such a compliment. As it was, the astonishment that seized him when he saw the violence and contempt of Baretti was sufficiently comical; he had never before spoken a word to him, though he had accidentally met with him, and I fancy expected, by his tonish grandeur, to have instantly silenced and intimidated him: but when he found Baretti stout, and that the more he resisted, the more he bullied him, he could only stare, and look around at us all, with an expression that said, "Am I awake?"

We had one very pleasant day last week with our dear Dr. Johnson, who dined with us, and met Mr. Barry, Dr. Dunbar, and Dr. Gillies, and afterwards Mr. Crofts, the famous book-collector, Mr. Sastris, Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. Devaynes, and Baretti, and altogether we made it out very well. But Dr. Johnson took the same dislike to poor Dr. Gillies that you did. What he can have done to you both I cannot imagine, for everybody else likes him mightily. I had a good mind to have asked Miss Reynolds to conjecture the reason of your aversion, for that would have been a happy subject for her to have pondered upon. Dr. Johnson was very sweet and very delightful indeed; I think he grows more and more so, or at least, I grow more and more fond

of him. I really believe Mr. Barry found him almost as amusing as a fit of the toothache!

Don't fear my opening my lips, my dear madam, about your letters; I never read but scraps and chosen morsels to anybody,—and I hope you do the same by me; for though what I have to say is not of equal consequence, my flippancies, which I rather indulge than curb to you, might do me mischief should they run about. I have not seen Piozzi: he left me your letter, which indeed is a charming one, though its contents puzzled me much whether to make me sad or merry. Who is your dwarf?—Your fan gentleman is after my own heart. I am glad you find comfort in Dr. Delap. I beg my best compliments to him,—and to my master and missey,—and believe me ever and most faithfully yours,

F. B.

My father's best love to you, and my daddy's respects.

Journal resumed.

STREATHAM, MONDAY, DECEMBER 6.—As I am now well enough to employ myself my own way, though not to go downstairs, I will take this first opportunity I have had since my return hither, to write again to my dearest Susan.

Your letters, my love, have been more than usually welcome to me of late; their contents have been very entertaining and satisfactory, and their arrival has been particularly seasonable; not on account of my illness—that alone never yet lowered my spirits as they are now lowered, because I knew I must ere long, in all probability, be again well; but O Susy! I am—I have been—and I fear must always be, alarmed indeed for Mr. Thrale; and the more I see and know him, the more alarmed, because the more I love and dread to lose him.

I am not much in cue for journalising; but I am yet less inclined for anything else. As writing to my own Susy commonly lightens my heart, so I'll e'en set about recollecting the good as well as bad that has passed since I wrote last; for else I were too selfish.

I cannot remember where I left off;—but to go back to the

last few days we spent at Brighthelmstone—I must tell you that on the last Friday—but I cannot recollect anecdotes, nor write them if I did; and so I will only draw up an exit for the characters to which I had endeavoured to introduce you.

Lady Hesketh made us a very long, sociable, and friendly visit before our departure, in which she appeared to much advantage, with respect to conversation, abilities, and good breeding. I saw that she became quite enchanted with Mrs. Thrale, and she made me talk away with her very copiously, by looking at me, in a former visit, when she was remarking that nothing was so formidable as to be in company with silent observers; whereupon I gathered courage, and boldly entered the lists; and her ladyship has inquired my direction of Mrs. Thrale, and told her that the acquaintance should not drop at Brighton, for she was determined to wait upon me in town.

We saw, latterly, a great deal of the H——s. The Colonel—for he has given up his majorship in the militia, and is raising a company for himself—appeared to us just as before—sensible, good-humoured, and pleasant; and just as before also his lady—tittle-tattling, monotonous, and tiresome.

Lady Shelley was as civil to me as Lady Hesketh. Indeed, I have good reason to like Sussex. As my cold prevented my waiting upon her with Mrs. Thrale, to take leave, she was so good as to come to me. I am rather sorry she never comes to town, for she is a sweet woman, and very handsome.

Dr. Delap was with us till the Friday night preceding our departure; he has asked me, in his unaccountable way, “If I will make him a dish of tea in St. Martin’s Street?”

We had also made an acquaintance with a Miss Stow, that I have never had time to mention: a little girl she is, just seven years old, and plays on the harpsichord so well, that she made me very fond of her. She lived with a mother and aunt, neither of whom I liked; but she expressed so much desire to see Dr. Burney, and is so clever, and forward, and ingenious a child, that I could not forbear giving her my direction in town, which she received very gladly, and will, I am sure, find me out as soon as she leaves Brighton.

Miss Thrale and I went together, also, to Miss Byron; but she was invisible with this influenza:—the mother, however, admitted us, and spent almost the whole two hours she kept us in exhorting me most kindly to visit her, and promising to introduce me to the Admiral—which I find is a great thing, as he always avoids seeing any of her female friends, even Mrs. Thrale, from some odd peculiarity of disposition.

On Monday, at our last dinner, we had Mr. Tidy, Mr. B——, and Mr. Selwyn; and in the evening came Mrs. Byron.

Mr. Tidy I liked better and better; he reminded me of Mr. Crisp; he has not so good a face, but it is that sort of face, and his laugh is the very same: for it first puts every feature in comical motion, and then fairly shakes his whole frame, so that there are tokens of thorough enjoyment from head to foot. He and I should have been very good friends, I am sure, if we had seen much of each other;—as it was, we were both upon the watch, drolly enough.

Mr. B——, though, till very lately, I have almost lived upon him, I shall not bore you with more than naming; for I find you make no defence to my hint of having given you too much of him, and I am at least glad you are so sincere.

And now, my dear Susy, to tragedy—for all I have yet writ is farce to what I must now add; but I will be brief, for your sake as well as my own.

Poor Mr. Thrale had had this vile influenza for two days before we set out; but then seemed better. We got on to Crawley all well: he then ordered two of the servants to go on to Reigate and prepare dinner: meantime he suffered dreadfully from the coldness of the weather; he shook from head to foot, and his teeth chattered aloud very frightfully. When we got again into the coach, by degrees he grew warm and tolerably comfortable; but when we stopped at Reigate his speech grew inarticulate, and he said one word for another. I hoped it was accident, and Mrs. Thrale, by some strange infatuation, thought he was joking—but Miss Thrale saw how it was from the first.

By very cruel ill-luck, too tedious to relate, his precaution proved useless; for we had not only no dinner ready, but no

fire, and were shown into a large and comfortless room. The town is filled with militia. Here the cold returned dreadfully—and here, in short, it was but too plain to all, his faculties were lost by it. Poor Mrs. Thrale worked like a servant; she lighted the fire with her own hands—took the bellows, and made such a one as might have roasted an ox in ten minutes. But I will not dwell on particulars:—after dinner Mr. Thrale grew better; and for the rest of our journey was sleepy and mostly silent.

It was late in the night when we got to Streatham. Mrs. Thrale consulted me what to do:—I was for a physician immediately; but Miss Thrale opposed that, thinking it would do harm to alarm her father by such a step. However, Mrs. Thrale ordered the butler to set off by six the next morning for Dr. Heberden and Mr. Seward.

The next morning, however, he was greatly better, and when they arrived he was very angry; but I am sure it was right. Dr. Heberden ordered nothing but cupping. Mr. Seward was very good and friendly, and spent five days here, during all which Mr. Thrale grew better. Dr. Johnson, you know, came with my dear father the Thursday after our return.

You cannot, I think, have been surprised that I gave up my plan of going to town immediately: indeed, I had no heart to leave either Mr. Thrale in a state so precarious, or his dear wife in an agitation of mind hardly short of a fever.

Things now went on tolerably smooth, and Miss Thrale and I renewed our Latin exercises with Dr. Johnson, and with great *éclat* of praise. At another time I could have written much of him and of Mr. Seward, for many very good conversations past; but now I have almost forgot all about them.

The Tuesday following I received your kind letter, and instances to return on Thursday with my father,—but I determined to take no measures either way till I saw how matters went at the last.

The next day I was far from well, as my dear father must have told you,—and I got worse and worse, and I could not go down to dinner; but in the evening, being rather better, I just popped down to play one rubber with dear Mr. Thrale, whose

health I have truly at heart, and who is only to be kept from a heavy and profound sleep by cards: and then I was glad to come back; being again worse:—but let me add, I had insisted on performing this feat.

I had a miserable night, I kept my bed all day, and my ever sweet Mrs. Thrale nursed me most tenderly, letting me take nothing but from herself.

I will say no more about the illness, but that it was short, though rather violent. On Saturday as I got into Mrs. Thrale's dressing-room to dinner, Dr. Johnson visited me. On Sunday, Mr. Murphy came to dinner; and in the evening begged that he might be admitted to ask me how I did. I was rather bundled up, to be sure, with cloaks, &c., but could not well refuse; so he and Mr. Thrale, lady and daughter, all came together.

He appeared in high flash; took my hand, and insisted on kissing it; and then he entered into a mighty gay, lively, droll and agreeable conversation,—running on in flighty compliments, highly seasoned with wit, till he diverted and put us all into spirits. But Mrs. Thrale, who was fearful I should be fatigued, found no little difficulty to get him away; he vowed he would not go,—said she might, and all of them, but for his part he desired not to budge,—and, at last, when by repeated remonstrances he was made retreat, he vowed he would come again.

As soon as their tea was over below stairs, Dr. Johnson came to make me a visit, and while he was with me, I heard Mr. Murphy's step about the adjoining rooms, not knowing well his way; and soon after in he bolted, crying out, "They would fain have stopped me, but here I am!"

However, I have no time to write what passed, except that he vowed when he came next he would read the rest of my play. However, I shall bring it with me to town, and hide it.

The next day, Monday, he left us; and Lady Ladd came. She sat upstairs with me the whole morning, and she has been saying such shocking things of her apprehensions for my dear Mr. Thrale, that they have quite overset me, being already weaker by the fever: and just now, unluckily, Mrs. Thrale came in suddenly, and found me in so low-spirited a situation that she

insisted on knowing the cause. I could not tell her, but hinted that Lady L., who was just gone down, had been talking dismally, and she immediately concluded it was concerning Sir John. I am sure she wondered at my prodigious susceptibility, as she well might; but I preferred passing for half an idiot to telling her what I cannot even tell you of Lady L.'s shocking and terrifying speeches.

Miss F. Burney to Dr. Burney.

Streatham, Saturday Morning, Two o'clock.

MY DEAREST SIR,

We have this moment finished "The Critic."* I have been extremely well entertained with it indeed. The first act seems as full of wit, satire, and spirit as it is of lines. For the rest, I have not sufficiently attended to the plays of these degenerate days to half enjoy or understand the censure or ridicule meant to be lavished on them. However, I could take in enough to be greatly diverted at the flighty absurdities, so well, though so severely, pointed out.

Our dear master came home to-day quite as well as you saw him yesterday. He is in good spirits and good humour, but I think he looks sadly. So does our Mrs. T., who agitates herself into an almost perpetual fever.

Adieu, my dearest sir: a thousand thanks for this treat. Dr. Johnson is very gay and sociable and comfortable, and quite as kind to me as ever; and he says, the Bodleian librarian has but done his duty,† and that when he goes to Oxford, he will write my name in the books, and my age when I writ them, and sign the whole with his own; "and then," he says, "the world may know that we—

'So mixed our studies, and so joined our fame,'
for we shall go down hand in hand to posterity!"

* Sheridan's "Critic," printed at this time, but unpublished.

† The Bodleian librarian had placed "Evelina" in his noble library, to the author's astonished delight.—*Note by F. B.*

Mrs. T. sends her best love. I don't know when I can leave her, but not, unless you desire it, till Mr. T. seems better established in health, or till Mrs. Davenant can come hither.

Mr. Seward is now here. Once more, dearest sir, good night—
says

Your dutiful and most affectionate,

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Chesington, Nov. 4.

I never managed matters so adroitly before. Here I am already. My brother most good naturedly offered to convoy me immediately; my father consented; and the murmuring of the rest, though "more comfortable to me than the buzzing of hornets and wasps," was yet of no avail to retard me. I was sorry indeed to leave them all so soon, but as my six weeks here were destined and promised, it is better to have them over before I pretend to be settled at home—at either home, may I say?

As I spent only one day in town, I gave it wholly to my sisters, and they to me; and in the morning we had by chance such a meeting as we have not had before for very many years. My two brothers, Susan, and Charlotte, and myself, were of course at home, and Hetty accidentally coming to town, called in while we were all at breakfast. I ran upstairs and dragged my father down out of the study, to see once more all together his original progeny, and when he came, he called out, "Offspring! can you dance?"

We were soon, however, again dispersed; but the evening also was concluded with equal demonstrations of joy. My mother happened to be engaged to the Kirwans, and Charles, Susan, Charlotte and I were not very dolefully drinking our tea, when the parlour door was opened, and in entered Pacchierotti, who stayed all the evening. Again we flew to the study, and again hauled down my father, and I believe I need hardly tell you the time hung not very heavily upon our hands.

Pacchierotti inquired very much after "my so great favourite

Mrs. Thrale." He is much more embarrassed in speaking English than he was, but understands it more readily and perfectly than ever. He sung to us one air from Ezio, and his voice is more clear and sweet than I ever heard it before. I made but little inquiry about the opera, as I was running away from it, and wanted not to be tempted to stay. My father invited him in your name to Streatham, but I charged him by no means to go in my absence. Little Bertoni was with him.

I had no other adventure in London, but a most delightful incident has happened since I came hither. We had just done tea on Friday, and Mrs. Hamilton, Kitty, Jem, and Mr. Crisp, were sitting down to cards, when we were surprised by an express from London, and it brought a "Whereas we think fit" from the Admiralty, to appoint Captain Burney to the command of the *Latona*, during the absence of the Honourable Captain Conway, This is one of the best frigates in the navy, of thirty-eight guns. and immediately, I believe, ready for service. Jem was almost frantic with ecstasy of joy; he sang, laughed, drank to his own success, and danced about the room with Miss Kitty till he put her quite out of breath. His hope is to get out immediately, and have a brush with some of the Dons, Monsieurs, or Mynheers, while he is in possession of a ship of sufficient force to attack any frigate he may meet.

Adieu, dearest madam. I know you will approve my manoeuvre in so quickly getting here, because so much the sooner again at Streatham you will see your

F. B.

This moment enters our parson with your letter. How kind of you to write even before you received my scrawl from St. Martin's-street! We had heard nothing of any earthquake when I came away. Have you heard from Lyons?

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

St. Martin's-street, Dec. 14.

Three days only have I left dear Streatham, and I feel as if I had neither seen nor heard of it as many months. Gratify

me, dearest madam, with a few lines to tell me how you all do, for I am half uneasy, and quite impatient for intelligence. Does the card system flourish?—Does Dr. Johnson continue gay and good humoured, and “valuing nobody” in a morning?—Is Miss Thrale steady in asserting that all will do perfectly well?—But most I wish to hear whether our dear master is any better in spirit?—And whether my sweet Dottoressa perseveres in supporting and exerting her own?

I never returned to my own home so little merrily disposed as this last time. When I parted with my master, I wished much to have thanked him for all the kindness he has so constantly shown me, but I found myself too grave for the purpose; however, I meant, when I parted with you, to make myself amends by making a speech long enough for both; but then I was yet less able; and thus it is that some or other' cross accident for ever frustrates my rhetorical designs.

Adieu, my dearest madam. Pray give my affectionate respects to Mr. Thrale and Dr. Johnson, my love to Miss Thrale, and compliments to your doves,—and pray believe me,

Ever and ever, F. B.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Streatham, Dec. 22, 1780.

My lovely Burney will believe that I have lost the use of my fingers, or that I never employ them in writing to her but when they are shaking with agony. The truth is, all goes well, and so I quiet my mind and quarrel with my maids—for one must have something to do.

Now I have picked up something to please you; Dr. Johnson pronounced an actual eulogium upon Captain Burney, to his yesterday's listeners—how amiable he was, and how gentle in his manner, &c., though he had lived so many years with sailors and savages.

This I know is a good thing; the only bad part is, that my good word will now be of less importance to him, and I had a great mind to court him out of a share of his good opinion and kindness: but I'll try at it yet whenever I come to town.

Dr. Burney brought my master a nice companion to other morning; he was quite happy, and applauded her schemes of education—just like a man who never heard how the former ones succeeded. I thought like old Croaker—heaven send us all the better for them this time three years!

What a noodle I was to get no franks for Chesington! and now all the members are dispersed over the globe, till the hanging Lord George Gordon shall call them together again: he is to be hanged sure enough.

Sir R. Jebb is leaving us, just in the manner of a hen who is quitting her chickens—he leave us by degrees, and makes long intervals now, short visits, &c. Dear creature, how I adore him! and what praises have I coaxed Mrs. Montagu out of to please him. He'll value those more than mine—a rogue!

The Parkers were here yesterday, and sat whole hours, and told all their terrors in the riot season, &c., besides an adventure of a trunk cut from behind a post-chaise, which lasted—Oh, I thought I should have died no other death than that trunk would have given me.

I suppose you gather from all this that Mr. Thrale dines below, plays at cards, &c., for so he does, and makes all the haste to be well that mortal man can make.

Tell Mr. Crisp that your friend is a whimsical animal enough, but that she loves her friends and her friends' friends, and him of course: and tell the Captain that I had a lady here last Saturday, and could think of nothing for chat so well as the discoveries in the South Seas, and his kindness in giving Hester some rarities from thence, which she produced—that the lady made the following reflection on what she saw and heard—“Why, madam,” said she, “I have been thinking all this while how happy a thing it is that when some parts of the world wear out and go to decay, Captain Burney should find out new ones to supply their places, and serve instead.” All this with perfect innocence of all meaning whatsoever.

Adieu, dearest, loveliest Burney! Write to me kindly, think of me partially, come to me willingly, and dream of me if you will; for I am, as you well know,

Ever yours,

H. L. T.

CHAPTER X.

1781.

Correspondence between Miss Burney and Mrs. Thrale—Good Things—Mr. Crisp—The War—Admiral Byron—Origin of our Affections—Merlin—His Mill to Grind Old Ladies Young—Dr. Johnson—Bartolozzi—An Owyhee Dress—Conversazione—Characters—Mrs. Montagu—Dinner at Mrs. Thrale's—Lord Sheffield—Lord John Clinton—Two Beauties and a Fright—Mrs. Carter—Webber's South Sea Drawings—Curious Fans—The Duchess of Devonshire—Sir Joshua Reynolds—A Dinner Party—A Character—Sudden Death of Mr. Thrale—Correspondence between Mr. Crisp and Miss Burney—The Three Warnings—Diary Resumed—Visitors—A Dinner Party—Sale of Mr. Thrale's Brewery—Mr. Barclay, the Rich Quaker—Dr. Johnson—Newspaper Scandal—A Poor Artist—An Odd Adventure—Anecdote of Dr. Johnson—Sitting for One's Portrait—Visit to Streatham—A Subject for Harry Bunbury—The Wits at War—Johnson's "Life of Lord Lyttelton"—Singular Scene—Johnson in a Savage Fit—A Peace-maker—Merlin the Mechanician.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Streatham, Saturday. ;

MY DEAR MISS BURNEY,

And so here comes your sweet letter. And so I pleased Mr. Crisp, did I? and yet he never heard, it seems, the only good things I said, which were very earnest, and very honest, and very pressing invitations to him to see Streatham nearer than through the telescope. Now, that he did *not* hear all this was your fault, mademoiselle; for you told me that Mr. Crisp was old, and Mr. Crisp was infirm; and, if I had found those things so, I should have spoken louder, and concluded him to be deaf: but, finding him very amiable, and very elegant, and very

polite to *me*, and very unlike an old man, I never thought about his being deaf; and, perhaps, was a little coquettish too, in my manner of making the invitation. I now repeat it, however, and give it under my hand, that I should consider such a visit as a very, very great honour, and so would Mr. Thrale.

• And now for dismal!

I have been seriously ill ever since I saw you. Mrs. Burney has been to me a kind and useful friend,—has suffered me to keep her here all this time—is here still—would not go to Sir Joshua's, though she was asked, because I could not; and has been as obliging, and as attentive, and as good to me as possible. Dick is happy, and rides out with my master, and his mamma and I look at them out of the dressing-room window. So much for self.

In the midst of my own misery I felt for my dear Mrs. Byron's; but Chamier has relieved that anxiety by assurances that the Admiral behaved quite exceptionably, and that, as to *honour* in the West Indies, all goes well. The Grenadas are a heavy loss indeed, nor is it supposed possible for Byron to protect Barbadoes and Antigua. Barrington has acted a noble part; he and Count d'Estaing remind one of the heroic contentions of distant times. The *Lyon*, on our side, commanded by a Welshman, and the *Languedoc*, on the side of the French, fought with surprising fury, and lost a great number of men; it was a glorious day, though on our side unfortunate.

D'Orvilliers has left our Channel after only cutting a few ships out of Torbay, and chasing Sir Charles to Spithead. Many suppose the home campaign quite over for this year.

I have had very kind letters from Dr. Delap. I love the Sussex people somehow, and they are a mighty silly race too. But 'tis never for their wisdom that one loves the wisest, or for their wit that one loves the wittiest; 'tis for benevolence, and virtue, and honest fondness, one loves people; the other qualities make one proud of loving them too.

Dear, sweet, kind Burney, adieu; whether sick or sorry, ever yours,

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Streatham, Thursday, 4th January.

Don't I pick up franks prettily? I sent a hundred miles for this, and the churl enclosed but one—"certain that Miss Burney could not live long enough away from me to need two." Ah, cruel Miss Burney! she will never come again, I think.

Well! but I did see Philips written in that young man's honest face, though nobody pronounced the word; and I boldly bid him "*Good morrow, Captain,*" at the door, trusting to my own instinct when I came away. Your sweet father, however, this day trusted me with the whole secret, and from my heart do I wish every comfort and joy from the match.

'Tis now high time to tell you that the pictures are come home, all but *mine*,—which my master don't like. He has *ordered* your father to sit to-morrow, in his peremptory way; and I shall have the dear Doctor every morning at breakfast. I took ridiculous pains to tutor him to-day, and to insist, in *my* peremptory way, on his forbearing to write or read late this evening, that my picture might not have blood-shot eyes.

Merlin has been here to tune the fortepianos. He told Mrs. Davenant and me that he had thoughts of inventing a particular mill to grind old ladies young, as he was so prodigiously fond of their company. I suppose he thought we should bring *grist*. Was that the way to put people in *tune*? I asked him.

Doctor Burney says your letters and mine are alike, and that it comes by writing so incessantly to each other. I feel proud and pleased, and find I shall slip pretty readily into the Susan-nuccia's place, when she goes to settle on her 700*l.* a-year; of which God give her joy seven hundred times over, dear creature! I never knew how it was to love an *incognita* but Susan Burney: my personal acquaintance with her is actually nothing—is it? and yet we always seem to understand one another.

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Streatham, Thursday, 11th.

I never was so glad of a letter from you before: the dear

Doctor had been in the room just half-an-hour, and had frightened me with an account of your fever. Thank God there is no harm come to my sweet little friend; her spirits and her affection are as strong as ever, for all Dr. Johnson,—who says nobody loves each other much when they have been parted long. How well do you know him, and me, and all of us,—and talk of *my* penetration!

Your father sits for his picture in the Doctor of music's gown; and Bartolozzi makes an engraving from it to place at the head of the book. Sir Joshua delights in the portrait, and says 'twill be the best among them. I hope it will; and by this time, perhaps, you may have begun thinking of the *miniature* too; but it is not touched yet, I assure you. Sweet Susannuccia! I *will* slide into her place; I shall get more of your company, too, and more—is there any more to be had?—of your confidence. Yes, yes, there is a little, to be sure; but dear Mrs. Thrale shall have it all now. Oh, 'tis an excellent match! and he has 700*l.* a-year—that is, he *will* have: it is entailed, and irrevocable.

I send this by your father, who will put it in the post; not a frank to-day for love or money. I did not intend to have written so soon. He and I shall meet at St. James's this day se'nnight. The Owyhee* is to be trimmed with grebeskins and gold to the tune of 65*l.*—the trimming only. What would I give to show it to you!—or show you anything, for that matter, that would *show* how affectionately I am yours!

* * * * *

Dr. Burney says you carry bird-lime in your brains, for everything that lights there sticks. I think you carry it in your heart, and that mine sticks very close to it. So adieu!

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney.

Grosvenor-square, Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1781.

This moment Dick Burney tells me how ill you are. My

* Mrs. Thrale had a court dress woven at Spitalfields, from a pattern of Owyhee manufacture, brought thence by Captain Burney.

dear, how shall I keep from stepping into a post-chaise, and sousing through Gascoyne Lane to look after you? Complicated as my engagements are, between business and flash, I shall certainly serve you so, if you do not make haste and be well.

Yesterday I had a conversazione. Mrs. Montagu was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk. Sophy smiled, Piozzi sung, Pepys panted with admiration, Johnson was good-humoured, Lord John Clinton attentive, Dr. Bowdler lame, and my master not asleep. Mrs. Ord looked elegant, Lady Rothes dainty, Mrs. Davenant dapper, and Sir Philip's curls were all blown about by the wind. Mrs. Byron rejoices that her Admiral and I agree so well; the way to his heart is connoisseurship it seems, and for a back-ground and contorno, who comes up to Mrs. Thrale, you know.

Captain Fuller flashes away among us. How that boy loves rough merriment! the people all seem to keep out of his way for fear.

Aunt Cotton died firmly persuaded that Mrs. Davenant was a natural, and that I wrote her letters for her—how odd!

Many people said she was the prettiest woman in the room last night,—and that is as odd; Augusta Byron, and Sophy Streatfield, and Mrs. Hinchliffe, being present.

Mrs. Montagu talked to me about you for an hour t'other day, and said she was amazed that so delicate a girl could write so boisterous a book.

Loveliest Burney, be as well as ever you can, pray do. When you are with me, I think I love you from habit; when you are from me, I fancy distance endears you: be that as it may, your own father can alone love you better, or wish you better, or desire the sight of you more sincerely, than does your

H. L. T.

Dr. Johnson is very good and very *clubbable*, but Sir R. Jebb is quite a scourge to me. Who now would believe that I cannot make a friend of that man, but am forced to fly to Dr. Pepys for comfort? He is so haughty, so impracticable a creature; and yet I esteem and honour him, though I cannot make him feel anything towards me but desire of *downing*, &c.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Chesington, February 8th, 1781.

This moment have two sweet and most kind letters from my best-loved Mrs. Thrale made amends for no little anxiety which her fancied silence had given me. I know not what is now come to this post; but there is nothing I can bear with so little patience as being tricked out of any of your letters. They do, indeed, give me more delight than I can express; they seem to me the perfection of epistolary writing; for, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, all that is not kindness is wit, and all that is not wit is kindness.

What you tell me of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter gives me real concern; it is a sort of general disgrace to us; but, as you say, it shall have nothing to do with you and I. Mrs. Montagu, as we have often agreed, is a character rather to respect than love, for she has not that *don d'aimer* by which alone love can be made fond or faithful; and many as are the causes by which respect may be lessened, there are very few by which it can be afterwards restored to its first dignity. But where there is real affection, the case is exactly reversed; few things can weaken, and every trifle can revive it.

Yet not for forty years, in this life at least, shall we continue to love each other; I am very sure I, for one, shall never last half that time. If you saw but how much the illness of a week has lowered and injured me, considering in what perfect health I came hither, you would be half astonished; and that in spite of the utmost care and attention from every part of this kind family. I have just, with great difficulty, escaped a relapse, from an unfortunate fresh cold with which I am at this time struggling. Long last you, dearest madam!—I am sure in the whole world I know not such another.

* * * * *

I think I shall always hate this book* which has kept me so

* "Cecilia," which Miss Burney had been long employed in writing, and which made its appearance shortly afterwards.—ED.

long away from you, as much as I shall always love "Evelina," who first *comfortably* introduced me to you; an event which I may truly say opened a new, and, I hope, an exhaustless source of happiness to your most gratefully affectionate

F. B.

Journal Resumed.

(Addressed to Mr. Crisp.)

MARCH 23rd, 1781.—I have very narrowly escaped a return of the same vile and irksome fever which with such difficulty has been conquered, and that all from vexation. Last week I went to dinner in Grosvenor Square. I ran upstairs, as usual, into Mrs. Thrale's dressing-room, and she there acquainted me that Mr. Thrale had resolved upon going abroad: *first* to Spa, next to Italy, and then whither his fancy led him! that Dr. Johnson was to accompany them, but that, as their journey was without limit either of time or place, as Mr. Thrale's ill state of health and strange state of mind would make it both melancholy and alarming, she could not in conscience think of taking *me* from my own friends and country without knowing either whither, or for what length of time. She would write to me, however, every post; leave me the keys of all she left of any value, and, in case of any evil to herself, make me her executrix!

Oh, what words! and what a scheme! I was so infinitely shocked, surprised, and grieved, that I was forced to run away from her, and insist upon hearing no more; neither could I sufficiently recover even to appear at dinner, as Dr. Johnson, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Ingram, were of the party; I was obliged, therefore, to shut myself up all the afternoon.

You will not, I am sure, wonder that I should be utterly disconcerted and afflicted by a plan so wild in itself, and so grievous to me. I was, indeed, hardly able to support myself with any firmness all day; and, unfortunately, there was in the evening a great rout. I was then obliged to appear, and obliged to tell everybody I was but half recovered from my late indisposition.

The party was very large, and the company ver brilliant. I

was soon encircled by acquaintances, and forced to seem as gay as my neighbours. My steady companions were Miss Coussmaker, Augusta Byron, Miss Ord, and Miss Thrale; and the *S. S.* never quits me.

I had a long conversation with the new Lord Sheffield; and, as I had never seen him since he was Colonel Holroyd, I was ridiculously enough embarrassed with his new title, blundering from *my lord* to *sir*, and from *sir* to *my lord*. He gave me a long account of his Coventry affairs, and of the commitment of the sheriffs to Newgate. He is a spirited and agreeable man, and, I doubt not, will make himself conspicuous in the right way. Lady Sheffield was also very civil; and, as she came second, I was better prepared, and therefore gave her ladyship her title with more readiness, which was lucky enough, for I believe she would much less have liked the omission.

Mrs. Thrale took much pains to point out her friend Lord John Clinton to me, and me to him: he is extremely ugly, but seems lively and amiable.

The greatest beauty in the room, except the *S. S.*, was Mrs. Gwynn, lately Miss Horneck; and the greatest fright was Lord Sandys.

I have time for nothing more about this evening, which, had not my mind been wholly and sadly occupied by other matters, would have been very agreeable to me.

The next day I again spent in Grosvenor Square, where nothing new had passed about this cruel journey. I then met a very small party, consisting only of Mrs. Price, who was a *Miss Evelyn*, Miss Benson, Dr. Johnson, and Mrs. Carter.

The latter, as there were so few folks, talked a good deal, and was far more sociable and easy than I had yet seen her. Her talk, too, though all upon books (for life and manners she is as ignorant of as a nun), was very unaffected and good-humoured, and I liked her exceedingly. Mrs. Price is a very sensible, shrewd, lofty, and hard-headed woman. Miss Benson not very unlike her.

TUESDAY.—I passed the whole day at Sir Joshua Reynolds's with Miss Palmer, who, in the morning, took me to see some

most beautiful fans, painted by Poggi, from designs of Sir Joshua, Angelica, West, and Cipriani, on leather: they are, indeed, more delightful than can well be imagined: one was bespoke by the Duchess of Devonshire, for a present to some woman of rank in France, that was to cost 30*l*.

We were accompanied by Mr. Eliot,* the knight of the shire for Cornwall, a most agreeable, lively, and very clever man.

We then went to Mr. Webber's, to see his South Sea drawings. Here we met Captain King, who chiefly did the honours in showing the curiosities and explaining them. He is one of the most natural, gay, honest, and pleasant characters I ever met with. We spent all the rest of the morning here, much to my satisfaction. The drawings are extremely well worth seeing; they consist of views of the country of Otaheite, New Zealand, New Amsterdam, Kamschatka, and parts of China; and portraits of the inhabitants done from the life.

When we returned to Leicester Fields we were heartily welcomed by Sir Joshua. Mr. Eliot stayed the whole day; and no other company came but Mr. Webber, who was invited to tea. Sir Joshua is fat and well. He is preparing for the Exhibition a new "Death of Dido;" portraits of the three beautiful Lady Waldegraves, Horatia, Laura, and Maria, all in one picture, and at work with the tambour; a Thais, for which a *Miss Emily*, a celebrated courtesan, sat, at the desire of the Hon. Charles Greville; and what others I know not: but his room and gallery are both crowded.

THURSDAY.—I spent the whole day again in Grosvenor Square, where there was a very gay party to dinner; Mr. Boswell, Dudley Long, Mr. Adair, Dr. Delap, Mr. B——, Dr. Johnson, and my father; and much could I write of what passed, if it were possible for me to get time. Mr. B—— was just as absurdly pompous as at Brighton; and, in the midst of dinner, without any sort of introduction, or reason, or motive, he called out aloud,—

"Sweet are the slumbers of the charming maid!"

* Afterwards the first Lord Eliot, and father of the Earl of St. Germans.

A laugh from all parties, as you may imagine, followed this exclamation; and he bore it with amazing insensibility.

"What's all this laugh for?" cried Dr. Johnson, who had not heard the cause.

"Why, sir," answered Mrs. Thrale, when she was able to speak, "Mr. B—— just now called out,—nobody knows why,—‘Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous maid!’"

"No, no, not *virtuous*," cried Mr. Boswell, "he said *charming*; he thought that better."

"Ay, sure, sir," cried Mr. B——, unmoved; "for why say *virtuous*?—can we doubt a fair female's virtue?—oh fie, oh fie! 'tis a superfluous epithet."

"But," cried Mrs. Thrale, "in the original it is the *virtuous man*; why do you make it a *maid* of the sudden, Mr. B——?"

"I was alarmed at first," cried Dr. Delap, "and thought he had caught Miss Burney *napping*; but when I looked at her, and saw her awake, I was at a loss, indeed, to find the reason of the change."

"Here, sir! my lad!" cried Mr. B—— to the servant; "why, my head's on fire! What! have you got never a screen? Why, I shall be what you may call a *hot-headed fellow*! I shall be a mere *rôti*!"

In the afternoon we were joined by Mr. Crutchley, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Selwyn; and then we had a thousand private conferences and consultations concerning the Spa journey.

I have been so often and so provokingly interrupted in writing this, that I must now finish it by *lumping* matters at once. Sir Richard Jebb and Dr. Pepys have both been consulted concerning this going abroad, and are both equally violent against it, as they think it even unwarrantable, in such a state of health as Mr. Thrale's; and, therefore, it is settled that a great meeting of his friends is to take place before he actually prepares for the journey, and they are to encircle him in a body, and endeavour, by representations and entreaties, to prevail with him to give it up; and I have little doubt myself but, amongst us, we shall be able to succeed.

*Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.**

Wednesday evening.

You bid me write to you, and so I will; you bid me pray for you, and so, indeed, I do, for the restoration of your sweet peace of mind. I pray for your resignation to this hard blow, for the continued union and exertion of your virtues with your talents, and for the happiest reward their exertion can meet with, in the gratitude and prosperity of your children. These are my prayers for my beloved Mrs. Thrale; but these are not my only ones; no, the unfailing warmth of her kindness for myself I have rarely, for a long time past, slept without first petitioning.

I ran away without seeing you again when I found you repented that sweet compliance with my request which I had won from you. For the world would I not have pursued you, had I first seen your prohibition, nor could I endure to owe that consent to teasing which I only solicited from tenderness. Still, however, I think you had better have suffered me to follow you; I might have been of some use; I hardly could have been in your way. But I grieve now to have forced you to an interview which I would have spared myself as well as you, had I foreseen how little it would have answered my purpose.

Yet though I cannot help feeling disappointed, I am not surprised; for in any case at all similar, I am sure I should have the same eagerness for solitude.

I tell you nothing of how sincerely I sympathise in your affliction; yet I believe that Mr. Crutchley and Dr. Johnson alone do so more earnestly; and I have some melancholy comfort in flattering myself that, allowing for the difference of our characters, that true regard which I felt was as truly returned. Nothing but kindness did I ever meet with; he ever loved to

* This letter was written in reply to a few words from Mrs. Thrale, in which, alluding to her husband's sudden death, she begs Miss Burney to "write to me—pray for me!" The hurried note from Mrs. Thrale is thus endorsed by Miss Burney:—"Written a few hours after the death of Mr. Thrale, which happened by a sudden stroke of apoplexy, on the morning of a day on which half the fashion of London had been invited to an intended assembly at his house in Grosvenor-square."

have me, not merely with his family, but with himself; and gratefully shall I ever remember a thousand kind expressions of esteem and good opinion, which are now crowding upon my memory.

Ah, dearest madam! you had better have accepted; I am sure, if unfit for *you*, I am at this time unfit for everybody. Adieu, and Heaven preserve my heart's dearest friend! Don't torment yourself to write to me, nor will I even ask Queeny, though she is good, and I believe would not deny me; but what can you say but that you are sad and comfortless? and do I not know that far too well? I will write again to you, and a thousand times again, for nothing am I more truly than your

F. B.

Miss F. Burncy to Mrs. Thrale.

Saturday, April 6th.

I would I had some commission, some business, some pretence for writing to my best-loved friend; for write I must, while I have the faintest hope my letters will be received without aversion. Yet I have nothing on earth to say, but how much I love and how truly I am grieved for her. To *you*, dearest madam, I can offer nothing by way of comfort or consolation, whatever I might do to many others; but what could I urge which you have not a thousand times revolved in your own mind? Dr. Johnson alone could offer anything new, or of strength to deserve attention from Mrs. Thrale. The rectitude and purity of your principles, both religious and moral, I have often looked up to with reverence, and I now no more doubt their firmness in this time of trial than if I witnessed their operation. Queeny, too, I saw was bent upon exerting the utmost fortitude upon this first, and I believe, indeed, most painful occasion to her that could call for it. May she now for her sweet mother unite all the affection and attention which hitherto have deserved to be divided!

Many friends call and send here to inquire after you; but I have myself avoided them all. I cannot yet bear the conversa-

tion which is to
wrap myself up
one more hasty
from.

allow every meeting. To be with *you* I would
in misery; but, without such a motive, no
to run away from all that is possible to be fled

Dr. Johnson, as I hear, is well. I hear nothing else I have any
wish to communicate.

Adieu, most dear madam; and still love, when you have time
and compose to again think of her, the sincerest, the grate-
fullest, the truest of your friends, in F. B. who, though she first
received your affection as an unmerited partiality, hopes never to
forfeit, and perhaps some time to deserve it.

I do not even request an answer; I scarce *wish* for it; because
I know what it must be. But I will write again in a few days.
My kind love to Miss Thrale.

F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Streatham, April 29th, 1781.

Have you not, my dearest daddy, thought me utterly lost?
and, indeed, to all power of either giving or taking comfort, I
certainly have been for some time past. I did not, it is true,
hope that poor Mr. Thrale could live very long, as the alteration
I saw in him only during my absence while with you had shocked
and astonished me. Yet, still the suddenness of the blow gave
me a horror from which I am not even now recovered. The
situation of sweet Mrs. Thrale, added to the true concern I felt
at his loss, harassed my mind till it affected my health, which is
now again in a state of precariousness and comfortless restlessness
that will require much trouble to remedy.

You have not, I hope been angry at my silence; for, in truth,
I have had no spirits to write, nor, latterly, ability of *any* kind,
from a headache that has been incessant.

I now begin to long extremely to hear more about yourself,
and whether you have recovered your sleep and any comfort.
The good nursing you mention is always my consolation when I
have the painful tidings of your illness; for I have myself ex-

perienced the kindness, care, and unwearied^{with} attention of the ever good and friendly Kitty, who, indeed, as ^{and} you well say, can by no one be excelled in that most useful and ^{and} most humane of all sciences.

Mrs. Thrale flew immediately upon this misfortune to Brighthelmstone, to Mr. Scrase—*her* Daddy Crisp—both for consolation and counsel; and she has but just quitted him, ^{as} she deferred returning to Streatham till her presence was indispen^ssably necessary upon account of proving the will. I offered to accompany her to Brighthelmstone; but she preferred being alone, as her mind was cruelly disordered, and she saw but too plainly I was too sincere a mourner myself to do much besides adding to her grief. The moment, however, she came back, she solicited me to meet her,—and I am now here with her, and endeavour, by every possible exertion, to be of some use to her. She looks wretchedly indeed, and is far from well; but she bears up, though not with calm intrepidity, yet with flashes of spirit that rather, I fear, spend than relieve her. Such, however, is her character, and were this exertion repressed, she would probably sink quite.

Miss Thrale is steady and constant, and very sincerely grieved for her father.

The four executors, Mr. Cator,* Mr. Crutchley,† Mr. Henry Smith, and Dr. Johnson, have all behaved generously and honourably, and seem determined to give Mrs. Thrale all the comfort and assistance in their power. She is to carry on the business jointly with them. Poor soul! it is a dreadful toil and worry to her.

Adieu, my dearest daddy. I will write again in a week's time. I have now just been blooded; but am by no means restored by that loss. But well and ill, equally and ever,

Your truly affectionate child,

F. B.

* M.P. for Ipswich in 1784. Described by Dr. Johnson as having "much good in his character, and much usefulness in his knowledge." Johnson used to visit Mr. Cator at his splendid seat at Beckenham.

† M.P. for Horsham in 1784.

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, May 15th, 1781.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

I was neither cross nor surprised at not hearing from you so long, as I was at no loss for the cause to your silence. I know you have a heart, and on a late occasion can easily imagine it was too full to attend to forms, or, indeed, to any but the one great object immediately before you. To say the truth, I should be sorry to have your nature changed, for the sake of a letter or two more or less from you; because I can now with confidence say to myself, "The girl is really sincere, and, as she does profess some friendship and regard for me, I can believe her and am convinced that, if any evil were to befall me, she would be truly sorry for me."²

There is a pleasure in such a thought, and I will indulge it. The steadiness and philosophy of certain of our friends is, perhaps, to be admired; but I wish it not to be imitated by any of my friends. I would have the feelings of their minds be keen and even piercing, but stop there. Let not the poor tenement of clay give way:—if that goes, how shall they abide the peltings of these pitiless storms? Your slight machine is certainly not made for such rough encounters;—for which I am truly sorry. You did not make yourself; allowed!—agreed!—But you may mend yourself, and that is all I require of you.

If I had you here, I should talk to you on this head; but at present I ought not to wish it. Mrs. Thrale has an undoubted right to you, nor should I wish to tear you from her. When the wound is healed, and nothing but the scar remaining, the plaster ought to be removed,—and then I put in my claim.

Let me hear from you soon that your health and spirits are mended—greatly mended. I sincerely wish the same to your beloved friend, to whom you must present my best respects. I am glad she is connected with such worthy people in her affairs. I have more than once observed that the unavoidable necessity of attending to business of indispensable consequence, and that, with strict, unabated perseverance, has contributed more to divert

and dissipate, and finally to cure deep sorrow, than all the wise lessons of philosophers, or the well-meant consolations of friends. May she prove an instance to confirm this observation!

As for my own shattered frame, I have had a pretty long and convincing proof that it is not immortal. Gout, rheumatism, indigestion, want of sleep, almost ever since I saw you, I think, may amount pretty nearly to the sum total of Mrs. Thrale's "Three Warnings." If I don't take the hint the fault is my own—Nature has done her part.

Bad as I have been though, I now hobble about the garden with a stick, and for this fortnight past have been gradually mending, though slowly.

Ham and Kate are constantly inquiring after you, and when you will come. I am sure they love you, or I should not love them. Adieu, my Fannikin,

Your affectionate daddy,

S. C. at

Journal Resumed.

STREATHAM, MAY, 1781.—Miss Owen and I arrived here without incident, which, in a journey of six or seven miles, was really marvellous! Mrs. Thrale came from the Borough with two of the executors, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Crutchley, soon after us. She had been sadly worried, and in the evening frightened us all by again fainting away. Dear creature! she is all agitation of mind and of body: but she is now wonderfully recovered, though in continual fevers about her affairs, which are mightily difficult and complicate indeed. Yet the behaviour of all the executors is exactly to her wish. Mr. Crutchley, in particular, were he a darling son or only brother, could not possibly be more truly devoted to her. Indeed, I am very happy in the revolution in my own mind in favour of this young man, whom formerly I so little liked; for I now see so much of him, business and inclination uniting to bring him hither continually, that if he were disagreeable to me, I should spend my time in a most comfortless manner. On the contrary, I both respect and esteem him very

highly; for his whole conduct manifests so much goodness of heart and excellence of principle, that he is fairly *un homme comme il y en a peu*; and that first appearance of coldness, pride, reserve, and sneering, all wears off upon further acquaintance, and leaves behind nothing but good-humour and good-will. And this you must allow to be very candid, when I tell you that, but yesterday, he affronted me so much by a piece of impertinence, that I had a very serious quarrel with him. Of this more anon.

Dr. Johnson was charming, both in spirits and humour. I really think he grows gayer and gayer daily, and more *ductile* and pleasant.

Mr. Crutchley stayed till Sunday, when we had many visitors. —Mrs. Plumbe, one of poor Mr. Thrale's sisters; Mrs. Wallace, wife to the Attorney-General, a very ugly, but sensible and agreeable woman; Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, and Mr. Selwyn.

Monday Miss Owen left us.

Tuesday came Lord and Lady Westcote, and afterwards Dr. and Mrs. Parker, Dr. Lort, and the Bishop of Killaloe. Dr. Parker is a terrible old proser, and wore me out; Mrs. Parker is well-bred and sensible; my friend Dr. Lort was comical and diverting; and the Bishop of Killaloe is a gay, sprightly, polite, and ready man: I liked him well.

Sunday morning nobody went to church but Mr. Crutchley, Miss Thrale, and myself; and some time after, when I was sauntering upon the lawn before the house, Mr. Crutchley joined me. We were returning together into the house, when Mrs. Thrale, popping her head out of her dressing-room window, called out, "How nicely these men domesticate among us, Miss Burney! Why, they take to us as natural as life!"

"Well, well," cried Mr. Crutchley, "I have sent for my horse, and I shall release you early to-morrow morning. I think yonder comes Sir Philip."

"Oh! you'll have enough to do with *him*," cried she, laughing; "he is well prepared to plague you, I assure you."

"Is he?—and what about?"

"Why, about Miss Burney. He asked me the other day what

was my present establishment. 'Mr. Crutchley and Miss Burney,' I answered. 'How well those two names go together,' cried he; 'I think they can't do better than make a match of it: I will consent, I am sure,' he added; and to-day, I dare say, you will hear enough of it."

I leave you to judge if I was pleased at this stuff thus communicated; but Mrs. Thrale, with all her excellence, can give up no occasion of making sport, however, unseasonable, or even painful.

"I am very much obliged to him, indeed!" cried I, dryly; and Mr. Crutchley called out, "*Thank him!—thank him!*" in a voice of pride and of pique that spoke him mortally angry.

I instantly came into the house, leaving him to talk it out with Mrs. Thrale, to whom I heard him add, "So this is Sir Philip's kindness!" and her answer, "I wish you no worse luck!"

Now, what think you of this? was it not highly insolent?—and from a man who has behaved to me hitherto with the utmost deference, good nature, and civility, and given me a thousand reasons, by every possible opportunity, to think myself very high indeed in his good opinion and good graces? But these rich men think themselves the constant prey of all portionless girls, and are always upon their guard, and suspicious of some design to take them in. This sort of disposition I had very early observed in Mr. Crutchley, and therefore I had been more distant and cold with him than with any body I ever met with; but latterly his character had risen so much in my mind, and his behaviour was so much improved, that I had let things take their own course, and no more shunned than I sought him; for I evidently saw his doubts concerning *me* and *my* plots were all at an end, and his civility and attentions were daily increasing, so that I had become very comfortable with him, and well pleased with his society.

I need not, I think, add that I determined to see as little of this most fearful and haughty gentleman in future as was in my power, since no good qualities can compensate for such arrogance of suspicion; and therefore, as I had reason enough

to suppose he would, in haste, resume his own reserve, I resolved, without much effort, to be beforehand with him in resuming mine.

At dinner we had a large and most disagreeable party of Irish ladies, whom Mrs. Thrale was necessitated to invite from motives of business and various connexions. We were in all fourteen, viz., Sir Philip Clerke; Mrs. Lambart and her son, a genteel *young* youth; Miss Owen; Mr. and Mrs. Perkins; Mrs. Vincent; Mrs. O'Riley, and Miss O'Riley, her sister-in-law; Mr. Crutchley; Mrs. and Miss Thrale; and myself.

I was obliged, at dinner, to be seated between Miss O'Riley and Mr. Crutchley, to whom you may believe, I was not very courteous, especially as I had some apprehensions of Sir Philip. Mr. Crutchley, however, to my great surprise, was quite as civil ever, and endeavoured to be as chatty; but there I begged to be excused, only answering *upon the reply*, and that very dryly, and I was indeed horribly provoked with him.

Indeed, all his behaviour would have been natural and good-humoured, and just what I should have liked, had he better concealed his chagrin at the first accusation; but that, still dwelling by me, made me very indifferent to what followed, though I found he had no idea of having displeased me, and rather sought to be more than less sociable than usual.

I was much diverted during dinner by this Miss O'Riley, who took it in her humour to attack Mr. Crutchley repeatedly, though so discouraging a beau never did I see! *Her* forwardness, and his excessive and inordinate coldness, made a contrast that, added to her *brogue*, which was broad, kept me in a grin irrepressible.

In the afternoon we had also Mr. Wallace, the Attorney-General, a most squat and squab-looking man; and further I saw not of him.

In the evening, when the Irish ladies, the Perkinses, Lambarts, and Sir Philip, were gone, Mrs. Thrale walked out with Mr. Wallace, whom she had some business to talk over with; and then, when only Miss Owen, Miss T. and I remained, Mr. Crutchley, after repeatedly addressing me, and gaining pretty

dry answers, called out suddenly, "Why, Miss Burney! why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Why, are you stricken, or smitten, or ill?"

"None of the three."

"Oh, then, you are *setting down* all these Irish folks!"

"No, indeed, I don't think them worth the trouble."

"Oh, but I am sure you are, only I interrupted you."

I went on no farther with the argument, and Miss Thrale proposed our walking out to meet her mother. We all agreed; and Mr. Crutchley would not be satisfied without walking next me, though I really had no patience to talk with him, and wished him at Jericho.

"What's the matter?" said he; "have you had a quarrel?"

"No."

"Are you affronted?"

Not a word. Then again he called to Miss Thrale,—

"Why, Queeny—why, she's quite in a rage! What have you done to her?"

I still *sulked* on, vexed to be teased; but, though, with a gaiety that showed he had no suspicion of the cause, he grew more and more urgent, trying every means to make me tell him what was the matter, till at last, much provoked, I said,—

"I must be strangely in want of a confidant, indeed, to take *you* for one!"

"Why, what an insolent speech!" cried he, half serious and half laughing, but casting up his eyes and hands with astonishment.

He then let me be quiet some time, but in a few minutes renewed his inquiries with added eagerness, begging me to tell *him* if nobody else.

A likely matter! thought I; nor did I scruple to tell him, when forced to answer, that no one had so little chance of success in such a request.

"Why so?" cried he; "for I am the best person in the world to trust with a secret, as I always forget it."

He continued working at me till we joined Mrs. Thrale and the

Attorney-General. And then Miss Thrale, stimulated by him, came to inquire if I had really taken anything amiss of *her*. No, I assured her.

"Is it of *me*, then?" cried Mr. Crutchley, as if sure I should say *no*; but I made no other answer than desiring him to desist questioning me.

"So I will," cried he: "only clear *me*,—only say it is not *me*."

"I shall say nothing about the matter; so do pray be at rest."

"Well, but it can't be *me*, I know: only say that. It's Queeny, I dare say."

"No, indeed."

"Then it's *you*," cried Miss Thrale: "and I'm glad of it with all my heart!"

He then grew quite violent, and at last went on with his questions till, by being quite silent to them, he could no longer doubt who it was. He seemed then wholly amazed, and entreated to know what he had done; but I tried only to avoid him, and keep out of his way.

Soon after, the Attorney-General took his leave, during which ceremony Mr. Crutchley, coming behind me, exclaimed,—

"Who'd think of this creature's having any venom in her!"

"Oh yes," answered I, "when she's provoked."

"But have *I* provoked you?"

Again I got off. Taking Miss Thrale by the arm, we hurried away, leaving him with Mrs. Thrale and Miss Owen. He was presently, however, with us again; and when he came to my side, and found me really trying to talk of other matters with Miss Thrale, and avoid him, he called out,—

"Upon my life, this is too bad! Do tell me, Miss Burney, what is the matter? If you won't, I protest I'll call Mrs. Thrale, and make her work at you herself."

I now, in my turn, entreated he would not; for I knew she was not to be safely trusted with anything she could turn into ridicule. I was, therefore, impatient to have the whole matter dropped; and after assuring him very dryly, yet peremptorily, that I should never satisfy him, I started another subject with Miss Thrale, and we walked quietly on.

He exclaimed, with a vehemence that amazed me in return, "Why will you not tell me? Upon my life, if you refuse me any longer, I'll call the whole house to speak for me!"

"I assure you," answered I, "that will be to no purpose; for I must offend *myself* by telling it, and therefore I shall mention it to nobody."

"But what in the world have I done?"

"Nothing; you have done nothing."

"What have I *said* then? Only let me beg your pardon,—only let me know what it is, that I *may* beg your pardon."

I then took up the teasing myself, and quite insisted upon his leaving us and joining Mrs. Thrale. He begged me to tell Miss Thrale, and let her mediate, and entreated her to be his agent; which, in order to get rid of him, she promised; and he then slackened his pace, though very reluctantly, while we quickened ours.

Miss Thrale, however, asked me not a question, which I was very glad of, as the affair, trifling as it is, would be but mortifying to mention; and though I could not, when so violently pressed, disguise my resentment, I was by no means disposed to make any serious complaint. I merely wished to let the gentleman know I was not so much his humble servant as to authorise even the smallest disrespect from him.

He was, however, which I very little expected, too uneasy to stay long away; and when we had walked on quite out of hearing of Mrs. Thrale and Miss Owen, he suddenly galloped after us.

"How odd it is of you," said Miss Thrale, "to come and intrude yourself in this manner upon anybody that tries so to avoid you!"

"Have *you* done anything for me?" cried he; "I don't believe you have said a word."

"Not I, truly!" answered she; "if I can keep my own self out of scrapes, it's all I can pretend to."

"Well, but do tell me, Miss Burney,—pray tell me! indeed, this is quite too bad; I shan't have a wink of sleep all night. If I have offended you, I am very sorry indeed; but I am sure I did not mean——"

"No, sir!" interrupted I, "I don't suppose you *did* mean to offend me, nor do I know why you should. I expect from you neither good nor ill,—civility I think myself entitled to, and that is all I have any desire for."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed he. "Tell me, however, but what it is, and if I have said anything unguardedly, I am extremely sorry, and I most sincerely beg your pardon."

Is it not very strange that any man, in the same day, could be so disdainfully proud and so condescendingly humble? I was never myself more astonished, as I had been firmly persuaded he would not have deigned to take the smallest notice of me from the moment of his hearing Sir Philip's idle raillery.

I now grew civilier, for I dreaded his urgency, as it was literally impossible for me to come to the point.

I told him, therefore, that I was sorry he took so much trouble, which I had by no means intended to give him, and begged he would think of it no more.

He was not, however, to be so dismissed. Again he threatened me with Mrs. Thrale, but again I assured him nothing could less answer to him.

"Well, but," cried he, "if you will not let me know my crime, why, I must never speak to you any more."

"Very well," answered I, "if you please we will proclaim a mutual silence henceforward."

"Oh," cried he, "*you*, I suppose, will be ready enough; but to *me* that would be a loss of very great pleasure. If you would tell me, however, I am sure I could explain it off, because I am sure it has been done undesignedly."

"No, it does not admit of any explanation; so pray don't mention it any more."

"Only tell me what part of the day it was."

Whether this unconsciousness was real, or only to draw me in so that he might come to the point, and make his apology with greater ease, I know not; but I assured him it was in vain he asked, and again desired him to puzzle himself with no further recollections.

"Oh," cried he, "but I shall think of everything I have ever said to you for this half year. I am sure, whatever it was, it must have been unmeant and unguarded."

"That, sir, I never doubted; and probably you thought me hard enough to hear anything without minding it."

"Good Heaven, Miss Burney! why, there is nobody I would not sooner offend,—nobody in the world! Queeny knows it. If Queeny would speak, she could tell you so. Is it not true, Miss Thrale?"

"I shall say nothing about it; if I can keep my own neck out of the collar, it's enough for me."

"But won't it plead something for me that you are sure, and *must* be sure, it was by blunder, and not design?"

"Indeed I am sorry you take all this trouble, which is very little worth your while; so do pray say no more."

"But will you forgive me?"

"Yes."

"It seems to come very hard from you. Will you promise to have quite forgiven it by the time I return next Thursday?"

"Oh, I hope I shall have no remembrance of any part of it before then. I am sorry you know anything about it; and if you had not been so excessively earnest, I should never have let you; but I could not say an untruth when pushed so hard."

"I hope, then, it will be all dissipated by to-morrow morning."

"Oh, surely! I should be very much surprised if it outlasted the night."

"Well, but then will you be the same? I never saw such a change. If you are serious——"

"Oh, no, I'll be wondrous merry!"

"I *beg* you will think no more of it. I—I believe I know what it is; and, indeed, I was far from meaning to give you the smallest offence, and I most earnestly beg your pardon. There is nothing I would not do to assure you how sorry I am. But I hope it will be all over by the time the candles come. I shall look to see, and I hope—I beg—you will have the same countenance again."

I now felt really appeased, and so I told him.

We then talked of other matters till we reached home, though it was not without difficulty I could even yet keep him quiet. I then ran upstairs with my cloak, and stayed till supper-time, when I returned without, I hope, any remaining appearance of *dudgeon* in my *phys*; for after so much trouble and humiliation, it would have been abominable to have shown any.

I see, besides, that Mr. Crutchley, though of a cold and proud disposition, is generous, amiable, and delicate, and, when not touched upon the tender string of *gallantry*, concerning which he piques himself upon invariable hardness and immovability, his sentiments are not merely just, but refined.

* * * * *

After supper, Mr. Crutchley, though he spoke to me two or three times with an evident intention to observe my looks and manner in answering him, which were both meant to be much as usual, seemed still dissatisfied both with his own justification and my appeasement; and when we all arose to go to bed, he crossed over to me, and said in a whisper, "I have begged Miss Thrale to intercede for me; she will explain all; and I hope——"

"Very well—very well," said I, in a horrible hurry; "there is no occasion for anything more."

For Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and Miss Owen, were all standing waiting for me: he put himself, however, before me, so that I could not get away, and went on:—

"Only hear me,—*pray* hear me. Is it what *she* (pointing to Mrs. Thrale) put about in the morning?"

"I'll tell you another time," cried I, in fifty agonies to see how they were all ready to titter, which he, whose back was to them, perceived not.

"I have told Miss Thrale what I thought it was," he continued, "and she will explain it all, and tell you how very impossible it was I could think of offending you. Indeed, I beg your pardon! I do, indeed, most sincerely. I hope you will think of it no more,—I hope it will be all over."

"It is all over," cried I, still trying to get away.

"Well, but—stop—only tell me if it was *that*——"

“Ay—ay—to-morrow morning;” and then I forced myself into the midst of them, and got off.

STREATHAM, THURSDAY.—This was the great and most important day to all this house, upon which the sale of the Brewery was to be decided. Mrs. Thrale went early to town, to meet all the executors, and Mr. Barclay, the Quaker,* who was the *bidder*. She was in great agitation of mind, and told me if all went well she would wave a white pocket-handkerchief out of the coach window.

Four o'clock came and dinner was ready, and no Mrs. Thrale. Five o'clock followed, and no Mrs. Thrale. Queeny and I went out upon the lawn, where we sauntered, in eager expectation, till near six, and then the coach appeared in sight, and a white pocket-handkerchief was waved from it.

I ran to the door of it to meet her, and she jumped out of it, and gave me a thousand embraces while I gave my congratulations. We went instantly to her dressing-room, where she told me, in brief, how the matter had been transacted, and then we went down to dinner.

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Crutchley had accompanied her home. I determined to behave to Mr. Crutchley the same as before our quarrel, though he did not so to me, for he hardly spoke a word to me. An accident, however, happened after dinner, which made him for a while more loquacious. Mrs. Thrale, in cutting some fruit, had cut her finger, and asked me for some black sticking-plaster, and as I gave it her out of my pocket-book, she was struck with the beautiful glossiness of the paper of a letter which peeped out of it, and rather *waggishly* asked me who wrote to me with so much elegant attention?

“Mrs. Gast,” answered I.

* David Barclay was one of seven sons of the celebrated Apologist of the Quakers,—all of whom were living fifty years after the death of their father. David was the last of them. He was a wealthy mercer in Cheapside, and entertained successively three kings (George I., II., and III.) on their respective visits to the city on Lord Mayor's day. He was subsequently the purchaser of Mr. Thrale's brewery, and founder of the most famous brewing firm of the present day, Barclay, Perkins, and Co.

"Oh," cried she, "do pray then let me see her hand."

I showed it her, and she admired it very justly, and said,—

"Do show it to Mr. Crutchley; 'tis a mighty genteel hand indeed."

I complied, but took it from him as soon as he had looked at it. Indeed, he is the last man in the world to have even desired to read any letter not to himself.

Dr. Johnson now, who, too deaf to hear what was saying, wondered what we were thus handing about, asked an explanation.

"Why, we are all," said Mrs. Thrale, "admiring the hand of Fanny's Mr. Crisp's sister."

"And mayn't I admire it too?" cried he.

"Oh, yes," said she; "show it him, Burney."

I put it in his hand, and he instantly opened and began reading it. Now though there was nothing in it but what must reflect honour upon Mrs. Gast, she had charged me not to show it; and, also, it was so *very* flattering to me, that I was quite consternated at this proceeding, and called out,—

"Sir, it was only to show you the handwriting, and you have seen enough for that."

"I shall know best myself," answered he, laughing, "when I have seen enough."

And he read on. The truth is I am sure he took it for granted they had all read it, for he had not heard a word that had passed.

I then gave Mrs. Thrale a reproachful glance for what she had done, and she jumped up, and calling out,—

"So I have done mischief, I see!" ran out of the room followed by Queeny. I stayed hovering over the Doctor to recover my property; but the minute the coast was clear, Mr. Crutchley, taking advantage of his deafness, said,—

"Well, ma'am, I hope we are now friends?"

"Yes!" cried I.

"And is it all quite over?"

"Entirely."

"Why then, do pray," cried he, laughing, "be so good as to let me know *what was our quarrel?*"

"No—no, I shan't!" (cried I, laughing too at the absurdity of quarrelling and seeming not to know *what for*): "it is all over, and that is enough."

"No, by no means enough: I must really beg you to tell me; I am uneasy till I know. Was it that silly joke of mine at dinner?"

"No, I assure you, it was *no* joke!"

"But was it at dinner or *before* dinner?"

"Is it not enough that it is over? I am sorry you knew anything of the matter, and I am obliged to you for taking so much trouble about it: so there let it rest."

"But pray do tell me!—if only that I may be more on my guard another time."

"No, pray," cried I, in my turn, "don't be on your *guard*; for if you are, I shall suppose you have taken the resentment up where I have laid it down."

"That I won't do, indeed," said he; "but I merely wish to beg your pardon: and I think my earnestness must at least have convinced you how very sorry I am to have given you any offence."

Here Dr. Johnson returned me my letter, with very warm praise of its contents. Mrs. Gast would not only have forgiven me, but have been much delighted, had she heard his approbation of all she had written to me.

Mr. Crutchley, never satisfied, again began his entreaties that I would "come to the point," while I was putting up my letter; but I hurried out of the room without any new answer, though he called after me,—

"I shan't rest, Miss Burney, till you tell me!"

It cannot be, all this time, that he does not know; he merely wants me to mention the matter myself, that with a better grace he may apologise about it. However, I shall certainly not give him that assistance, though far from bearing him any malice. I think of him as well as I did before the *fracas*; for however his pride of indifference urged him so to fly out, it is evident he could half murder himself with self-anger that he has given any cause of displeasure.

FRIDAY.—Miss Thrale, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Crutchley, and myself, went to town, and, having set down Dr. Johnson at his own house, we went to Bond Street for Miss Owen, and proceeded to the exhibition. I think I need not describe the pictures.

Miss Owen returned with us to Streatham; Mr. Crutchley recovered his spirits, and we all did very well. But in the afternoon, just as we had finished tea, Mr. Crutchley said to Mrs. Thrale,—

“Ma’am, I must beg a private conference with you.”

“With me?” cried she: “I thought now I had parted with my brewhouse, all our conferences were over.”

“No,” said he, “one more, just to take leave of them.”

Away they went, and when they returned he said it was something about Queeny, who, however, never inquired what. I should not have mentioned this, but that the next morning—

SATURDAY.—Mrs. Thrale, who sleeps in the next room to mine, called me to her bedside, and said,—

“Now, my dearest Tyo,* you know not how I hate to keep from you anything. Do you love me well enough to bear to hear something you will mortally dislike, without hating *me* for it?”

“What on earth *could* I hate *you* for?” cried I.

“Nay, ’tis no fault of mine; but still it is owing to me, and I dread to tell you lest it should make you sorry for your kindness to me.”

I was quite out of breath at this preparation; and though I warmly and truly, I am sure, protested that nothing upon earth could lessen my affection for her, I was really afraid to ask what was next to follow.

“I am as sorry,” continued she, “as I can live, that *any* thing should give you any disturbance, but most especially anything that relates to *me*. I would give you, if I could, nothing but

* When Lieutenant Burney accompanied Captain Cook to Otaheite, each of the English sailors was adopted as a brother by some one of the natives. The ceremony consisted in rubbing noses together, and exchanging the appellation of *Tyo*, or *Taio*, which signified *chosen friend*. This title was sometimes playfully given to Miss Burney by Mrs. Thrale.

pleasure, for I am sure I receive nothing else from you. Pray, then, don't let any malice, or impertinence, or ridicule, make you hate *me*; for I saw and, you know, told you long ago, the world would be ill-natured enough to try to part us: but let it not succeed, for it is worth neither of our attentions."

"On *my* part, I am sure, it cannot succeed," cried I, more and more alarmed; "for I am yours for ever and for ever, and now almost whether I will or not."

"I hope so," cried she, "for I am sure no one *can* love you more; and I am sorry, and grieved, and enraged that your affection and kindness for me should bring you any uneasiness. We are all sorry, indeed; Queeny is very sorry, and Mr. Crutchley is very sorry——"

"You make me more and more afraid," said I; "but pray tell me what it all means?"

"Why you know Mr. Crutchley yesterday called me out of the room to tell me a secret; well, this was to show me a paragraph he had just read in the newspaper, 'And do, ma'am,' says he, 'have the newspaper burnt, or put somewhere safe out of Miss Burney's way; for I am sure it will vex her extremely.'"

Think if this did not terrify me pretty handsomely. I turned sick as death. She gave me the paper, and I read the following paragraph:—

"Miss Burney, the sprightly writer of the elegant novel, 'Evelina,' is now domesticated with Mrs. Thrale, in the same manner that Miss More is with Mrs. Garrick, and Mrs. Carter with Mrs. Montagu."

The preparation for this had been so very alarming, that little as I liked it, I was so much afraid of something still worse, that it really was a relief to me to see it; and Mrs. Thrale's excess of tenderness and delicacy about it was such as to have made me amends for almost anything. I promised, therefore, to take it *like a man*; and, after thanking her with the 'sincerest gratitude for her infinite kindness, we parted to dress.

It is, however, most insufferably impertinent to be thus dragged into print, notwithstanding every possible effort and caution to avoid it. There is nothing, merely concerning myself, that can

give me greater uneasiness; for there is nothing I have always more dreaded, or more uniformly endeavoured to avoid.

I think myself, however, much obliged to Mr. Crutchley for his very good-natured interference and attempt to save me this vexation, which is an attention I by no means expected from him. He has scolded Mrs. Thrale since, she says, for having told me, because he perceived it had lowered my spirits; but she thought it most likely I should hear it from those who would tell it me with less tenderness, and, therefore, had not followed his advice.

SUNDAY.—We had Mr. and Mrs. Davenant here. They are very lively and agreeable, and I like them more and more. Mrs. Davenant is one of the saucy women of the *ton*, indeed; but she has good parts, and is gay and entertaining; and her *sposo*, who passionately adores her, though five years her junior, is one of the best-tempered and most pleasant-charactered young men imaginable.

I had new specimens to-day of the oddities of Mr. Crutchley, whom I do not yet quite understand, though I have seen so much of him. In the course of our walks to-day we chanced, at one time, to be somewhat before the rest of the company, and soon got into a very serious conversation; though we began it by his relating a most ludicrous incident which had happened to him last winter.

There is a certain poor wretch of a villainous painter, one Mr. Lowe, who is in some measure under Dr. Johnson's protection, and whom, therefore, he recommends to all the people he thinks can afford to sit for their pictures. Among these he made Mr. Seward very readily, and then applied to Mr. Crutchley.

"But now," said Mr. Crutchley, as he told me the circumstance, "I have not a notion of sitting for my picture,—for who wants it? I may as well give the man the money without but no, they all said that would not do so well, and Dr. Johnson asked me to give *him* my picture. 'And I assure you, sir,' says he, 'I shall put it in very good company, for I have portrait of some very respectable people in my dining-room.' 'Ay, sir,' says I, 'that's sufficient reason why you should not have mine,

for I am sure it has no business in such society.' So then Mrs. Thrale asked me to give it to *her*. 'Ay sure, ma'am,' says I, 'you do me great honour; but pray, first, will you do me the favour to tell me what door you intend to put it behind? However, after all I could say in opposition, I was obliged to go to the painter's. And I found him in such a condition! a room all dirt and filth, brats squalling and wrangling, up two pair of stairs, and a closet, of which the door was open, that Seward well said was quite Pandora's box—it was the repository of all the nastiness, and stench, and filth, and food, and drink, and — oh, it was too bad to be borne! and 'Oh!' says I, 'Mr. Lowe, I beg your pardon for running away, but I have just recollected another engagement;' so I poked the three guineas in his hand, and told him I would come again another time, and then ran out of the house with all my might."

Well, when we had done laughing about this poor unfortunate painter, the subject turned upon portraits in general, and our conference grew very grave: on *his* part it soon became even melancholy. I have not time to *dialogue* it; but he told me he could never bear to have himself the picture of any one he loved, as, in case of their death or absence, he should go distracted by looking at it; and that, as for himself, he never had, and never would sit for his own, except for one miniature by Humphreys, which his sister begged of him, as he could never flatter himself there was a human being in the world to whom it could be of any possible value: "And now," he added, "less than ever!"

This, and various other speeches to the same purpose, he spoke with a degree of dejection that surprised me, as the coldness of his character, and his continually boasted insensibility, made me believe him really indifferent both to love and hatred.

After this we talked of Mrs. Davenant.

"She is very agreeable," said I, "I like her much. Don't you?"

"Yes, very much," said he; "she is lively and entertaining;" and then a moment after, "'Tis wonderful," he exclaimed, "that such a thing as that can captivate a man!"

"Nay," cried I, "nobody more, for her husband quite adores her."

"So I find," said he; "and Mrs. Thrale says men in general like her."

"They certainly do," cried I; "and all the oddity is in you who do not, not in them who do."

"May be so," answered he, "but it don't do for me, indeed."

We then came to two gates, and there I stopped short, to wait till they joined us; and Mr. Crutchley, turning about and looking at Mrs. Davenant, as she came forward, said, rather in a muttering voice, and to himself than to me, "What a thing for an attachment! No, no, it would not do for me!—too much glare! too much flippancy! too much hoop! too much gauze! too much slipper! too much neck! Oh, hide it! hide it!—muffle it up! muffle it up! If it is but in a fur cloak, I am for muffling it all up!"

And thus he diverted himself till they came up to us. But never, I believe, was there a man who could endure so very few people. Even Mrs. and Miss Thrale, of whom he is fond to excess, he would rather not see than see with other company!

Is he not a strange composition?

STREATHAM, JUNE.—I found Dr. Johnson in admirable good-humour, and our journey hither was extremely pleasant. I thanked him for the last batch of his poets, and we talked them over almost all the way.

Sweet Mrs. Thrale received me with her wonted warmth of affection, but shocked me by her own ill looks, and the increasing alteration in her person, which perpetual anxiety and worry have made. I found with her Mrs. Lambart and the Rev. Mr. Jennings, a young brother of Sir Philip Clerke, and Mr. Seward.

Mrs. Lambart I was much pleased with again meeting, for she is going in a few days to Brussels with her son, in order to reside for two years. Mr. Jennings I was not much charmed with; but he may be a good sort of man for all that, and for all he was somewhat over-facetious, or would have been; for Mrs. Thrale, after running to kiss me, introduced me to Sir Philip's brother, who said,—

"Pray, ma'am, may not that fashion go round?"

"No, no, there's no occasion for that," cried I.

"Oh, yes, there is," returned he; "it may be an old-fashioned custom, but I am an old-fashioned man, and therefore I rather like it the better. Come, Mrs. Thrale, may I not be introduced *properly* to Miss Burney?"

"No, no," cried she, while I took care to get out of the way, "nobody kisses Miss Burney in this house but myself."

"I have ventured," cried Mr. Seward, "to sometimes touch the tip of Miss Burney's little finger-nail; but never farther."

I then gave Mrs. Thrale some account of my visit to Mrs. Byron, which turned the conversation; and presently entered Mr. Crutchley.

We had a good cheerful day, and in the evening Sir Richard Jebb came; and nothing can I recollect, but that Dr. Johnson *forced* me to sit on a very small sofa with him, which was hardly large enough for himself; and which would have made a subject for a print by Harry Bunbury* that would have diverted all London; *ergo*, it rejoiceth me that he was not present.

WEDNESDAY.—We had a terrible noisy day. Mr. and Mrs. Cator came to dinner, and brought with them Miss Collison, a niece. Mrs. Nesbitt was also here, and Mr. Pepys.

The long war which has been proclaimed among the wits concerning Lord Lyttelton's "Life," by Dr. Johnson, and which a whole tribe of *blues*, with Mrs. Montagu at their head, have vowed to execrate and revenge, now broke out with all the fury of the first actual hostilities, stimulated by long-concerted schemes and much spiteful information. Mr. Pepys, Dr. Johnson well knew, was one of Mrs. Montagu's steadiest abettors; and, therefore, as he had some time determined to defend himself with the first of them he met, this day he fell the sacrifice to his wrath.

In a long *tête-à-tête* which I accidentally had with Mr. Pepys before the company was assembled, he told me his apprehensions of an attack, and entreated me earnestly to endeavour to prevent it; modestly avowing he was no antagonist for Dr. Johnson;

* Harry Bunbury was one of the most celebrated caricaturists of his day in England. He was especially celebrated on subjects connected with horsemanship. His best and best-known work is a series of caricatures, with humorous descriptive letter-press, on "The Art of Horsemanship."

and yet declaring his personal friendship for Lord Lyttelton made him so much hurt by the "Life," that he feared he could not discuss the matter without a quarrel, which, especially in the house of Mrs. Thrale, he wished to avoid.

It was, however, utterly impossible for me to serve him. I could have stopped Mrs. Thrale with ease, and Mr. Seward with a hint; had either of them begun the subject; but, unfortunately, in the middle of dinner, it was begun by Dr. Johnson himself, to oppose whom, especially as he spoke with great anger, would have been madness and folly.

Never before have I seen Dr. Johnson speak with so much passion.

"Mr. Pepys," he cried, in a voice the most enraged, "I understand you are offended by my 'Life of Lord Lyttelton.' What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!"

"No, sir," cried Mr. Pepys, "not at present; I must beg leave to decline the subject. I told Miss Burney before dinner that I hoped it would not be started."

I was quite frightened to hear my own name mentioned in a debate which began so seriously; but Dr. Johnson made not to this any answer: he repeated his attack and his challenge, and a violent disputation ensued, in which this great but *mortal* man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe. I never saw him so before, and I heartily hope I never shall again. He has been long provoked, and justly enough, at the *sneaking* complaints and murmurs of the Lytteltonians; and, therefore, his long-excited wrath, which hitherto had met no object, now burst forth with a vehemence and bitterness almost incredible.

Mr. Pepys meantime never appeared to so much advantage; he preserved his temper, uttered all that belonged merely to himself with modesty, and all that more immediately related to Lord Lyttelton with spirit. Indeed, Dr. Johnson, in the very midst of the dispute, had the candour and liberality to make him a personal compliment, by saying,—

"Sir, all that you say, while you are vindicating one who can-

not thank you, makes me only think better of you than I ever did before. Yet still I think you do *me* wrong," &c., &c.

Some time after, in the heat of the argument, he called out—

"The more my 'Lord Lyttelton' is inquired after, the worse he will appear; Mr. Seward has just heard two stories of him which corroborate all I have related."

He then desired Mr. Seward to repeat them. Poor Mr. Seward, looked almost as frightened as myself at the very mention of his name; but he quietly and immediately told the stories, which consisted of fresh instances, from good authorities, of Lord Lyttelton's illiberal behaviour to Shenstone; and then he flung himself back in his chair, and spoke no more during the whole debate, which I am sure he was ready to vote a bore.

One happy circumstance, however, attended the quarrel, which was the presence of Mr. Cator, who would by no means be prevented talking himself, either by reverence for Dr. Johnson, or ignorance of the subject in question; on the contrary, he gave his opinion, quite uncalled, upon everything that was said by either party, and that with an importance and pomposity, yet with an emptiness and verbosity, that rendered the whole dispute, when in his hands, nothing more than ridiculous, and compelled even the disputants themselves, all inflamed as they were, to laugh. To give a specimen—one speech will do for a thousand.

"As to this here question of Lord Lyttelton I can't speak to it to the purpose, as I have not read his 'Life,' for I have only read the 'Life of Pope;' I have got the books though, for I sent for them last week, and they came to me on Wednesday, and then I began them; but I have not yet read 'Lord Lyttelton.' 'Pope' I have begun, and that is what I am now reading. But what I have to say about Lord Lyttelton is this here: Mr. Seward says that Lord Lyttelton's steward dunned Mr. Shenstone for his rent, by which I understand he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's. Well, if he was a tenant of Lord Lyttelton's, why should not he pay his rent?"

Who could contradict this?

When dinner was quite over, and we left the men to their

wine, we hoped they would finish the affair; but Dr. Johnson was determined to talk it through, and make a battle of it, though Mr. Pepys tried to be off continually. When they were all summoned to tea, they entered still warm and violent. Mr. Cator had the book in his hand, and was reading the "Life of Lyttelton," that he might better, he said, understand the cause, though not a creature cared if he had never heard of it.

Mr. Pepys came up to me and said,—

"Just what I had so much wished to avoid! I have been crushed in the very onset."

I could make him no answer, for Dr. Johnson immediately called him off, and harangued and attacked him with a vehemence and continuity that quite concerned both Mrs. Thrale and myself, and that made Mr. Pepys, at last, resolutely silent, however called upon.

This now grew more unpleasant than ever; till Mr. Cator, having some time studied his book, exclaimed,—

"What I am now going to say, as I have not yet read the 'Life of Lord Lyttelton' quite through, must be considered as being only said aside, because what I am going to say——"

"I wish, sir," cried Mrs. Thrale, "it had been *all* said aside; here is too much about it, indeed, and I should be very glad to hear no more of it."

This speech, which she made with great spirit and dignity, had an admirable effect. Everybody was silenced. Mr. Cator, thus interrupted in the midst of his proposition, looked quite amazed; Mr. Pepys was much gratified by the interference; and Dr. Johnson, after a pause, said,—

"Well, madam, you *shall* hear no more of it; yet I will defend myself in every part and in every atom!"

And from this time the subject was wholly dropped. This dear violent Doctor was conscious he had been wrong, and therefore he most candidly bore the reproof.

Mr. Cator, after some evident chagrin at having his speech thus rejected, comforted himself by coming up to Mr. Seward, who was seated next me, to talk to him of the changes of the climates from hot to *cold* in the countries he had visited; and

he prated so much, yet said so little, and pronounced his words so vulgarly, that I found it impossible to keep my countenance, and was once, when most unfortunately he addressed himself to me, surprised by him on the full grin. To soften it off as well as I could, I pretended unusual complacency, and instead of recovering my gravity, I continued a most ineffable smile for the whole time he talked, which was indeed no difficult task. Poor Mr. Seward was as much off his guard as myself, having his mouth distended to its fullest extent every other minute.

When the leave-taking time arrived, Dr. Johnson called to Mr. Pepys to shake hands, an invitation which was most coldly and forcibly accepted. Mr. Cator made a point of Mrs. Thrale's dining at his house soon, and she could not be wholly excused, as she has many transactions with him; but she fixed the day for three weeks hence. They have invited me so often, that I have now promised not to fail making one.

THURSDAY MORNING.—Dr. Johnson went to town for some days, but not before Mrs. Thrale read him a very serious lecture upon giving way to such violence; which he bore with a patience and quietness that even more than made his peace with me; for such a man's confessing himself wrong is almost more amiable than another man being steadily right.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14TH.—We had my dear father and Sophy Streatfield, who, as usual, was beautiful, caressing, amiable, sweet, and—fatiguing.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16TH.—This morning, after church, we had visits from the Pitches, and afterwards from the Attorney-General and Mrs. Wallace, his wife, who is a very agreeable woman. And here I must give you a little trait of Mr. Crutchley, whose solid and fixed character I am at this moment unable to fathom, much as I have seen of him.

He has an aversion, not only to strangers, but to the world in general, that I never yet saw quite equalled. I at first attributed it to shyness, but I now find it is simply disgust. To-day at noon, while I was reading alone in the library, he came in, and amused himself very quietly in the same manner; but, upon a noise which threatened an intrusion, he started up, and

as the Pitches entered, he hastened away. After this, the Wallaces came, from whom he kept equally distant; but when we all went out to show the Attorney-General the hot-houses and kitchen-gardens, he returned, I suppose, to the library, for there, when we came back, we found him reading. He instantly arose, and was retreating, but stopped upon my telling him in passing that his particular enemy, Mr. Merlin* was just arrived; and then some nonsense passing among us concerning poor Merlin and Miss Owen, he condescended to turn back and take a chair. He sat then, as usual when with much company, quite silent, till Mr. Wallace began talking of the fatigue he had endured at the birthday, from the weight and heat of his clothes, which were damask and gold, belonging to his place, and of the haste he was in to get at the Queen, that he might speak to her Majesty, and make his escape from so insufferable a situation as the heat, incommodiousness, and richness of his dress, had put him into.

"Well, sir," interrupted Mr. Crutchley, in the midst of this complaint, to which he had listened with evident contempt, "but you had at least the pleasure of showing this dress at the levée!"

This unexpected sarcasm instantly put an end to the subject, and when I afterwards spoke of it to Mr. Crutchley, and laughed at his little respect for an "officer of the state"—

"Oh!" cried he, "nothing makes me so sick as hearing such ostentatious complaints! The man has but just got the very dress he has been all his life working for, and now he is to parade about its inconvenience!"

This is certainly a good and respectable spirit, though not much calculated to make its possessor popular.

We had afterwards a good deal of sport with Merlin, who again stayed dinner, and was as happy as a prince: but Mr. Crutchley plagued me somewhat by trying to set him upon

* A celebrated French mechanician. He invented many ingenious objects, some of which were of real utility, but most were mere playthings or objects of curiosity. He was at one period of his career quite "the rage" in London; where everything was *à la Merlin*—Merlin chairs, Merlin pianos, Merlin swings, &c. He opened a very curious exhibition of automata, and used to ride about in a strange fantastical carriage, of his own invention and construction.

attacking *me* ; which, as I knew his readiness to do better than I chose to confess, was not perfectly to my taste. Once, when Piozzi was making me some most extravagant compliments, upon Heaven knows what of accomplishments and perfections, which he said belonged to the whole *famille Borni*, and was challenging me to speak to him in Italian, which I assured him I could not do, Merlin officiously called out,—

“O, je vous assure, Mlle. Burney n’ignore rien ; mais elle est si modeste qu’elle ne veut pas, c’est à dire, parler.”

And soon after, when a story was told of somebody’s *sins*, which I have forgotten, Merlin, encouraged again by some malicious contrivance of Mr. Crutehley’s to address himself to me, called out aloud, and very *malàpropos*, “Pour Mlle. Burney, c’est une demoiselle qui n’a jamais peché du tout.”

“No, I hope not,” said I, in a low voice to Miss Thrale, while they were all halloaing at this oddity ; “at least, if I had, I think I would not *confess*.”

“Tell him so,” cried Mr. Crutchley.

“No, no,” cried I, “pray let him alone.”

“Do you hear, Mr. Merlin ?” cried he then aloud ; “Miss Burney says if she *has* sinned, she will not confess.”

“O, sir !” answered Merlin, simpering, “for the modest ladies, they never do confess, because, *that is*, they have not got nothing to confess.”

During the dessert, mention was made of my father’s picture, when this ridiculous creature exclaimed,—

“Oh ! for that picture of Dr. Burney, Sir Joshua Reynhold has not taken pains, *that is*, to please me ! I do not like it. Mr. Gainsborough has done one much more better of me, which is very agreeable indeed. I wish it had been at the Exhibition, for it would have done him a great deal of credit indeed.”

There was no standing the absurdity of this “agreeable,” and we all laughed heartily, and Mrs. Thrale led the way for our leaving the room.

“Oh !” cried Merlin, half piqued, and half grinning from sympathy, “I assure you there is not nothing does make me so happy, *that is*, as to see the ladies so pleased !”

MONDAY, JUNE 17TH.—There passed, some time ago, an agreement between Mr. Crutchley and Mr. Seward, that the latter is to make a visit to the former, at his country-house in Berkshire; and to-day the time was settled: but a more ridiculous scene never was exhibited. The host elect and the guest elect tried which should show least expectation of pleasure from the meeting, and neither of them thought it at all worth while to disguise his terror of being weary of the other. Mr. Seward seemed quite melancholy and depressed in the prospect of making, and Mr. Crutchley absolutely miserable in that of receiving, the visit. Yet nothing so ludicrous as the distress of both, since nothing less necessary than that either should have such a punishment inflicted. I cannot remember half the absurd things that passed; but a few, by way of specimen, I will give.

"How long do you intend to stay with me, Seward?" cried Mr. Crutchley; "how long do you think you can bear it?"

"O, I don't know; I sha'n't fix," answered the other: "just as I find it."

"Well, but—when shall you come? Friday or Saturday? I think you'd better not come till Saturday."

"Why yes, I believe on Friday."

"On Friday! Oh, you'll have too much of it! what shall I do with you?"

"Why on Sunday we'll dine at the Lyells. Mrs. Lyell is a charming woman; one of the most elegant creatures I ever saw."

"Wonderfully so," cried Mr. Crutchley; "I like her extremely—an insipid idiot! She never opens her mouth but in a whisper; I never *heard* her speak a word in my life. But what must I do with you on Monday? will you come away?"

"Oh, no; I'll stay and see it out."

"Why, how long shall you stay? Why I must come away myself on Tuesday."

"O, I sha'n't settle yet," cried Mr. Seward, very dryly. "I shall put up six shirts, and then do as I find it."

"Six shirts!" exclaimed Mr. Crutchley; and then, with equal dryness added—"Oh, I suppose you wear two a-day."

And so on.

CHAPTER XI.

Streatham Diary continued—Dr. Johnson—The Rival Duchesses, Rutland and Devonshire—Happiness and Misery—Nobody dies of Grief—Fox-hunting Mania—Table-talk on Indecision—Sherlock's Letters—Pride and Humility—A Discussion on Vanity—Merlin, the Mechanician—Hunting Idiots—Anecdote—Raillery—Johnson's Lives—Pope and Martha Blount—An Amateur Physician—Cure for Indigestion—An Act of Generosity—Despondency—The Inefficacy of Worldly Goods to give Happiness—Sacchini—His Improvidence—His exquisite Singing—A Tête-à-Tête—Pride or no Pride—Dr. Burney—Signs of Long Life—Imaginary Evils—A Dinner Party—Montague Burgoyne—Dr. Johnson—His Generosity—The *Amende Honorable*—Mr. Pepys—A New Acquaintance—An Irish Member—A Strange Mixture—A Caricature of a Caricature—Boswell—A Character—Volubility—An Irish Rattle—Mr. Seward's Mode of finding a Cicerone.

Diary continued.

STREATHAM, JUNE 25.—I sent you off a most sad morsel, my dearest Susy, but receiving no news of James had really so much sunk me, that I could hardly support my spirits with decency. Nothing better has happened since; but as all help of evil is out of my power, I drive from my mind the apprehension of it as much as I am able, and keep, and *will* keep, my fears and horrors in as much subjection as possible. You will let me know, I am sure, when you get any intelligence, and you will, I earnestly hope, keep your own mind quiet till it arrives. There is never such a superfluity of actual happiness as to make it either rational or justifiable to feed upon *expected* misery. That portion of philosophy which belongs to making the most of the present day, grows upon me strongly; and, as I have suffered infinitely from its neglect, it is what I most encourage and, indeed, require.

I will go on with a little journalising, though I have now few things, and still fewer people, to mention.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26TH.—Dr. Johnson, who had been in town some days, returned, and Mr. Crutchley came also, as well as my father. I did not see the two latter till summoned to dinner; and then Dr. Johnson, seizing my hand, while with one of his own he gave me a no very gentle tap on the shoulder, half drolly and half reproachfully called out,—

"Ah, you little baggage, you! and have you known how long I have been here, and never to come to me?"

And the truth is, in whatever sportive mode he expresses it, he really likes not I should be absent from him half a minute whenever he is here, and not in his own apartment.

Mr. Crutchley said he had just brought Mr. Seward to town in his phaeton, *alive*. He gave a diverting account of the visit, which I fancy proved much better than either party pretended to expect, as I find Mr. Seward not only went a day sooner, but stayed two days later, than was proposed; and Mr. Crutchley, on his part, said he had invited him to repeat his visit at any time when he knew not in what other manner "to knock down a day or two." What curious characters these are! Mr. Crutchley, however, continues the least fathomable, not only of these, but of all the men I have seen. I will give you, therefore, having, indeed, nothing better to offer, some further specimens to judge of.

Dr. Johnson, as usual when here, kept me in chat with him in the library after all the rest had dispersed; but when Mr. Crutchley returned again, he went upstairs, and, as I was finishing some work I had in hand, Mr. Crutchley, either from civility or a sudden turn to loquacity, forbore his books, to talk.

Among other folks, we discussed the two rival duchesses, Rutland and Devonshire. "The former," he said, "must, he fancied, be very weak and silly, as he knew that she endured being admired to her face, and complimented perpetually, both upon her beauty and her dress:" and when I asked whether *he* was one who joined in trying her—

"Me!" cried he; "no, indeed! I never complimented any

body; that is, I never said to anybody a thing I did not think, unless I was openly laughing at them, and making sport for other people."

"Oh," cried I, "if everybody went by this rule, what a world of conversation would be curtailed! The Duchess of Devonshire, I fancy, has better parts."

"Oh, yes; and a fine, pleasant, open countenance. She came to my sister's once, in Lincolnshire, when I was there, in order to see hare-hunting, which was then quite new to her."

"She is very amiable, I believe," said I; "for all her friends love and speak highly of her."

"Oh, yes, very much so; perfectly good-humoured and unaffected. And her horse was led, and she was frightened; and we told her *that* was the hare, and *that* was the dog; and the dog pointed at the hare, and the hare ran away from the dog, and then she took courage, and then she was timid;—and, upon my word, she did it all very prettily! For my part, I liked it so well, that in half an hour I took to my own horse, and rode away."

After this, we began more seriously to talk upon happiness and misery; and I accused him of having little sense of either, from the various strange and desperate speeches which he is continually making; such as those I told you, of his declaring he cared not if he was to be shut up in the Exchequer for the rest of his life; and as to Mrs. Plumbe—the stupidest of all women—he had as lieve as not pass the rest of his days with her: and during this last visit, when the horrors of a convent were being enumerated by Mrs. Thrale, he asserted that there was nothing but prejudice in preferring any other mode of life, since every mode was, in fact, alike.

"Well," said he, "and custom will make anything endured; though a great deal of all this must be given to mere talk without meaning; for as to living with Mrs. Plumbe, I protest I would not spend an hour with her to save me from ruin, nor with anybody I did not like. I cannot even make common visits to people unless I like them. But the few I *do* like, perhaps nobody ever liked equally. I have, indeed, but one wish

or thought about them; and that is, to be with them not only every day, but every hour. And I never change, and never grow tired: nobody in the world has less taste for variety."

Afterwards he asserted that nobody ever died of grief. I did not agree with him; for I do, indeed, believe it is a death but too possible.

"I judge," said he, "as people are too apt to judge, by myself; I am sure *I* have no affections that can kill me."

"I can easily believe that," said I, "and I fancy very few people have; but, among them, I should certainly never number those who settle themselves into a philosophic coldness and apathy that renders all things equal to them, and the Convent or the Exchequer the same as any other places."

"Why, a little use would make them so," said he, laughing. "However, I believe I have had as much delight *one* way as any man breathing; and that is, in hunting. I have pursued that with an enthusiasm that has been madness. I have been thrown from my horse and half killed, and mounted her again and gone on. I have been at it till every one has been tired out; but myself never. I have jumped from my horse to catch a dirty hound in my arms and kiss it!"

"Well," cried I, "and does this last?"

"Why, no," cried he, "thank Heaven! not quite so bad now. To be sure, 'tis the most contemptible delight that ever man took, and I never knew three men in the world who pursued it with equal pleasure that were not idiots. Those, however," said he afterwards, "are, I believe, the most happy who have most affections; even the pain of such has pleasure with it."

This from a man whose evident effort is to stifle every affection, nay, every feeling, of the soul!

"I do not," continued he, "believe that any grief in the world ever outlasted a twelvemonth."

"A twelvemonth," said I, "spent in real sorrow is a long, long time indeed. I question myself if it almost *can* last or be supported longer."

After this, upon my saying I supposed him hardly a fair judge of affliction, as I believed him a man determined to ex-

"Does anybody expect you?" said Mrs. Thrale. "Do you want to see anybody?"

"Not a soul!"

"Then why can't you stay?"

"No; I can't stay now; I'll meet you on Tuesday."

"If you know so little why you should either go or stay," said Dr. Johnson, "never think about it, sir; toss up—that's the shortest way. Heads or tails!—let that decide."

"No, no, sir," answered he; "this is but talk, for I cannot reduce it to that mere indifference in my own mind."

"What! must you go, then?" said Mrs. Thrale.

"I must go," returned he, "upon a system of economy."

"What! to save your horses coming again?"

"No; but that I may not weary my friends quite out."

"Oh, your friends are the best judges for themselves," said Mrs. Thrale; "do you think you can go anywhere that your company will be more desired?"

"Nay, nay," cried Dr. Johnson, "after such an excuse as that, your friends have a right to practise Irish hospitality, and lock up your bridle."

The matter was still undecided when Mrs. Thrale called him to walk out with her.

In about two hours, and when I thought he was certainly gone, he came into the library, where I was reading Sherlock's flippant but entertaining letters, and said,—

"A good morning to you, ma'am."

"Are you going at last," cried I, "in all this heat?"

"No," cried he; "I am upon a new plan now. I have sent my man to Sunning-hill, and I am going now to see if I can stop him; for, in spite of all my resolves, I find there is no resisting the pleasures of this place."

"There is, indeed, no resisting Mrs. Thrale," said I; "but why indeed, *should* you resist her?"

"Oh," cried he, in a tone half vexed, half laughing, "I wish with all my heart I was at Jericho at this very moment."

He then wished me good-bye, and was off; leaving me, indeed, little better able to judge his actual character than the first day I saw him.

At dinner, accordingly, he returned, and is now to stay till Tuesday.

* * * * *

I have very often, though I mention them not, long and melancholy discourses with Dr. Johnson, about our dear deceased master, whom, indeed, he regrets incessantly; but I love not to dwell on subjects of sorrow when I can drive them away, especially to you, upon this account, as you were so much a stranger to that excellent friend, whom you only lamented for the sake of those who survived him.

* * * * *

The receipt of your second letter, my dearest Susy, has so much animated and comforted me, that I can now go back to give you a better account of what passed here after the receipt of the first.

While we were at church on Sunday morning, we heard a sermon, upon which, by means of a speech I chanced to make, we have been talking ever since. The subject was treating of *humility*, and declaiming against *pride*; in the midst of which, Mrs. Thrale whispered,—

“This sermon is all against *us*; that is, *four* of us: Queeny, Burney, Susan, and I, are all as proud as possible—Mr. Crutchley and Sophy are humble enough.”

“Good heavens!” cried I, “Mr. Crutchley!—why he is the proudest among us!”

This speech she instantly repeated, and just at that moment the preacher said,—“Those who are the weakest are ever the soonest puffed up.”

He instantly made me a bow, with an expressive laugh, that thanked me for the compliment. To be sure it happened most untimely.

As soon as we came out of church, he called out,—

“Well, Miss Burney, this is what I never can forgive! Am I so proud?”

“I am sure if you are,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “you have imposed upon me, for I always thought you the humblest man I knew. Look how Burney casts up her eyes! Why *are* you so proud, after all, Mr. Crutchley?”

"I hope not," cried he, rather gravely; "but I little thought of ever going to Streatham Church to hear I was the proudest man in it."

"Well; but," said I, "does it follow you certainly are so because I say so?"

"Why yes, I suppose I am if *you* see it, for you are one that sees all things and people right."

"Well, it's very odd," said Mrs. Thrale, "I wonder how she found you out."

"I wonder," cried I, laughing, "how *you* missed finding him out."

"Oh! worse and worse!" cried he. "Why there's no bearing this!"

"I protest, then," said Mrs. Thrale, "he has always taken me in; he seemed to me the humblest creature I knew; always speaking so ill of himself—always depreciating all that belongs to him."

"Why, I did not say," quoth I, "that he had more *vanity* than other men; on the contrary, I think he has none."

"Well distinguished," cried she: "a man may be proud enough, and yet have no vanity."

"Well, but what is this pride?" cried Mr. Crutchley—"what is it shown in?—what are its symptoms and marks?"

"A general contempt," answered I, undaunted, "of everybody and of everything."

"Well said, Miss Burney!" exclaimed Mrs. Thrale. "Why that's true enough, and so he has."

"A total indifference," continued I, "of what is thought of him by others, and a disdain alike of happiness or misery."

"Bravo, Burney!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "that's true enough."

"Indeed," cried Mr. Crutchley, "you are quite mistaken. Indeed, nobody in the world is half so anxious about the opinions of others; I am wretched—I am miserable if I think myself thought ill of; not, indeed, by everybody,—not by Mr. Cator, nor Mr. Perkins, nor Mr. Barclay,—but by those whose good opinion I have tried:—*there* if I fail, no man can be more unhappy."

"Oh, perhaps," returned I, "there may be two or three people in the world you may wish should think well of you, but that is nothing to the general character."

"Oh, no! many more. I am now four-and-thirty, and perhaps, indeed, in all my life I have not tried to gain the esteem of more than four-and-thirty people, but——"

"Oh, leave out the thirty!" cried I, "and then you may be nearer the truth."

"No, indeed; ten, at least, I daresay I have tried for, but, perhaps, I have not succeeded with two. However, I am thus even with the world; for if it likes me not, I can do without it,—I can live alone; and that, indeed, I prefer to anything I can meet with; for those with whom I like to live are so much above me, that I sink into nothing in their society; so I think it best to run away from them."

"That is to say," cried I, "you are angry you cannot yourself excel,—and this is not pride!"

"Why no, indeed; but it is melancholy to be always behind—to hear conversation in which one is unable to join——"

"Unwilling," quoth I, "you mean."

"No, indeed, but really unable; and therefore what can I do so well as to run home? As to an inferior, I hope I think that of nobody; and as to my equals, and such as I am on a par with, Heaven knows I can ill bear them!—I would rather live alone to all eternity!"

This conversation lasted till we got home, when Mrs. Thrale said,—

"Well, Mr. Crutehley, has she convinced you?"

"I don't know," cried I, "but *he* has convinced *me*."

"Why how you smote him," cried Mrs. Thrale: "but I think you make your part good as you go on."

"The great difference," said I, "which I think there is between Mr. Seward and Mr. Crutehley, who in some things are very much alike, is this,—Mr. Seward has a great deal of vanity and no pride, Mr. Crutehley a great deal of pride and no vanity."

"Just, and true, and wise!" said dear Mrs. Thrale, "for Seward is always talking of himself, and always with approbation; Mr.

Crutchley seldom mentions himself, and when he does, it is with dislike. And which have I, most pride or most vanity?"

"Oh, most vanity, *certo!*" quoth I.

"And which have you?" said Mr. Crutchley to Queeny.

"I don't know," answered she.

* * * * *

Some time after, while I was again reading Sherlock's "Letters" in the library, Mr. Crutchley came in.

"Well, ma'am," cried he, "I have not forgiven this yet; though I confess you somewhat softened off the charge, by all that distinction about the pride and vanity; but still I suppose even that was only pretence."

"No, no," cried I, "all I said I think; though all I think to be sure I did not say!"

And I went on with my book.

"Well," cried he, "I shall take Johnson's 'Life of Pope,' and go to the green bench in the wood, and get it by heart. If I have no ideas of my own, I can do nothing better than get some of his. This part of pride I am ready to own, and I wish nothing more than to cultivate it—and that is—from those who recede from *me*, to recede yet faster from *them*. This much I would always wish to do."

"I can very easily credit it," cried I.

"Why, I don't know neither," cried he; "I don't think I do it as much as I ought to do; I think I begin to grow more cringing, and sneaking, and worldly."

"How ridiculous!" cried I; for certainly cringing, sneaking, and worldly, are three things most distant from him.

"But as to all this pride of which you accuse me, I declare I believe no man has so little."

"Look here," interrupted I, "Mr. Sherlock himself says he is '*modeste à l'excès*.' See but by that how people know their own characters."

This was a finishing stroke; for the vanity and flippancy and conceit of Sherlock we have all been railing at ever since we took to reading his book, which was about a week ago; and Mr. Crutchley himself has been the most struck with it.

He laughed and went off, not, I believe, affronted, but I fancy somewhat disturbed, which was more than I meant he should be, though, in fact, all I said I believe to be strictly true; for though, in the strange composition of his character, there is a diffidence of himself, the most unaffected I ever, except in Edward Burney, saw,—a diffidence which makes the misery of his life, by inducing him to believe himself always *de trop*,—he has yet a contempt of almost all others, which, however free from vanity, can possibly have no other spring than pride.

At dinner we had Sir Philip Clerke and Piozzi; and Mr. Crutehley told me “my friend” Mr. Merlin was come.

“Is he my friend?” cried I; “he says *you* are his particular enemy!”

And this, indeed, is now become our hack speech to Mr. Crutehley, whose supposed enmity to Merlin is, indeed, a stretch of that absurd creature’s imagination, even more than usually ridiculous.

When Merlin came in I gave the hint of your story about Sir Christopher Whitecote, whom Mr. Crutehley knows, and says is “one of his hunting idiots,” and, therefore, he endeavoured to draw him into telling the tale, by talking of drinking. Merlin was quiet a long time, but when at last Mr. Crutehley said,—

“In England no man is ever obliged to drink more than he pleases!” he suddenly called out, and with a most rueful face,—

“Oh, certainly I beg your pardon! there is a person, Sir Christopher Whitecote, which certainly does do it!”

“Do what, Mr. Merlin?”

“Why certainly, sir, he does give, that is, a very great reprimand, to any person that does not drink as much as himself.”

They then questioned him, and he gave several of the particulars of his disgrace: though, being separately dragged from him, they were by no means so diverting as when you told them me.

At supper we had only Sir Philip and Mr. Crutehley. The conversation of the morning was then again renewed.

“Oh!” cried Mrs. Thrale, “what a smoking did Miss Burney give Mr. Crutehley!”

“A smoking, indeed!” cried he. “Never had I such a one

before! Never did I think to get such a character! I had no notion of it."

"Nay, then," said I, "why should you, now?"

"But what is all this?" cried Sir Philip, delighted enough at any mischief between Mr. Crutchley and me, or between any male and female, for he only wishes something to go forward, and thinks a quarrel or dispute next best to fondness and flirting.

"Why, Miss Burney," answered she, "gave Mr. Crutchley this morning a noble trimming. I had always thought him very humble, but she showed me my mistake, and said I had not distinguished pride from vanity."

"Oh, never was I so mauled in my life!" said he.

* * * * *

Enough, however, of this rattle, which lasted till we all went to bed, and which Mrs. Thrale most kindly kept up, by way of rioting me from thinking, and which Mr. Crutchley himself bore with the utmost good nature, from having noticed that I was out of spirits.

MONDAY, JULY 2ND.—In a *tête-à-tête* I chanced to have with Mr. Crutchley, he again gave me reason to recollect the notion he lately put in my head, that he is still suffering in his own mind from some former bitter disappointment.

We were talking over Johnson's "Life of Pope," and after mutually giving our opinions upon various passages, and agreeing to prefer it altogether to any other of the Lives, he asked me if I had remarked how beautifully he had written upon Pope's fondness for Patty Blount. And then he looked out the paragraph and read it:—

"Their acquaintance began early; the life of each was pictured on the other's mind; their conversation, therefore, was endearing, for when they met there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the bed of sickness as female weakness or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, though he was offended by her inattention, might yet consider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that

might fill her place ; he could only have shrunk within himself ; it was too late to transfer his confidence or his fondness."

The manner in which he read this paragraph was so strikingly tender and feeling, that it could not, I think, proceed merely from the words ; and when he came to "he might consider her merit as overbalancing her fault," he exclaimed, "How impossible that a thing one loves can ever for a moment offend one !" And when he had done it, he read it all over again, with yet more sensibility ; and, not yet satisfied, he repeated it a third time.

Poor Mr. Crutchley ! I begin to believe his heart much less stubborn than he is willing to have it thought ; and I do now really but little doubt either that some former love sits heavy upon it, or that he is at this moment suffering the affliction of a present and hopeless one : if the latter is the case, Miss ****, I am next to certain, is the object. I may possibly, however, be mistaken in both conjectures, for he is too unlike other people to be judged by rules that will suit them.

We had much literary chat upon this occasion, which led us to a general discussion, not only of Pope's Life, but of all his works, which we tried who should out-praise. He then got a book to take to his favourite bench, and made me, as he left the room, an apology the most humble, for having interrupted or taken up any part of my time, which could not otherwise have but been spent better ; though again, he assured me that he had not yet forgiven my charge against him.

Two minutes after he came back for another book, and while he was seeking it Mr. Evans came in. They then both of them sat down to chat, and Mr. Seward was the subject. Mr. Evans said he had met him the day before in the Park, with Mrs. Nesbitt and another lady, and that he was giving Mrs. Nesbitt a prescription. In his medical capacity he seems to rise daily : 'tis a most strange turn to take merely for killing *ennui* ! But, added to quacking both himself and his friends, he has lately, I hear, taken also to making a rather too liberal use of his bottle, thinking, I suppose, that generous wine will destroy even the blue devils. I am really sorry, though, for this, as it may be attended with serious evil to him.

"When he was at my place," said Mr. Crutchley, "he did himself up pretty handsomely; he ate cherries till he complained most bitterly of indigestion, and he poured down Madeira and Port most plentifully, but without relief. Then he desired to have some peppermint-water, and he drank three glasses; still that would not do, and he said he must have a large quantity of ginger. We had no such thing in the house. However, he had brought some, it seems, with him, and then he took that, but still to no purpose. At last, he desired some brandy, and tossed off a glass of that; and, after all, he asked for a dose of rhubarb. Then we had to send and inquire all over the house for this rhubarb, but our folks had hardly ever heard of such a thing. I advised him to take a good bumper of gin and gunpowder, for that seemed almost all he had left untried."

In the afternoon Mrs. Byron came; and Mr. Crutchley, who has a violent aversion to her, notwithstanding she is particularly courteous to him, contrived, the moment he could, to make his escape, and hid himself till she was gone.

* * * * *

Mrs. Thrale's sweetness to me is inexpressible; but the generosity she is practising at this time to Mr. Perkins,* whom she does not like, though she thinks herself obliged to him, exalts her character yet more highly than her kindness to me. Everything in her power is she doing to establish him comfortably in the brewhouse, even to the lending all her own money that is in the stocks.

The other morning she ran hastily into my room, her eyes full of tears, and cried,—

"What an extraordinary man is this Crutchley! I declare he has quite melted me! He came to me just now, and thinking I was uneasy I could do no more for Perkins, though he cared not himself if the man were drowned, he offered to lend him a thousand pounds, merely by way of giving pleasure to me!"

His fondness, indeed, for Mrs. Thrale and her daughter is the most singular I have ever seen; he scarcely exists out of their

* Superintendent of Mr. Thrale's brewery; he afterwards became partner with Mr. Barclay, the wealthy Quaker.

sight, and holds all others so inferior to them, that total solitude seems his dearest alternative to their society. Dr. Johnson indeed, he honours and reveres; and myself I believe he very well esteems; but I question, nevertheless, whether he would desire to see either of us but for our connexion in this house.

* * * * *

When Mrs. Thrale came back, she brought with her Mr. Henry Smith, who dined here, as did also that ridiculous Merlin, who contrived to divert Miss Thrale and me with his inconceivable absurdities.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4th.—Mrs. Thrale was obliged to go to town again to-day upon business with the executors, and she brought back an account of Mr. Cratchley that has really given me very much concern: he was very far, she says, from well, and extremely feverish. She begged him to stay in town and have a physician, but he declared he would go instantly to Sunning Hill. She then asked him to come hither and be nursed; but that also he declined; and when she urged him to take great care of himself, he said it was of small matter whether he did or not, since he cared not whether he lived or died, as life was of no value to him, for he had no enjoyment of it.

How strange, sad, and perverse! With every possible means of happiness, as far as speculation reaches, to be thus unaccountably miserable. He has goodness, understanding, benevolence, riches, and independence, and with all these a something is wanting without which they are all as nothing.

He acknowledged to her readily that he was never so well pleased as when at Streatham, and spoke of its four inmates, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, Dr. Johnson, and F. B. in terms of praise bordering upon enthusiasm; protesting he believed the world contained not four other such folks, and that it was a society which made all other insupportable. Yet, he would not be prevailed upon to come again, though he knew not, he said, how he should forbear, before the week was out, hanging or drowning himself!

In ten days' time, however, he is obliged to be again in town, in order to meet Mrs. Thrale at the brew-house, and then he

expects his two sisters, of whom he is excessively fond, to come from Lincolnshire on a visit to him of some months. His mind then will, I hope, be easier, and more of that happiness which his character deserves, and his situation in life offers, will be enjoyed by him.

* * * *

STREATHAM, JULY 16th.—I will give you now, my dear girls, some little account how the world goes with me; but, in return, if you do not both communicate something, I shall take it for the “hint of an insult,” and not, like poor Merlin, proceed just the same as if no such “disagreeable compliment” had been paid me.

You will believe I was not a little surprised to see Sacchini.* He is going to the Continent with Piozzi, and Mrs. Thrale invited them both to spend the last day at Streatham, and from hence proceed to Margate.

Sacchini is the mere ghost of what he was, in almost every respect; so altered a man in so few years I never saw. I should not even have known him had his name not been spoken; and the same ill health which has so much impaired his person, and robbed him of more beauty than any other man ever possessed, seems also to have impaired his mental faculties. He is no longer pleasant now, even when he tries to be gay; and that good-breeding we so much admired in him is degenerated into too much obsequiousness. The change in his circumstances, and his continual distress for money, no doubt have much contributed to this general *decadence*.

He is obliged to steal away privately, lest his creditors should

* Antonio Mario Gasparo Sacchini was a distinguished Italian composer. He was born at Naples, in 1735. He was for some time at the head of the Conservatorio of L'Ospedaletto, at Venice. He afterwards (in 1772) came to England, and remained here several years, but was driven away by one of those petty cabals to which the musical world has ever shown itself to be disgracefully liable. A report was universally circulated, and extensively believed, that many of his best things were composed by Rauzzini—a man infinitely inferior to Sacchini in everything but the mere mechanism of music. Sacchini finally established himself at Paris, where his great talents were duly appreciated, and rewarded by a pension from the Queen, Marie Antoinette. He died at Paris in 1786. One of his best dramatic pieces (of which he composed more than eighty), is on the subject of “Evelina.”

stop him. He means to try his fortune at Paris, where he expects to retrieve it, and then to return to London, and begin the world anew.

That a man of such extraordinary merit, after so many years giving to this country such works as must immortalise him, should at last be forced to steal away from it, made me, I must own, feel more compassion for him than a man whose own misconduct has been the sole occasion of his distresses has any fair claim to. But to see talents which to all the world can give such delight, so useless to the owner, is truly melancholy.

I pressed him very much to sing, and, though somewhat reluctantly, he complied. He seemed both gratified and surprised by my civility and attention to him, which he must long have observed were withdrawn, and which nothing but my present pity for him would have revived. He inquired after all the family, and "Miss Susanne" twice, and reminded me of many things which had passed upon the commencement of our acquaintance with him—his *one pea*, his German story, and his Watchman and the Olives; and we had much talk about sweet Millico.

The first song he sang, beginning "En quel amabil volto," you may perhaps know, but I did not: it is a charming mezza bravura. He and Piozzi then sung together the duet of the "Amore Soldato;" and nothing could be much more delightful; Piozzi taking pains to sing his very best, and Sacchini, with his soft but delicious whisper, almost thrilling me by his exquisite and pathetic expression. They then went through that opera, great part of "Creso," some of "Erifile," and much of "Rinaldo."

Sacchini also sung "Poveri affetti miei," and most divinely indeed. I begged him to sing "Dov' è s'affretti per me la morta;" he could hardly recollect it, and what he recollected he could hardly sing; it required more exertion than he can now use without pain and fatigue. I have not, however, had so much pleasure from music since Pacchierotti left England, and I am sure I shall have none like it till he again returns.

* * * * *

STREATHAM, AUGUST.—I fear you will think me a long time,

my dearest Susy, without giving any sign of life ; but your letter of yesterday, for which I much thank you, has given me sufficient compunction for my silence to cause my seizing my pen, and going back to

MONDAY, JULY 30TH.—Mrs. Thrale ran out to meet me upon my return, in the courtyard ; and then we *explicated* about the letters, and the coach, and so forth, and, as I came, all went well. Then, leading the way into the library, she called out,—

“Mr. Crutchley, I have got my *Tyo* again !”

I was somewhat surprised to find him here, as I had only expected him to meet the great party the next day ; but it seems he escorted his guests, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and Dr. Johnson, from Sunning-hill Park on Saturday, and was not yet returned thither.

His park and house, Mrs. Thrale says, are extremely fine ; his sister is a sensible and unaffected woman ; he entertained them quite magnificently ; and his character among his own people, and in his own neighbourhood, is so high, that she has left his place with double the esteem, if possible, that she entered it. He is indeed, I believe sincerely, one of the worthiest and most amiable creatures in the world, however full of spleen, oddities, and minor foibles.

* * * *

In the afternoon we had walking and music ; and in the evening my father and Mrs. Thrale seated themselves out of doors, just before the Blue-room windows, for *coolth* and chat ; and then Mr. Crutchley came up to me, and we had a very long conversation together.

I have not time to scribble it all ; but it began by talking of the late party at his house at Sunning Hill ; and I told him—for I believed nothing could give him greater pleasure—how well satisfied Mrs. and Miss Thrale had returned from it. And then he said how high an honour he had thought it, both from them and from Dr. Johnson, and added, that he had never been happier in his life than during these two days.

But as he has never forgotten, and never, I believe, will forget, the conversation I had with him so long ago about his *pride*,

and to which he has alluded twenty times a-day every time I have since been in his company, so now, though how I do not remember, he presently, and quite naturally, according to custom, recurred to it.

"Well," cried I, "I can really hardly tell myself what made me say all that stuff to you; but this I must own, had I then doubted its justice, I should not now, it dwells so with you!"

"Oh, but," cried he, "it does not dwell with me from consciousness, but only because I am afraid it must be true, as *you* say it; for I take it for granted you know, and must be right."

"No, no," cried I. "'tis merely from feeling it. If I had said you were very mean, illiberal, ill-natured, you would never have thought of it again."

"Oh, yes, I should—I should have thought you knew what you said."

"No, I beg your pardon; you would have known it was a mere jest, and have thought it no more than if I had said you were but three feet high, and kept a cobbler's stall."

"But you could not have said that," answered he, laughing, "or if you could, you would not."

"The other, however," said I, "comes home, and therefore you think so much of it."

"I hope," said he, very seriously, "you have mistaken me."

"Nay," cried I, a little shocked at the unexpected impression my casual and unpremeditated lecture has made, "you must remember I told you at the same time, that, though what I *said* I *thought*, I did not say *all* I *thought*."

"But all," cried he, "that remains behind, I take it for granted is so much worse."

This was a *net*—but I saw it; so it was spread in vain.

"My liking to live so much alone," continued he, "which is, perhaps, what seems proud, proceeds merely from the great difficulty there is to meet with any society that is good."

"But that difficulty," quoth I, "is a part of the pride; were you less fastidious, you would find society as other people find it."

"Nay, now," said he, "but even about horses I am not proud" [you must know he is very curious about his horses], "for I care

not what *looking* horse I have; I never think of his appearance, nor mind if half the people I meet think how ill I am mounted."

"Yes," returned I, "provided those who are judges knew him to be good."

"Why, yes; I should not choose to ride a horse that people who knew anything of the matter would call a bad one."

"Ah!" cried I, reproachfully, "and this is not pride!"

This, again, was coming home, and he had little to answer, but said, in a laughing way,—

"Now I'll tell you when I can be happy enough: when I have nobody at all at my place but workmen; and then I *niggle* after them up and down, and say to myself—Well, I think I am somewhat better than *these*!"

"How ridiculous!" cried I: "but such speeches as these, instead of proving your humility, are so absurd and overstrained, they pass literally for nothing."

* * * * *

Miss Thrale went away to have her hair dressed, and I stayed in the library reading. Mr. Crutchley, in about half an hour, returned there again, saying,—

"So, I have prevailed upon Miss Thrale at last to go and spend her time better?"

"She's gone," said I, "to have her hair dressed, if that is better."

"I suppose it is what she likes," answered he. "Is that a long business with you ladies?"

"O yes, terribly long! I only wish all our hair was combed as straight as yours was some time ago, frightful as I thought it."

We afterwards talked of my father, whom he knows but very slightly; he said of him, however, things more pleasing for me to hear than any other upon any subject in the world would have been; for he told me he never saw any man he thought more likely to live long than Dr. Burney.

"He is strong-built," said he, "stout, and well-knit. I looked at him particularly, and never saw an appearance of more true muscular strength, unencumbered with flesh; for flesh and bulk

have nothing to do with strength. I dare say he will be a very long liver."

"And what may contribute to that," said I, "will be the equanimity of his temper; for, with all his gaiety and sprightliness, he has more patience, and even cheerfulness, than anybody in the world. And he is one of those who makes no distresses for himself, and those he meets with, whether he will or not, he drives away as soon as he possibly can."

I am not sure I did not mean this rather pointedly; and so, I believe, he took it, for he exclaimed,—

"How unlike me! I make everything a woe!"

"That is nothing," cried I, "but the want of real evils. Imaginary woes always follow people who have no other."

"Imaginary woes! Good Heaven!" he repeated, half between his teeth.

A servant at the same time coming in to announce his phaeton, he then hoped I should keep well till he had the pleasure of seeing me again, and went away.

I have some notion he is half inclined to tell me all his affairs; for, whenever we are alone together, he almost constantly leads to some subject that draws out melancholy hints of his unhappiness, though in company he always pretends to laugh at all feeling, and despise all misfortune. Could I do him any possible service, I should be sincerely glad; but as that is very improbable, I think such a confidence better avoided than sought.

At dinner we had a large party of old friends of Mrs. Thrale. Lady Frances Burgoyne, a mighty erect old lady of the last age, lofty, ceremonious, stiff, and condescending.

Montague Burgoyne, her son, and as like any other son as ever you saw.

Mrs. Burgoyne, his wife, a sweet, pretty, innocent, simple young girl, just married to him.

Miss Burgoyne, his eldest sister, a good, sensible, prating old maid.

Miss Kitty Burgoyne, a younger sister, equally prating, and not equally sensible.

Mr. Ned Hervey, brother to the bride.

To these were added Mr. Pepys and Sophy Streatfield; the former as entertaining, the latter as beautiful as ever. We had a very good day, but not of a writing sort.

Dr. Johnson, whom I had not seen since his Sunning-hill expedition, as he only returned from town to-day, gave me almost all his attention, which made me of no little consequence to the Burgoynes, who all stared amain when they saw him make up to me the moment I entered the room, and talk to me till summoned to dinner.

Mr. Pepys had desired this meeting, by way of a sort of reconciliation after the Lyttelton quarrel; and Dr. Johnson now made amends for his former violence, as he advanced to him as soon as he came in, and holding out his hand to him, received him with a cordiality he had never shown him before. Indeed, he told me himself, that "he thought the better of Mr. Pepys for all that had passed." He is as great a *souled* man as a *bodied* one, and, were he less furious in his passions, he would be demi-divine.

Mr. Pepys also behaved extremely well, politely casting aside all reserve or coldness that might be attributed to a lurking ill-will for what had passed.

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STREATHAM.—My poor journal is now so in arrears, that I forget wholly the date of what I sent you last. I have, however, minutes by me of things, though not of times, and, therefore, the chronology not being very important, take them, my dear girls, promiscuously. I am still, I know, in August, *et voilà tout*.

We have now a new character added to our set, and one of no small diversion,—Mr. Musgrave, an Irish gentleman of fortune, and member of the Irish Parliament. He is tall, thin, and agreeable in his face and figure; is reckoned a good scholar, has travelled, and been very well educated. His manners are impetuous and abrupt; his language is high-flown and hyperbolical; his sentiments are romantic and tender; his heart is warm and generous; his head hot and wrong! And the whole of his conversation is a mixture the most uncommon, of knowledge and triteness, simplicity and fury, literature and folly!

Keep this character in your mind, and, contradictory as it seems, I will give you, from time to time, such specimens as shall remind you of each of these six epithets.

He was introduced into this house by Mr. Seward, with whom, and Mr. Graves, of Worcester, he travelled into Italy: and some years ago he was extremely intimate here. But, before my acquaintance was made at Streatham, he had returned to Ireland; where, about a year since, he married Miss Cavendish. They are now, by mutual consent, parted. She is gone to a sister in France, and he is come to spend some time in England by way of diverting his chagrin.

Mrs. Thrale who, though open-eyed enough to his absurdities, thinks well of the goodness of his heart, has a real regard for him; and he quite adores her, and quite worships Dr. Johnson—frequently declaring (for what he once says, he says continually), that he would spill his blood for him,—or clean his shoes,—or go to the East Indies to do him any good! “I am never,” says he, “afraid of him; none but a fool or a rogue has any need to be afraid of him. What a fine old lion (looking up at his picture) he is! Oh! I love him,—I honour him,—I reverence him! I would black his shoes for him. I wish I could give him my night’s sleep!”

These are exclamations which he is making continually. Mrs. Thrale has extremely well said that he is a caricature of Mr. Boswell, who is a caricature, I must add, of all other of Dr. Johnson’s admirers.

The next great favourite he has in the world to our Doctor, and the person whom he talks *next most* of, is Mr. Jessop, who was his schoolmaster, and whose praise he is never tired of singing in terms the most vehement,—quoting his authority for every other thing he says, and lamenting our misfortune in not knowing him.

His third favourite topic, at present, is “The Life of Louis XV.” in 4 vols. 8vo., lately translated from the French; and of this he is so extravagantly fond, that he talks of it as a man might talk of his mistress, provided he had so little wit as to talk of her at all.

Painting, music, all the fine arts in their turn, he also speaks of in raptures. He is himself very accomplished, plays the violin extremely well, is a very good linguist, and a very decent painter. But no subject in his hands fails to be ridiculous, as he is sure, by the abruptness of its introduction, the strange turn of his expressions, or the Hibernian twang of his pronunciation, to make everything he says, however usual or common, seem peculiar and absurd.

When he first came here, upon the present renewal of his acquaintance at Streatham, Mrs. Thrale sent a summons to her daughter and me to come downstairs. We went together: I had long been curious to see him, and was glad of the opportunity. The moment Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, he began a warm *éloge* of my father, speaking so fast, so much, and so Irish, that I could hardly understand him.

That over, he began upon this book, entreating Mrs. Thrale and all of us to read it, assuring us nothing could give us equal pleasure, minutely relating all its principal incidents with vehement expressions of praise or abhorrence, according to the good or bad he mentioned; and telling us that he had devoted three days and nights to making an index to it himself!

Then he touched upon his dear schoolmaster, Mr. Jessop, and then opened upon Dr. Johnson, whom he calls "the old lion," and who lasted till we left him to dress.

When we met again at dinner, and were joined by Dr. Johnson, the incense he paid him, by his solemn manner of listening, by the earnest reverence with which he eyed him, and by a theatric start of admiration every time he spoke, joined to the Doctor's utter insensibility to all these tokens, made me find infinite difficulty in keeping my countenance during the whole meal. His talk, too, is incessant: no female, however famed, can possibly excel him for volubility.

He told us a thousand strange staring stories, of noble deeds of valour and tender proofs of constancy, interspersed with extraordinary, and indeed incredible accidents, and with jests, and jokes, and bon-mots, that I am sure must be in Joe Miller. And in the midst of all this jargon he abruptly called out,

"Pray, Mrs. Thrale, what is the Doctor's opinion of the American war?"

Opinion of the American war at this time of day! We all laughed cruelly; yet he repeated his question to the Doctor, who, however, made no other answer but by laughing too. But he is never affronted with Dr. Johnson, let him do what he will; and he seldom ventures to speak to him till he has asked some other person present for advice how he will *take* such or such a question.

At night he left us, and Mr. Crutchley arrived, who came to spend two or three days, as usual. Sir Philip Clerke also was here; but I have no time now to write any account of what passed, except that I must and ought to mention that Mr. Crutchley, in the presence of Sir Philip, is always more respectful to me than at any other time; indeed, only then, for he troubles not himself with too much ceremony. But I believe he does this from a real delicacy of mind, by way of marking still more strongly it was the raillery, not the object of it, he was so strangely piqued about.

But I told you I thought I had secured his never more mentioning my charge of his pride. There I was mistaken, as, for his life, he cannot forbear.

The day he ended his visit, Sir Philip also ended his, having only come from Hampshire for a few days; and, as I wanted much to go down and see my sister, Mrs. Thrale ordered her coach, and took us all thither herself.

In our way Mr. Crutchley, who was in uncommon spirits, took it in his head to sing the praises of wine (though no man drinks less), and afterwards of smoking; Mrs. Thrale all the time combating all he said, Sir Philip only laughing, and I, I suppose, *making faces*. At last he called out,—

"Look at Miss Burney, how she sits wondering at my impudence!"

He expected, I fancy, I should contradict this: but not a word did I say: so then, with a little *dépit*, he added,—

"I suppose, now, I shall have *impudence* added to the—the *vanity* you gave my character before."

This mistake I am pretty sure was a *wilful* one, by way of passing for only slightly remembering the accusation.

"Vanity!" cried I; "when did I charge you with vanity?"

"Well, what was it then?—*pride*!"

I said nothing; neither choosing to confirm what he has taken so seriously to heart, nor to contradict what I think as strongly as ever.

"Pride and impudence!" continued he, with a look at once saucy and mortified—"a pretty composition, upon my life!"

"Nay, nay," said I, "this is an addition of your own. I am sure I never called, or thought, you impudent."

It would be strange if I had; for, on the contrary, he is an actual *male prude*!

"No, no; she gave you nothing but the pride," said Mrs. Thrale, "she left all the vanity for me! Saucy that she is! So you have, at least, the higher fault; for vanity is much the meaner of the two. Lord Bacon says, 'A beggar of bread is a better man than a beggar of a bow; for the bread is of more worth.' So see if you are not best off."

"Me best off!" cried he—"no, indeed; Miss Burney thinks better of vanity than pride, by her giving one to you and t'other to me."

To this, again, I would not speak; for I could not well without a new argument, and the old one is so long remembered that I am determined to have no more.

"If Miss Burney," said he presently, "thought as well of me as of you, I believe I should have reason to be very well contented. Should not I?"

"As well of you as of me!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "why, if ever I heard such a speech! No, indeed, I hope not! I have always heard her called a very wise girl!"

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Mrs. Thrale set me down at home, and I ran to dear Etty's, and saw and kissed her and her dear baby, and promised to return to town soon to spend a week with her. Mrs. T. called for me again at three o'clock, and I returned to Streatham, and I spent two days with only ourselves;—*c'est à dire*, Mrs. and

Miss T. and Dr. Johnson, who is so earnest to have me here always, that I assure you we know not how to break to him my intended week's absence! You may laugh if you please, but I can tell you my importance with him seems continually increasing. And, seriously, I am sure my gratitude for his kindness goes on *crescendo*, in the same manner.

* * * *

Well—it was, I think, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25TH, that Mrs. Thrale brought me back. But first, we went together to see Sir Joshua's pictures, which is always a feast to me, and afterwards to see Pine's, where is one of Mrs. Thrale herself: not like, I think, but a mighty elegant portrait. We then took up Mr. Crutehley, who had come to his town-house upon business, and who accompanied us thither for a visit of three days.

In the evening Mr. Seward also came. He has been making the western tour, and gave us, with a seriousness that I believe continually grinning, some account of a doctor, of marking chemist, belonging to every town at which he passed. And when we all laughed at his thus following the subject of it, he he undauntedly said,—

“I think it the best way to get information, as, for better method to learn what is going forward, to send for the chief physician of the place; and his, having consulted him the first day I stop at a place, and, as I wanted to see him, and made acquaintance, he puts me in a room ordered her out what is worth looking at.”

A most curious mode of picking up a cicerone!

After this, still pursuing his favourite topic, he began to inquire into the particulars of Mr. Crutehley's late illness; but that gentleman, who is as much in the opposite extreme, of disdaining even any decent care of himself, as Mr. Seward is in the other, of devoting almost all his thoughts to his health, cut the matter very short, and would not talk upon it at all.

“But if I had known sooner,” said Mr. Seward, “that you were ill, I should have come to see you.”

“Should you?” cried Mr. Crutehley, with a loud laugh; “very kind, indeed!—it would have been charming to see you when

I am ill, when I am afraid of undertaking you even when well!"

Some time after Sophy Streatfield was talked of,—Oh, with how much impertinence! as if she was at the service of any man who would make proposals to her! Yet Mr. Seward spoke of her with praise and tenderness all the time, as if, though firmly of this opinion, he was warmly her admirer. From such admirers and such admiration Heaven guard me! Mr. Crutchley said but little; but that little was bitter enough.

"However," said Mr. Seward, "after all that can be said, there is nobody whose manners are more engaging, nobody more amiable, than the little Sophy; and she is certainly very pretty: I must own I have always been afraid to trust myself with her."

Here Mr. Crutchley looked very sneeringly.

"Nay, 'squire," cried Mr. Seward, "she is very dangerous, I can tell you; and if she had you at a fair trial, she would make an impression that would soften even your hard heart."

"No need of any further trial," answered he, laughing, "for she has done that already; and so soft was the impression that it is absolutely all dissolved!—melted quite away, and not a trace of it left!"

Mr. Seward then proposed that she should marry Sir John Miller, who has just lost his wife; and very gravely said, he had a great mind to set out for Tunbridge, and carry her with him to Bath, and so make the match without delay!

"But surely," said Mrs. Thrale, "if you fail, you will think yourself bound in honour to marry her yourself?"

"Why, that's the thing," said he; "no, I can't take the little Sophy myself; I should have too many rivals; no, that won't do."

How abominably conceited and *sure* these pretty gentlemen are! However, Mr. Crutchley here made a speech that half won my heart.

"I wish," said he, "Miss Streatfield was here at this moment to cuff you, Seward!"

"Cuff me!" cried he. "What, the little Sophy!—and why?"

"For disposing of her so freely. I think a man deserves to be cuffed for saying *any* lady will marry him."

make a very great and capital painter; and, in the midst of this oration, Mr. Seward very dryly called out,—

“Pray, Musgrave, whom are you talking of?”

“Her cousin,” cried he, with the same eagerness, “Miss Burney’s cousin. I assure you he will be so great a painter that——”

“Why, when and where,” interrupted Mr. Seward, “are these Burneys to stop?”

“Nowhere,” said Mrs. Thrale, “till they are tired; for they go on just as long as they please, and *do* what they please, and *are* what they please.”

“Here, ma’am, is a mark of their power and genius,” said Mr. Musgrave, pointing to me; and I assure you this young man is another. And when I told old Mr. Burney I thought so, I assure you I thought he would have wrung my arm out of joint.”

“Old Mr. Burney!” said Mrs. Thrale; “pray, do you call our *young* Doctor’s brother *old* Mr. Burney?”

“Oh, ma’am, I assure you I have the greatest respect for him in the world; he is a worthy old gentleman, I assure you. He and I shook hands together for a quarter of an hour. He was vastly pleased. I told him his son would be a great painter. And, indeed, so he will. He’ll be quite at the head.”

“Ay, how should he be Miss Burney’s cousin else?” said Mrs. Thrale.

“Miss Burney will be so elated,” said Mr. Seward, “if you go on thus with all her family, that she will not condescend to take notice of us.”

“Oh, yes, she will,” said the literal Mr. Musgrave; “where there is true merit there is always modesty. Miss Burney may hear praise without danger.”

I called for water, munched bread, and did what I could to pass the time; but though Mr. Musgrave made me laugh, I found it pretty warm work to sit all this.

In the evening, Mr. Seward, who plays off Mr. Musgrave most unmercifully, called out to him,—

“Musgrave, how goes on your play?”

“My play, sir!” cried he, a little alarmed; “sir, I assure you I have not thought about it.”

"No!—why, I supposed you would have finished it in your last fit of sickness. Do, Musgrave, pray go on with it when you are tied by the heel next. We'll get Miss Burney to write a prologue for it."

"Miss Burney will do me a great deal of honour," said he, not suspecting he was laughed at, "if she will be so good as to look at it."

"And pray," cried Mr. Seward, "what do you call it?"

"Oh, I shall beg the favour of Miss Burney to name it."

He then told us the plan and story of this comedy, which was so trite, and yet so *flaming*, that I cannot imagine how any man can have read so much to so little advantage as to suppose it could be listened to.

Mr. Seward, however, protests he has altered it from what he originally intended; and no great mischief, I think, could *any* alteration do to such a plan as Mr. Seward says he had first formed, which was to make a bishop be discovered by his own chaplain in a house of ill-fame! a *dénouement* he had devised for the purpose of making the bishop *come down* with his money and consent for the marriage of his daughter, the heroine of the piece, with the man of her choice!

MONDAY.—We were to have Mr. Cator and other company to dinner; and all breakfast Mr. Seward kept plaguing poor Mr. Musgrave, who is an incessant talker, about the difficulty he would have in making his part good with Mr. Cator, who, he assured him, would out-talk him if he did not take care. And Mr. Crutchley recommended to him to "wait for a sneeze," in order to put in; so that he was almost rallied into a passion, though, being very good-natured, he made light of it, and it blew over.

Our company was Mr. and Mrs. Cator, Mrs. Byron and her daughter Augusta, Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Lewis, a friend who is on a visit at his house, and the three gentlemen already here.

Mr. Crutchley rode to town in the morning, and told us at dinner that he had been to the painter's for our characters, but refused to let us know what they were; only telling us in general that Miss Thrale had fared the worst.

"I have written it all down," cried he; "and oh! what a noble trimming is there for Queeny!"

"And pray," cried she, "how has Miss Burney fared?"

"Oh! pretty well."

"And Seward?"

"Why pretty well, too."

"And my mother?"

"Why ill—very ill;—but not so ill as you."

"Upon my word! And what, pray, has he said of me?"

"I have all the particulars upon a paper in my pocket."

I plagued him, however, without ceasing till he told me all the items; which were—

Of Mrs. Thrale: That she was very unsteady in her affections, a great lover of pleasure, and had no dislike to living in the country.

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Of Mr. Seward: That he was a man quite without genius, and that all the accomplishments he possessed resulted from labour and application.

Of me: That I was very steady, very apt to be sullen, grave myself, but fond of those who were gay.

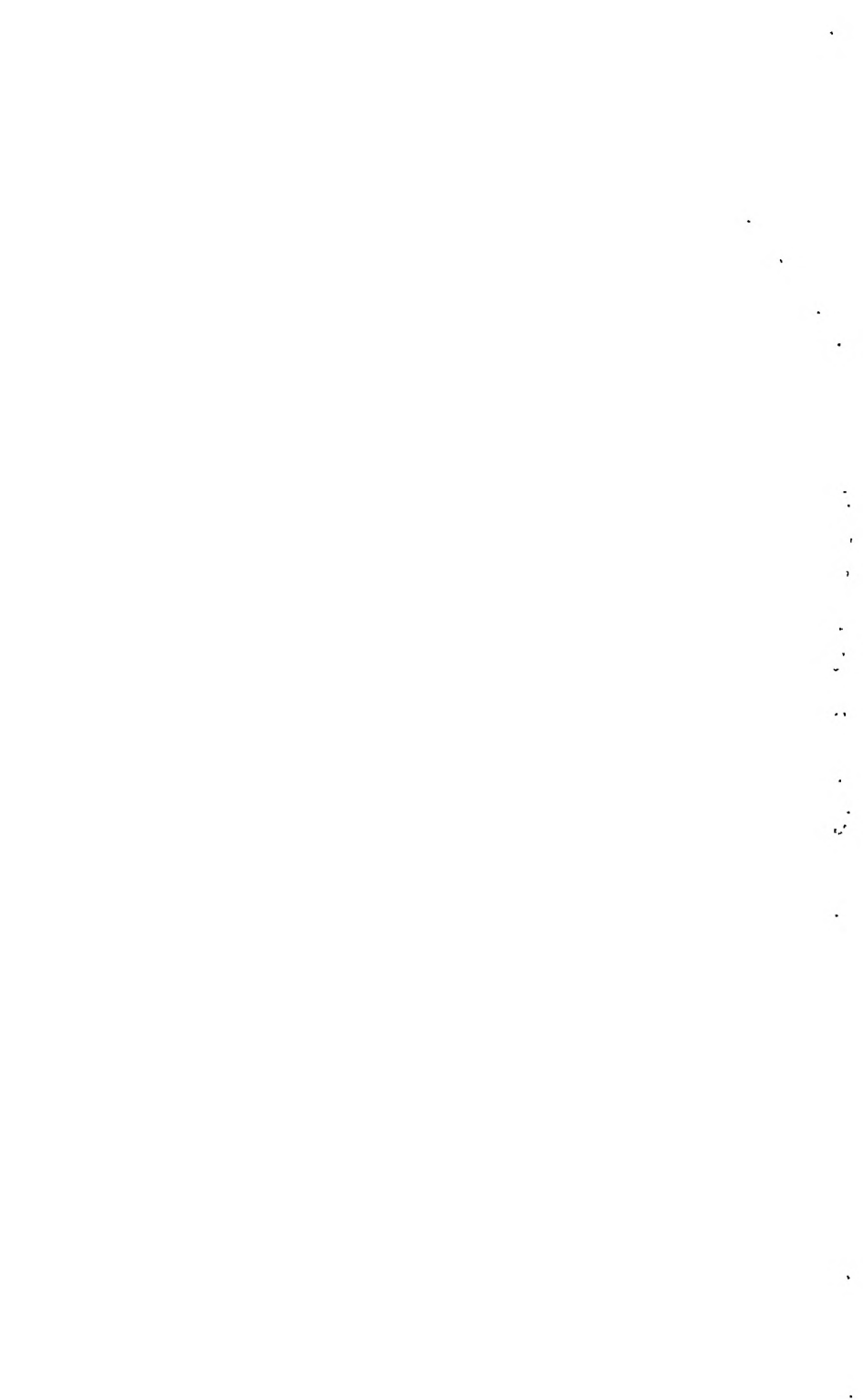
I think I did come pretty well off, considering the villainous things said of the rest; but I battled with him warmly the character of Mr. Seward, which his calling "pretty well" was very unjust, as he has really more original wit and humour than one man in five hundred.

In the middle of dinner I was seized with a violent laughing fit, by seeing Mr. Musgrave, who had sat quite silent, turn very solemnly to Mr. Seward and say, in a reproachful tone,—

"Seward, you said I should be fighting to talk all the talk, and here I have not spoken once."

"Well, sir," cried Mr. Seward, nodding at him, "why don't you put in?"

"Why, I lost an opportunity just now, when Mr. Cator talked of *climates*; I had something I could have said about them very well."



"Miss F. Burney,

"At Lady Thrale's,

"Streatham, Surrey.

"MADAM,—I lately have read the three elegant volumes of 'Evelina,' which were penned by you; and am desired by my friends, which are very numerous, to entreat the favour of you to oblige the public with a fourth.

"Now, if this desire of mine should meet with your approbation, and you will honour the public with another volume (for it will not be ill-bestowed time), it will greatly add to the happiness of,

"Honoured madam, a sincere admirer

"Of you and 'Evelina.'"

"Snow Hill."

Now don't our two epistles vie well with each other for singular absurdity? Which of them shows least meaning, who can tell? This is the third queer anonymous letter I have been favoured with. The date is more curious than the contents; one would think the people on Snow Hill might think three volumes enough for what they are the better, and not desire a fourth to celebrate more Smiths and Branghtons.

MONDAY, SEPT. 3D.—Our *solitude* was interrupted by a visit from Mr. Crutchley, which afforded me, as usual, subject-matter of debate upon his never-ending oddities. Take the following patterns:—

My dear Mrs. Thrale had been ill of a rash for some days, though not confined, and Sir Richard Jebb came this evening to see her. He stayed and drank tea with us, and was, as to me he always is, very agreeable. After having written for Mrs. Thrale and given her his general directions, he charged her very earnestly not to suffer her spirits to be agitated, and to be very careful to keep quiet.

When he was gone, she repeated this in laughing, and said, "I suppose he meant I should not put myself in a Welsh passion, and flame and spit."

"Nay, nay," cried Mr. Crutchley, "*that* you do all day long."

"What?" cried she, going out of the room, and not well hearing him, while I turned round to laugh at his assurance.

"Why Miss Barney," answered he, "says you always spit."

"I?" cried I, amazed. "When did I say so?"

"Why, just this moment."

"Merry?" cried Miss Thrale, "that is too bad!"

"Nay, she said it, I'll swear!" said he, very coolly.

I only turned up my eyes at him, and Miss Thrale followed her mother out of the room.

"Well, now," said he, very gravely, "did you say it, or did you not?"

"Why not, to be sure?" returned I, staring at his effrontery.

"You did not say it?"

"No; you know I did not."

"Nay, I don't know for the words, but you looked it. I am sure, and that's the same. I always hold it exactly the same. I see, indeed, no difference between saying and looking."

"Yes, but I did not look it; my look was only at you, and marvelling at your saying it."

"Nay, but you know very well that she does spit."

"No, indeed, I don't; or if I do, I know also, and very certainly, that it is only when she is provoked."

"Yes, yes: nobody, I suppose, does it unprovoked; but what will provoke one will not provoke another; that is all the real difference."

I had no time to answer this as the dear spitter returned; but I was all amazement at his persisting in such an attack, and insisting that I was of the same mind.

* * * * *

At dinner, Dr. Johnson returned, and Mr. Musgrave came with him. I did not see them till dinner was upon the table; and then Dr. Johnson, more in earnest than in jest, reproached me with not coming to meet him, and afterwards with not speaking to him, which, by the way, across a large table, and before company, I could not do, were I to be reproached ever so solemnly. It is requisite to speak so loud in order to be heard by him, and everybody listens so attentively for his

reply, that not all his kindness will ever, I believe, embolden me to discourse with him willingly except *tête-à-tête*, or only with his family or my own.

Mr. Crutchley, who has more odd spite in him than all the rest of the world put together, enjoyed this call upon me, at which Mr. Musgrave no less wondered! He seemed to think it an honour that raised me to the highest pinnacle of glory, and started and lifted up his hands in profound admiration.

This; you may imagine, was no great inducement to me to talk more; and when in the evening we all met again in the library, Dr. Johnson still continuing his accusation, and vowing I cared nothing for him, to get rid of the matter, and the grinning of Mr. Crutchley, and the theatrical staring of Mr. Musgrave, I proposed to Miss Thrale, as soon as tea was over, a walk round the grounds.

The next morning, the instant I entered the library at breakfast-time, where nobody was yet assembled but Messrs. Musgrave and Crutchley, the former ran up to me the moment I opened the door with a large folio in his hand, calling out,—

"See here, Miss Burney, you know what I said about the Racks ——"

"The what, sir?" cried I, having forgot it all.

"Why the Racks; and here you see is the very same account. I must show it to the Doctor presently; the old lion hardly believed it."

He then read to me I know not how much stuff, not a word of which could I understand, because Mr. Crutchley sat laughing slyly, and casting up his eyes exactly before me, though unseen by Mr. Musgrave.

As soon as I got away from him, and walked on to the other end of the room, Mr. Crutchley followed me, and said,—

"You went to bed too soon last night; you should have stayed a little longer, and then you would have heard such a panegyric as never before was spoken."

"So I suppose," quoth I, not knowing what he drove at.

"Oh, yes!" cried Mr. Musgrave. "Dr. Johnson pronounced such a panegyric upon Miss Burney as would quite have intoxi-

cated anybody else; not *her*, indeed, for she can bear it, but nobody else could."

"Oh! such praise," said Mr. Crutchley, "never did I hear before. It kept *me* awake, even *me*, after eleven o'clock, when nothing else could,—poor drowsy wretch that I am!"

They then both ran on praising this praise (*à qui mieux mieux*), and trying which should distract me most with curiosity to hear it; but I know Mr. Crutchley holds *all* panegyric in such infinite contempt and ridicule, that I felt nothing but mortification in finding he had been an auditor to my dear Dr. Johnson's partiality.

"Woe to him," cried he at last, "of whom no one speaks ill! Woe, therefore, to *you* in this house, I am sure!"

"No, no," cried I, "*you*, I believe, will save me from *that* woe."

In the midst of this business entered Miss Thrale. Mr. Musgrave, instantly flying up to her with the folio, exclaimed, "See, Miss Thrale, here's all that about the origin of Racks, that——"

"Of *what*?" cried she. "Of *rats*?"

This set us all grinning; but Mr. Crutchley, who had pretty well recovered his spirits, would not rest a moment from plaguing me about this praise, and began immediately to tell Miss Thrale what an oration had been made the preceding evening.

The moment Mrs. Thrale came in, all this was again repeated, Mr. Musgrave almost blessing himself with admiration while he talked of it, and Mr. Crutchley keeping me in a perpetual fidget, by never suffering the subject to drop.

When they had both exhausted all they had to say in a general manner of this *éloge*, and Dr. Johnson's fondness for me, for a little while we were allowed to rest; but scarce had I time to even hope the matter would be dropped, when Mr. Crutchley said to Mr. Musgrave,—

"Well, sir, but now we have paved the way, I think you might as well go on."

"Yes," said Miss Thrale, never backward in promoting mischief, "methinks you might now disclose some of the particulars."

"Ay, do," said Mr. Crutchley, "pray repeat what he said."

"Oh! it is not in my power," cried Mr. Musgrave; "I have not the Doctor's eloquence. However, as well as I can remember, I will do it. He said that her manners were extraordinarily pleasing, and her language remarkably elegant; that she had as much virtue of mind as knowledge of the world; that with all her skill in human nature, she was at the same time as pure a little creature——"

This phrase, most comfortably to me, helped us to a laugh, and carried off in something like a joke praise that almost carried *me* off, from very shame not better to deserve it.

"Go on, go on!" cried Mr. Crutchley; "you have not said half."

"I am sensible of that," said he, very solemnly; "but it really is not in my power to do him justice, else I would say on, for Miss Burney I know would not be intoxicated."

"No, no; more, more," cried that tiresome creature; "at it again."

"Indeed, sir; and upon my word I would if I could; but only himself can do the old lion justice."

"'And what light is'," cried Mrs. Thrale, "'tis only light can show.' However, let him love her as much as he will, he will never love her half enough, for he knows not half how good she is."

"Upon my word!" cried Miss Thrale, drolly; "do you think I shan't take some sly opportunity to poison you?"

"Miss Burney wants no incentive to virtue," said Mr. Musgrave, "or else, to anybody else such a character as Dr. Johnson has given her would be enough to stimulate her to it."

Ay, thought I, that is the best way for *me*—to take all this in sober seriousness. And I assure you, though I tried to laugh all this off as if I did not believe it, I knew so well his readiness and pleasure in speaking highly of me, that I was inwardly quite melted by his kindness, and my sense of the honour I receive from it.

We had half done breakfast before he came down; he then complained he had had a bad night and was not well.

"I could not sleep," said he, laughing; "no, not a wink, for thinking of Miss Burney; her cruelty destroys my rest."

"Mercy, sir!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "what, beginning again already?—why, we shall all assassinate her. Late at night, and early at morn,—no wonder you can't sleep!"

"Oh! what would I give," cried he, "that Miss Burney would come and tell me stories all night long!—if she would but come and talk to me!"

"That would be delightful, indeed!" said I; "but when, then, should I sleep?"

"Oh, that's *your* care! I should be happy enough in keeping you awake."

"I wish, sir," cried Mr. Musgrave, with vehemence, "I could give you my own night's sleep!"

"I would have you," continued Dr. Johnson to me (taking no notice of this flight), "come and talk to me of *Mr. Smith*, and then tell me stories of old *Branghton*, and then of his son, and then of your sea-captain."

"And pray, sir," cried Mrs. Thrale, "don't forget *Lady Louisa*, for I shall break my heart if you do."

"Ay," answered he, "and of *Lady Louisa*, and of *Evelina* herself as much as you please, but not of *Mr. Macartney*,—no, not a word of him!"

"I assure you, ma'am," said Mr. Musgrave, "the very person who first told me of that book was Mr. Jessop, my schoolmaster. Think of that!—was it not striking? 'A daughter,' says he, 'of your friend Dr. Burney has written a book, and it does her much credit.' Think of that! (lifting up his hands to enforce his admiration) desired me to read it—he recommended it to me, for a little while, in the finest taste,—a man of great profundity,—a scholar,—living in a remote part of Ireland,—time to even hope for my word!"

Crutchley said to Mr. Thrale to Dr. Johnson, "why, these might as well go on." of what you said last night! Why, you in favour of Miss Burney."

"Yes," said Miss Thrale, "the moment it was over I went chief, "methinks you the panegyric; but I thought I could particulars." made off."

"I would you were off now," cried I, "and in your phaeton in the midst of this rain!"

"Oh, sir!" cried Mr. Musgrave, "the Doctor went on with it again after you went; I had the honour to hear a great deal more."

"Why, this is very fine indeed!" said Mrs. Thrale; "why, Dr. Johnson,—why, what is all this?"

"These young fellows," answered he, "play me false; they take me in; they start the subject, and make me say something of that Fanny Burney, and then the rogues know that when I have once begun I shall not know when to leave off."

"We are glad, sir," said Mr. Crutchley, "to hear our own thoughts expressed so much better than we can express them ourselves."

I could only turn up my eyes at him.

"Just so," said Mrs. Thrale,

"'What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.'"

Here, much to my satisfaction, the conversation broke up.

"I hope," said Miss Thrale, comically bowing to me, "you have approved this discourse. For my part, I wonder you will speak to me again."

"I wonder," said Mr. Crutchley, "she could eat!"

"Nay," quoth I, "this is no way to take off my appetite: though, perhaps, you think I ought to be too sublime to eat."

His phaeton was now announced, and, regardless of the rain, he took leave.

Mr. Musgrave stayed with us two or three days longer: but he is so infinitely more quiet when neither Mr. Seward nor Mr. Crutchley is here, that he left me nothing to write about him.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14.—And now, if I am not mistaken, I come to relate the conclusion of Mr. Crutchley's most extraordinary summer career at Streatham, which place, I believe, he has now left without much intention to frequently revisit. However, this is mere conjecture; but he really had a run of ill-luck not very inviting to a man of his cold and splenetic turn, to play the same game.

When we were just going to supper, we heard a disturbance among the dogs; and Mrs. and Miss Thrale went out to see what was the matter, while Dr. Johnson and I remained quiet. Soon returning, "A friend! a friend!" she cried, and was followed by Mr. Crutchley.

He would not eat with us, but was chatty and in good-humour, and, as usual when in spirits, saucily sarcastic. For instance, it is generally half my employment in hot evenings here to rescue some or other poor buzzing idiot of an insect from the flame of a candle. This, accordingly, I was performing with a Harry Long-legs, which, after much trial to catch, eluded me, and escaped nobody could see how. Mr. Crutchley vowed I had caught and squeezed him to death in my hand.

"No, indeed," cried I, "when I catch them, I put them out of the window."

"Ay, their bodies," said he, laughing; "but their legs, I suppose, you keep."

"Not I, indeed; I hold them very safe in the palm of my hand."

"Oh!" said he, "the palm of your hand! why, it would not hold a fly! But what have you done with the poor wretch—thrown him under the table slyly?"

"What good would that do?"

"Oh, help to establish your full character for merey."

Now, was not that a speech to provoke Miss Grizzle herself? However, I only made up a sauey lip.

"Come," cried he, offering to take my hand, "where is he? Which hand is he in? Let me examine?"

"No, no, I thank you; I shan't make *you* my confessor, whenever I take one."

He did not much like this: but I did not mean he should.

Afterwards he told us a most unaccountably ridiculous story of a *crying wife*. A gentleman, he said, of his acquaintance had married lately his own kept mistress; and last Sunday he had dined with the bride and bridegroom; but, to his utter astonishment, without any apparent reason in the world, in the middle of dinner or tea, she burst into a violent fit of crying, and went out

of the room, though there was not the least quarrel, and the *sposo* seemed all fondness and attention !

"What, then," said I, somewhat maliciously I grant, "had you been saying to her?"

"Oh, thank you!" said he, with a half-affronted bow, "I expected this ! I declare I thought you would conclude it was me !"

* * * * *

Dr. Johnson has been very unwell indeed. Once I was quite frightened about him : but he continues his strange discipline—starving, mercury, opium ; and though for a time half demolished by its severity, he always, in the end, rises superior both to the disease and the remedy,—which commonly is the most alarming of the two. His kindness for me, I think, if possible, still increased : he actually *bored* everybody so about me that the folks even complain of it. I must, however, acknowledge I feel but little pity for their fatigue.

From Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Streatham, Wednesday Morning,
22nd September.

At length, my dear daddy, I hope to have a peep at you. Mrs. Thrale is much better, though not well, but so kindly desirous to give me this indulgence, as well as to see you and my father, that she will venture to promise for next Monday ; and, therefore, if nothing unlucky intervenes, and you send no prohibition, early on Monday morning you will see us. I cannot tell you half how glad I feel in the prospect of being again at dear Chesington, which I do indeed love at the bottom of my heart—and top too, for the matter of that.

Bid all the Misses look pretty, and Mrs. Hamilton be quite well. Tell dear Kitty not to prim up as if we had never met before, and charge Jem to be the pink of gallantry. Beg my dear father to "get from behind *la barba*" before breakfast ; and do you, my dear daddy, put on my favourite *wig*.

I have time for no more, as I have an opportunity to send this to town now, and if it goes by Streatham post, you may not

however, this deficiency—that it is never found where distress is mutual. He who has less than enough has nothing to spare. Prosperous people only love each other. May you and I, my love, be ever prosperous!

Miss Kitty may well think this the surprisingest world that ever was. I have long been of her mind. Cavendish Square is the place appointed for me to perform in next winter, I perceive by everybody; and though matters look cloudy just at present, I find we are to hope for a “little bit of Burney” in the spring. Did I say that bright thing before?

Somebody told me (but not your father) that the Opera singers would not be likely to get any money out of Sheridan this year. “Why, that fellow grows fat,” says I, “like Helio-gabalus, upon the tongues of nightingales.” Did I tell you that bright thing before? Ah, Burney! if I was well I would make a little fun yet, but I cannot get well. The next time I see Sir Richard I will coax him to let me go in the cold bath again, I am so low, so lamentable!

I am, however, most sincerely yours in all affection,

Respects to Mr. Crisp.

H. L. T.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

Chesington, December 10th.

* * * * *

And so Mrs. Shirley, Captain Phillips' sister, has been visiting Susan in form, and Susan has returned the courtesy with the proper formalities; and that awkward business being over, they begin to take to one another, and are already upon kind, open, and sisterly terms, visiting to and fro without ceremony. This is a very comfortable circumstance.

The Capitano has lately been promoted, and is now very earnest to accelerate matters: but my father, very anxious and fearful for poor Susanne, does not think there is *de quoi manger* very plentifully, and is as earnest for retarding them. For my own part, I think they could do very well. I know

Susan is a very good economist, and I know there is not any part of our family that cannot live upon very little as cheerfully as most folks upon very much. Besides, who knows how long poor *nuncle* may live, and keep the estate to himself? And why should he not live? I detest living upon no hopes but those of other people's losing all—I mean *pour le monde*, which we have no right to despise for others, while so anxious to fare well in it ourselves.

All this, dearest madam, you must at present keep wholly to yourself. My father, all the while, is so much pleased with the disinterestedness of Phillips, that it is painful to his kind heart to oppose him, and, between friends, I have little doubt but he will give way ere long.

* * * * *

All these things put together, you may believe I am called enough for home; very—very little, therefore, shall I be able to see of dear Streatham before next summer; but what I can I will.

Mr. Crisp is much gratified by your so kindly and constantly remembering him. He is vastly well this year, and has had no gout since I came; he is, therefore, grown somewhat unruly, and if I hint but at going away, storms and raves with such a vengeance you would stare to see, and start to hear him. We keep to “fun-making” though, very gaily. Everything here is so new that has passed elsewhere, that nothing can be mentioned that has not the air of an anecdote, and the credit of peculiar observation upon matters and manners.

Adieu, my ever dearest Mrs. Thrale, and long, long preserve the health, spirits, and kindness, which mark your last letter to

F. B.

May we be prosperous, you say,—and Amen! say I, without a devotion particularly extraordinary; but yet I am by no means of opinion that there is no kindness where distress is mutual: on the contrary, I think, and once I found, that mutual distress gives mutual endearment.

CHAPTER XII.

1782.

Progress of "Cecilia" through the Press—Dr. Burney's Opinion of it—The Author's Fears—Barry—Hoole—a Rout—Dr. Solander—Coxe, the traveller—Sir Sampson Gideon—Count Zenobia—Lady Say and Sele—An Amateur Novelist—Lady Hawke—Sir Gregory Page Turner. Correspondence: Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—His Opinion of "Cecilia"—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Her Intentions in writing "Cecilia"—Literary Ladies—Poetical Description of them by Dr. Burney—General Paoli—Mrs. Garrick—Literary Forgery—Conversation at Mrs. Thrale's—Miss Burney to Mrs. Phillips—Mrs. Garrick—The Female Wits—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—Voltaire *versus* Shakespeare—Advice to a Young Author—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney—Odd Reason for Marrying—Mrs. Thrale and "Cecilia"—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Diary Resumed—Edmund Burke—Dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds's—Lord Corke—The Bishop of St. Asaph—Gibbon, the Historian—Person and Manner of Burke—Lady Di. Beauclerk—Goldsmith's Blundering—Letter from Edmund Burke to Miss Burney—Visit to Chesington—Sitting for one's Portrait—Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney—Miss Burney to Mrs. Thrale—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—General Paoli—Boswell—The Irish Giant.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

February 25, 1782.

Am you quite *enragée* with me, my dearest Susy? Indeed, I think I am with myself, for not sooner and oftener writing to you; and every night when I go to bed, and every morning when I wake, I determine shall be the last I will do either again till I have written to you. But *hélas!* my pens get so fagged, and my hands so crippled, when I have been up two or three hours, that my resolution wavers, and I sin on, till the time of rest and meditation, and then I repent again. Forgive me, however, my

dearest girl, and pray pay me not in kind; for, as Charlotte would say, *kind* that would not be, however deserved and just.

My work is too long in all conscience for the hurry of my people to have it produced. I have a thousand million of fears for it. The mere copying, without revising and correcting, would take at least ten weeks, for I cannot do more than a volume in a fortnight, unless I scrawl short hand and rough hand as badly as the original. Yet my dear father thinks it will be published in a month! Since you went I have copied one volume and a quarter—no more! Oh, I am sick to think of it! Yet not a little reviving is my father's very high approbation of the first volume, which is all he has seen. I totally forget whether, in my last, I told you I had presented it to him? but I am sure you would never forget, for the pleasure you would have felt for me, had you seen or heard him reading any part of it.

Would you ever believe, bigoted as he was to "*Evelina*," that he now says he thinks this a superior design and superior execution?

You can never half imagine the delight this has given me. It is answering my first wish and first ambition in life. And though I am certain, and though he thinks himself, it will never be so popular as "*Evelina*," his so warm satisfaction will make me amends for almost any mortification that may be in store for me.

I would to Heaven it were possible for me to have a reading *de suite* of it with you, my Susy, more than with anybody; but I could not admit Captain Phillips, dearly as I love him; I could not for my life read myself to Mr. Burney, and was obliged to make Etty. It is too awkward a thing to do to any human beings but my sisters, and poor auntys, and Kitty Cooke. I have let the first *volume* also run the gamutlet with Mrs. Thrale.

* * * * *

One thing frets me a good deal, which is, that my book affair has got wind, and seems almost everywhere known, notwithstanding my earnestness and caution to have it kept sung till the last. Mr. Barry, t'other day, told me he had heard from Miss Mudge what, &c., &c., he had soon to expect from me. The Hooles have

both told Charlotte how glad they are in the good news they hear; and Mrs. Boyle and the strangers take it for granted, they say, that I am too busy for visiting! Mrs. Ord, also, attacked me very openly about it, and I have seen nobody else. It is easy to guess whence this comes, but not easy to stop its course, or to prevent the mischief of long expectation, any more than the great *désagrément* of being continually interrogated upon the subject.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

I thank you most heartily for your two sweet letters, my ever dearest Susy, and equally for the kindness they contain and the kindness they accept. And as I have a frank and a subject, I will leave my *bothers*, and write you and my dear brother Molesworth a little account of a *rout* I have just been at, at the house of Mr. Paradise.

You will wonder, perhaps, in this time of hurry, why I went thither; but when I tell you Pacchierotti was there, you will not think it surprising.

There was a crowd of company; Charlotte and I went together; my father came afterwards. Mrs. Paradise received us very graciously, and led me immediately up to Miss Thrale, who was sitting by the Pac. The Miss Kirwans, you may be sure, were not far off, and so I did pretty well. There was nobody else I knew but Dr. Solander, Mr. Coxe the traveller,* Sir Sampson and Lady Gideon (Streatham acquaintances), Mr. Sastres†, and Count Zenobia, a noble Venetian, whom I have often met lately at Mrs. Thrale's.

We were very late, for we had waited cruelly for the coach, and Pac. had sung a song out of "Artaxerxes," composed for a

* Born in 1747. Eldest son of Dr. William Coxe, physician to the King's household. Brought up to the church, where he held several preferments. Contributed largely to the biographical and historical departments of general literature. Died in 1828.

† Mr. Sastres. This gentleman is spoken of by Boswell as "Mr. Sastres, the Italian Master." He was on terms of great intimacy with Dr. Johnson, some of whose most pleasant letters were addressed to him (see the General Appendix to "Murray's Boswell," vol. 10).

tenor, which we lost, to my infinite regret. Afterwards he sang "Dolee speme," set by Bertoni, less elegantly than by Sacehini, but more expressively for the words. He sang it delightfully. It was but the second time I have heard him in a room since his return to England.

After this he went into another room, to try if it would be cooler; and Mrs. Paradise, leaning over the Kirwans and Charlotte, who hardly got a seat all night for the crowd, said she begged to speak to me. I squeezed my great person out, and she then said,—

"Miss Burney, Lady Say and Sele desires the honour of being introduced to you."

Her ladyship stood by her side. She seems pretty near fifty—at least turned forty; her head was full of feathers, flowers, jewels, and gew-gaws, and as high as Lady Archer's; her dress was trimmed with beads, silver, persian sashes, and all sort of fine fancies; her face is thin and fiery, and her whole manner spoke a lady all alive.

"Miss Burney," cried she, with great quickness, and a look all curiosity, "I am very happy to see you; I have longed to see you a great while; I have read your performance, and I am quite delighted with it. I think it's the most elegant novel I ever read in my life. Such a style! I am quite surprised at it. I can't think where you got so much invention!"

You may believe this was a reception not to make me very loquacious. I did not know which way to turn my head.

"I must introduce you," continued her ladyship, "to my sister; she'll be quite delighted to see you. She has written a novel herself; so you are sister authoresses. A most elegant thing it is, I assure you; almost as pretty as yours, only not quite so elegant. She has written two novels, only one is not so pretty as the other. But I shall insist upon your seeing them. One is in letters, like yours, only yours is prettiest; it's called the 'Mausoleum of Julia!'"

What unfeeling things, thought I, are *my* sisters! I'm sure I never heard them go about thus praising *me*!

Mrs. Paradise then again came forward, and taking my hand,

led me up to her ladyship's sister, Lady Hawke, saying aloud, and with a courteous smirk, "Miss Burney, ma'am, authoress of 'Evelina.'"

"Yes," cried my friend, Lady Say and Sele, who followed me close, "it's the authoress of 'Evelina;' so you are sister authoresses!"

Lady Hawke arose and curtsied. She is much younger than her sister, and rather pretty; extremely languishing, delicate, and pathetic; apparently accustomed to be reckoned the genius of her family, and well contented to be looked upon as a creature dropped from the clouds.

I was then seated between their ladyships, and Lady S. and S., drawing as near to me as possible, said,—

"Well, and so you wrote this pretty book!—and pray did your papa know of it?"

"No, ma'am; not till some months after the publication."

"So I've heard; it's surprising! I can't think how you invented it!—there's a vast deal of invention in it! And you've got so much humour, too! Now my sister has no humour—hers is all sentiment. You can't think how I was entertained with that old grandmother and her son!"

I suppose she meant Tom Braghton for the son.

"How much pleasure you must have had in writing it; had not you?"

"Y—e—s, ma'am."

"So has my sister; she's never without a pen in her hand; she can't help writing for her life. When Lord Hawke is travelling about with her, she keeps writing all the way."

"Yes," said Lady Hawke; "I really can't help writing. One has great pleasure in writing the things; has not one, Miss Burney?"

"Y—e—s, ma'am."

"But your novel," cried Lady Say and Sele, "is in such a style!—so elegant! I am vastly glad you made it end happily. I hate a novel that don't end happy."

"Yes," said Lady Hawke, with a languid smile, "I was vastly glad when she married Lord Orville. I was sadly afraid it would not have been."

"My sister intends," said Lady Say and Sele, "to print her 'Mausoleum,' just for her own friends and acquaintances."

"Yes," said Lady Hawke; "I have never printed yet."

"I saw Lady Hawke's name," quoth I to my first friend, "ascribed to the play of 'Variety.'"

"Did you indeed?" cried Lady Say, in an ecstasy. "Sister! do you know Miss Burney saw your name in the newspapers, about the play!"

"Did she?" said Lady Hawke, smiling complacently. "But I really did not write it; I never wrote a play in my life."

"Well," cried Lady Say, "but do repeat that sweet part that I am so fond of—you know what I mean; Miss Burney *must* hear it,—out of your novel, you know!"

Lady H.: No, I can't; I have forgot it.

Lady S.: Oh, no! I am sure you have not; I insist upon it.

Lady H.: But I know you can repeat it yourself; you have so fine a memory; I am sure you can repeat it.

Lady S.—Oh, but I should not do it justice! that's all,—I should not do it justice!

Lady Hawke then bent forward, and repeated—"If, when he made the declaration of his love, the sensibility that beamed in his eyes was felt in his heart, what pleasing sensations and soft alarms might not that tender avowal awaken!"

"And from what, ma'am," cried I, astonished, and imagining I had mistaken them, "is this taken?"

"From my sister's novel!" answered the delighted Lady Say and Sele, expecting my raptures to be equal to her own; "it's in the 'Mausoleum,'—did not you know that? Well, I can't think how you can write these sweet novels! And it's all just like that part. Lord Hawke himself says it's all poetry. For my part, I'm sure I never could write so. I suppose, Miss Burney, you are producing another,—a'n't you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Oh, I dare say you are. I dare say you are writing one at this very minute!"

Mrs. Paradise now came up to me again, followed by a square man, middle-aged, and hum-drum, who, I found, was Lord Say

and Sele, afterwards from the Kirwans; for though they introduced him to me, I was so confounded by their vehemence and their manners, that I did not hear his name.

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. P., presenting me to him, "authoress of 'Evelina.'"

"Yes," cried Lady Say and Sele, starting up, "'tis the authoress of 'Evelina!'"

"Of what?" cried he.

"Of 'Evelina.' You'd never think it,—she looks so young, to have so much invention, and such an elegant style! Well, I could write a play, I think, but I'm sure I could never write a novel."

"Oh, yes, you could, if you would try," said Lady Hawke.

"Oh, no, I could not," answered she; "I could not get a style—that's the thing—I could not tell how to get a style! and a novel's nothing without a style, you know!"

"Why no," said Lady Hawke; "that true. But then you write such charming letters, you know!"

"Letters!" repeated Lady S. and S., simpering; "do you think so? Do you know I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Ray just before I came here, this very afternoon,—quite a long letter! I did, I assure you!"

Here Mrs. Paradise came forward with another gentleman, younger, slimmer, and smarter, and saying to me, "Sir Gregory Page Turner," said to him, "Miss Burney, authoress of 'Evelina!'"

At which Lady Say and Sele, in fresh transport, again arose, and rapturously again repeated—"Yes, she's authoress of 'Evelina!' Have you read it?"

"No! is it to be had?"

"Oh dear, yes! it's been printed these two years! You'd never think it! But it's the most elegant novel I ever read in my life. Writ in such a style!"

"Certainly," said he, very civilly, "I have every inducement to get it. Pray where is it to be had? everywhere, I suppose?"

"Oh, nowhere, I hope!" cried I, wishing at that moment it had been never in human ken.

My *square* friend, Lord Say and Sele, then putting his head forward, said, very solemnly, "I'll purchase it!"

His lady then mentioned to me a hundred novels that I had never heard of, asking my opinion of them, and whether I knew the authors; Lady Hawke only occasionally and languidly joining in the discourse: and then Lady S. and S., suddenly arising, begged me not to move, for she should be back again in a minute, and flew to the next room.

I took, however, the first opportunity of Lady Hawke's casting down her eyes, and reclining her delicate head, to make away from this terrible set; and, just as I was got by the pianoforte, where I hoped Pacchierotti would soon present himself, Mrs. Paradise again came to me, and said,—

“Miss Burney, Lady Say and Sele wishes vastly to cultivate your acquaintance, and begs to know if she may have the honour of your company to an assembly at her house next Friday?—and I will do myself the pleasure to call for you, if you will give me leave.”

“Her ladyship does me much honour, but I am unfortunately engaged,” was my answer, with as much promptness as I could command.

F. B.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Wednesday Night, Going to Bed.

MY DEAREST BURNEY,

May I venture, do you think, to call a little company about me on St. Taffy's day? or, will the world in general, and the Pepyses in particular, feel shocked at my “dissipation” and my “haste to be married?” They came last night and found me alone with Murphy. There was an epoch! The Bishop of Peterborough came in soon after. Queeny was gone to Mrs. Davenant's, with Miss Owen and Dr. Delap. What dangers we do go through! But I have not gone out to meet mine half way, at least.

Pray come on Friday se'nnight, if you never come again.

I was very near you yesterday, but I put a constraint upon myself, and pressed forward, for I should only have dirtied the

house, and hindered you, and been wished at York by the Padrona di casa.

I went to dear Dr. Johnson's, *rassegnavlo la solita servitù*, but at one o'clock he was not up, and I did not like to disturb him. I am very sorry about him—exceeding sorry! When I parted from you on Monday, and found him with Dr. Lawrence, I put my nose into the old man's wig and shouted; but got none except melancholy answers,—so melancholy, that I was forced to crack jokes for fear of crying.

"There is gout at the bottom, madam," says Lawrence.

"I wish it were at the bottom!" replied saucebox, as loud as she could bawl, and pointing to the *pedestals*.

"He complains of a general *gravedo*," cries the Doctor; "but he speaks too good Latin for us."

"Do you take care, at least, that it does not *increase long*," quoth I. (The word *gravedo*, you know, makes *gravedinis*, and is, therefore, said to "increase long in the genitive case." I thought this a good, stupid, scholar-like pun, and Johnson seemed to like that Lawrence was pleased.

This morning I was with him again, and this evening Mrs. Ord's conversation and Piozzi's *cara voce* have kept away care pretty well. Mr. Selwyn helped us to be comfortable. My Tit went with her Coz. to Abel's concert.

Good night, sweetest; I am tired and want to go to bed.

Good night once more, through the door at Streatham, for thither imagination carries your affectionate

H. L. T.

Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, February 25.

OUR OWN FANNIKIN,

I do acquiesce ('tis true), but not in calm acquiescence (as Dr. Johnson does with Pope), that you should remain where you are instead of Chesington; but still I *do* say that, if you could have returned hither in Suzette's chaise, safe and warm, your undisturbed, unbroken, assiduous minding your lesson

would have overbalanced the time you gain by being upon the spot to correct proofs, &c.*

I am not of your other Daddy's mind, who would have sent it off to Mr. Payne just as it is. You have so much to lose, you cannot take too much care. Not that I would have you file, and polish, and refine, till the original fire and spirit of the composition flies off in vapour,—and that, I dare say, is what he would guard against; and so should I if I were not convinced there is no danger of that kind to be apprehended; *that* belongs to your half geniuses;—a true—a real—a great one, cannot be otherwise than highly luxuriant, and must be pruned. The finest apricots I ever tasted were the produce of a tree on the side of a house, that had on it, at one time, eighteen hundred dozen, and were thinned to about seven hundred, from twenty-one thousand six hundred! You may imagine this enormous quantity were mostly not bigger than peas. What then?—it demonstrates the monstrous force and vigour of the tree.

You “wish I had never seen the book in the rough.” There you are in the wrong. If ever the hints or observations of others can be worth listening to, that is the time; and I have already told you one opinion and piece of advice of mine, the truth and solidity of which every day of my life I am more and more convinced of. Whoever you think fit to consult, let their talents and taste be ever so great, hear what they say,—allowed!—agreed!—but never give up or alter a tittle merely on their authority, nor unless it perfectly coincides with your own inward feelings. I can say this to my sorrow and to my cost. But mum! The original sketches of works of genius, though ever so rude and rough, are valuable and curious monuments, and well worth preserving.

I am truly glad you have resolution enough of your own, and are permitted by others to stand your ground manfully, and sustain the siege of visitors that would overwhelm you with their numbers and incessant attacks. I perfectly concur with your Doctor Daddy in his selection of particulars, so far as he *has* read, and with his sentiments in general of the work and

* The allusions throughout this letter are to “Cecilia,” then in the press.

the plan, which (by what he has already seen) he cannot but have conceived an idea of. The unreasonable hurry with which I was obliged to gallop over such a book has disabled me from making, or even forming, observations, other than general ones. But by my imperfect recollection of particulars, and what I felt at the time, I think nothing struck me more forcibly than the Foxhall* scene; it is finely—it is powerfully imagined; it is a noble piece of morality! the variety—the contrast of the different characters quite new and unhackneyed, and yet perfectly in nature; and the dreadful catastrophe that concludes the whole makes it a masterpiece. What a subject for that astonishing lad, Edward, to make a finished drawing, and Bartolozzi a print of! The scene of Foxhall illuminated—the mangled, bleeding body carried along—the throng of spectators crowding after, filled with various expressions of horror, wonder, eager curiosity, and inquiry; and many other particulars, which the perusal of the passage itself, and his genius, would suggest. I like Cecilia much better than Albina, which I never was fond of, though not of much consequence.

I long to see Mrs. Thrale's letter, which I do most faithfully promise to return; and I do hereby summon you to despatch it to me immediately. To own to you the real truth, it was wholly owing to my impatience to get at it that I so directly answered your last.

As to your lovely Greek, I most earnestly recommend to you, notwithstanding your five sheets of paper, to put her down (while she is strong and warm in your memory and imagination) in a finished drawing in black and white. I don't mean this merely to satisfy curiosity, but as a wonderful academy figure, which may be of powerful use to you hereafter, to design from, in some future historical composition. Such opportunities don't offer every day; perfect novelty, united to such uncommon excellence, is a prize indeed; don't let her slip, but like Lothario,

“Seize the golden, glorious opportunity.”

* The old mode of spelling Vauxhall.

I am in thorough, serious earnest, and seriously for the reason I have given.

Your loving Daddy,

S. C.

P.S.—You say the book is to be printed vol. by vol., as fast as you can get it out. Sure, I hope, you don't mean by that that it is to come out in single, separate volumes? I can't bear the thoughts of it. All published at once, or "Chaos is come again!"

2d P.S.—I have not the conscience to demand long letters now in return; only send Mrs. Thrale's and to Kit.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

15th March.

Your letter, my dear daddy, which I have just received, has given me so much uneasiness that I may as well answer it immediately, as I can do nothing for thinking of it.

The conflict scene for Cecilia, between the mother and son, to which you so warmly object, is the very scene for which I wrote the whole book, and so entirely does my plan hang upon it, that I must abide by its reception in the world, or put the whole behind the fire.

You will believe, then, with the opinion I have of your judgment, and the anxious desire I have to do nothing quite contrary to your approbation, if I can now be very easy. I would it were in my power to defer the whole publication to another spring, but I am sure my father would run crazy if I made such a proposal.

Let me not, however, be sentenced without making my defence, and at least explaining to you my own meaning in the part you censure.

I meant in Mrs. Delville to draw a great, but not a perfect character; I meant, on the contrary, to blend upon paper, as I have frequently seen blended in life, noble and rare qualities with striking and incurable defects. I meant, also, to show how the greatest virtues and excellences may be totally obscured by the indulgence of violent passions and the ascendancy of favourite prejudices.

This scene has yet been read by no human creature but yourself and Charlotte, who would not let me rest till I let her go through the book. Upon Charlotte's opinion you will easily believe I put no solid reliance; but yet I mention to you the effect it had on her, because, as you told me about dear Kitty Cooke, the natural feelings of untaught hearers ought never to be slighted; and Dr. Johnson has told me the same a thousand times. Well, she prefers it to any part of the book, and cried over it so vehemently that she could eat no dinner, and had a violent headache all day.

I would rather, however, have had one good word from you than all the tears of the tender, and all the praises of the civil.

The character of Mrs. Delville struck you in so favourable a light, that you sunk, as I remember I privately noticed to myself, when you mentioned her, all the passages to her disadvantage previous to this conflict, else it would have appeared to you less inconsistent, for the way is paved for it in several places. But, indeed, you read the whole to cruel disadvantage; the bad writing, the haste, the rough copy, all were against me. Your anger at Mrs. Delville's violence and obduracy are nothing but what I meant to excite; your thinking it unnatural is all that disturbs me.

Yet, when I look about me in the world, such strange inconsistencies as I see, such astonishing contrariety of opinions, and so bigoted an adherence of all *marked* characters to their own way of thinking, I really know not how to give up this point.

Another thing gives me some comfort—the part you have selected to like best, Foxhall, is what I read to you myself, and the whole of the residence at Delville Castle, which I also read to you, I remember well you were pleased with more than with any other part of the book. I cannot, therefore, but hope the bad copy and difficulty of reading did me as much mischief as the bad and unequal composition.

But what are you thinking of, my dear daddy, when you desire me to send you the two last vols. immediately? Did I not tell you I am still actually at work upon the second? And as to

the sale of this book ! but, indeed, I am now more discomfited and alarmed than I have ever been yet.

Adieu, my dear daddy. I would I could do better ; but to love you and your most kind sincerity more truly is not possible. Never, therefore, spare it, till you cease to love, or cease to esteem, your ever affectionate
F. B.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Phillips.

Saturday, March 19, 1782.

But that I am myself in continual disgrace about writing, how should I murmur to hear so very, very seldom from my beloved Susy ! yet, when your letters *do* come, to tell you half the pleasure with which I read them would almost tempt you, culprit as I am, to let me see them oftener. The serenity of happiness you seem now to enjoy, my ever dearest girl, makes me ready to cry over your letters with fulness of content for you ; and were it otherwise, how to forbear repining at your absence I am sure I should not know ; for I miss you here so seriously, so cruelly, so perpetually, that nothing in the world short of your established happiness could make me any mental amends for your loss. The house seems so strange without you, my room so unoccupied, and my affairs and interests and thoughts so uncomfortable, in wanting your participation.

I don't well know what sullen fit of selfishness makes me write all this ; so, to have done with it, give to your sweet captain my kindest love, and tell him, let me murmur as I will by fits, I would not, if I could, change your destination, nor reverse the decree that was given by Mr. Shirley in St. Martin's Church ; and repeat to him—if you can—what I once told him myself,—that never, till I knew him, did I see the person to whom I could so cheerfully resign my first, longest, best, and dearest friend. So now—*let's have a dance !*

I had a very agreeable evening last Tuesday at Mr. Pepys', where I met Mrs. Garrick, whom I rejoiced much to see. She had all but forgot me ; but when I was introduced to her, by her half recollecting and asking who I was, she was extremely kind

and obliging. She looks very well, and very elegant. She was cheerfully grave, did not speak much, but was followed and addressed by everybody. I could not help being quite melancholy myself at sight of her, from remembrance of dear Mr. Garrick.

Do you know they have put me again into the newspapers, in a copy of verses made upon literary ladies,—where are introduced Mrs. Carter, Chapone, Cowley, Hannah More, Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Boscowen, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Crewe, Sophy Streatfield, and Mrs. Montagu? In such honourable company, to repine at being placed, would, perhaps, be impertinent; so I take it quietly enough; but I would to Heaven I could keep clear of the whole! However, my dear father is so delighted, that, though he was half afraid of speaking to me at all about them at first, he carries them constantly in his pocket, and reads them to everybody! I have a great suspicion they were written by Mr. Pepys, as they are just what I have heard him say of all the people, and as every creature mentioned in them, but Mrs. Cowley, Greville, and Crewe, were invited to be at his house on the very day they were printed.

Yesterday I went, with Charlotte and the two Kirwans, to a rehearsal of Rauzzini's new opera. I was not at all enchanted, though very well entertained. The music is pretty, and the accompaniments pleasant; but there is such a struggle for something uncommon, and such queer disappointments of the ear in the different turns given to the passages from what it expects, that it appears to have far more trick than genius in the composition; and every song is so very near being comic, that the least change in the world would make it wholly so.

Pacchierotti was in better spirits than I have seen him for some time, and very earnest to help Rauzzini, acting as *maestro* for him, and singing like twenty angels; but his songs are so unworthy of him, I think, that I never found out by the symphonies whether they were meant for him; and I never was at an opera rehearsal before without knowing the first singer's airs long enough before he began them. Yet I really expect this will be the favourite opera for the season, as there are Scotticisms

and oddities in it of all sorts, to catch popularity. Pacchierotti came and spoke and said,—

"I have not seen you for a great age, Miss Burni."

"No," quoth I, "you never come."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, "never you are at home, and then you say never I come."

For I have been denied to him, perforce, repeatedly.

"Well," said I, "I am obliged to be a great deal with Mrs. Thrale, but if you will fix a time, I will be sure to be in the way."

"Ah!" said he, "always you are to Mrs. Thrale! Well, I only say, Heaven forgive her!"

However he could not fix a positive time; but next Tuesday, Wednesday or Friday, he will come, and the Kirwans are to come and watch for him till he does. They are sweet girls, but this is a most inconvenient arrangement for me at present.

Adieu, my Susy,—write very soon.*

F. B.

* The following are the lines alluded to in this letter; they appeared in the "Morning Herald" for March 12, 1782. Some years afterwards, Sir W. W. Pepys denied having written these lines; and in the year 1822, a MS. copy of them was found among Dr. Burney's papers, with so many erasures, interlineations, and changes, as to give the most direct internal evidence that they were the doctor's own composition.

"ADVICE TO THE HERALD.

"HERALD, wherefore thus proclaim
Nought of woman but the *shame*?
Quit, oh, quit, at least awhile,
Perdita's too luscious smile;
Wanton Worsley, stilted Daly,
Heroines of each blackguard alley;
Better sure record in story
Such as shine their sex's glory!
Herald! haste, with me proclaim
Those of literary fame.
Hannah More's pathetic pen,
Painting high th' impassion'd scene;
Carter's piety and learning,
Little Burney's quick discerning;
Cowley's* neatly pointed wit,
Healing those her satires hit;

* Authoress of "The Belle's Stratagem," and other less successful dramatic works, and also of some long poetical pieces. She was the

From Mr. Crisp to Miss F. Burney.

Chesington, Friday, April 5, 1782.

* * * * *

In works of genius, fancy, imagination, 'tis not the long, learned argumentations of critics, *pro* and *con*, that come with the compass and line in their hands, to measure right and wrong, that will decide; no, 'tis the genuine, unbiassed, uninfluenced, inward feelings of mankind that are the true, infallible test, ultimately, of sterling merit. In vain comes Voltaire, with all the powers of wit, satire, learning, and art, to knock down Shakespeare, and turn him into ridicule; when he has finished his harangue, Shakespeare stands just where he did—like a rock in the sea; and the universal voice of high and low, from their own impressions, without attempting to answer him in his own way, give him the lie, and send him about his business.

Smiling Streatfield's ivory neck,
Nose, and notions—*à la Grecque* !
Let Chapone retain a place,
And the mother of her Grace,
Each art of conversation knowing,
High-bred, elegant Boscawen ;*
Thrale, in whose expressive eyes
Sits a soul above disguise,
Skill'd with wit and sense t' impart
Feelings of a generous heart.
Lucan,† Leveson,‡ Greville,§ Crewe ;
Fertile-minded Montagu,
Who makes each rising art her care,
' And brings her knowledge from afar !'
Whilst her tuneful tongue defends
Authors dead, and absent friends ;
Bright in genius, pure in fame :—
Herald, haste, and these proclaim !"

daughter of Mr. Parkhouse of Tiverton, where she was born 1743, and died 1809.

* The Hon. Frances Boscawen, daughter of W. E. Glanville, Esq., and wife to Admiral Boscawen. This lady was also mother to the Duchess of Beaufort and Mrs. Leveson Gower. All these three ladies are celebrated in Hannah More's poem entitled "Sensibility."

† Wife of the first Lord Lucan.

‡ Daughter of Mrs. Boscawen and wife of the Hon. Leveson Gower.

§ Mrs. Greville. Author of the celebrated "Ode to Indifference." She was wife of Fulke Greville, who was Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Bavaria.

And now, Fanny, after this severe lecturing, I shall give you a sweetener to make it up with you; after assuring you it comes from the same sincerity that dictated what I have said already; and I shall do it in the very words I made use of to Daddy Burney on Tuesday morning last—that I would ensure the rapid and universal success of this work for half-a-crown; that nothing like it had appeared since Fielding and Smollett; and that you bid fair for becoming the first writer of the age in compositions of this kind.

I have nothing further to add, but this piece of advice—not to let success intoxicate you, and influence you to remit your ardour and industry to be perfect. There have been more instances than one, where writers have wrote themselves down, by slovenliness, laziness, and presuming too much on public favour for what is past.

Your loving daddy,

S. C.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

April 6, 1782.

Heartily do I thank you, my ever dear daddy, for your kind and honourable dealing with me. A lecturing do you call this? Believe me, I am, *as yet*, so far from being “intoxicated with success,” that I read it with gratitude and wonder; for I expected much more severity, and when I received your letters, I was almost sick with painful prognostics of your disapprobation. I shall do the utmost in my power to profit from your criticisms, but I can speak to no particulars till I come to the places themselves.

With respect, however, to the great point of Cecilia’s fortune, I have much to urge in my own defence, only now I can spare no time, and I must frankly confess I shall think I have rather written a farce than a serious history, if the whole is to end, like the hack Italian operas, with a jolly chorus that makes all parties good and all parties happy! The people I have ever met with who

have been fond of blood and family, have all scouted *title* when put in any competition with it. How then should these proud Delvilles think a new-created peerage any equivalent for calling their sons' sons, for future generations, by the name of Beverley? Besides, I think the book, in its present conclusion, somewhat original, for the hero and heroine are neither plunged in the depths of misery, nor exalted to *unhuman* happiness. Is not such a middle state more natural, more according to real life, and less resembling every other book of fiction?

Besides, my own end will be lost if I change the conclusion, which was chiefly to point out the absurdity and short-sightedness of those *name-compelling* wills, which make it always presumed a woman marries an inferior, since he, not she, is to leave his own family in order to be incorporated into hers.

You find, my dear daddy, I am prepared to fight a good battle here; but I have thought the matter much over, and if I am made to give up this point, my whole plan is rendered abortive, and the last page of any novel in Mr. Noble's circulating library may serve for the last page of mine, since a marriage, a reconciliation, and some sudden expedient for great riches, concludes them all alike. In everything else you have pointed out I shall either wholly change, or greatly alter. And I will be very diligent to improve and mend the whole. Pray, if anything more occurs to you, write it, and believe me with the truest gratitude and affection your

F. B.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney.

Streatham, April 24, 1782.

I thought to have seen my sweet Fanny in London to-day, instead of her father here, for I was engaged to meet my fellow-executors at Robson's upon business; but 'tis all put off till to-morrow, and so Mr. Johnson and Crutchley came home with me then.

How does dear Cecilia do at Delville Castle? and how does my poor Henrietta get letters to kiss from him who seems wholly

engaged to her best friend and most dangerous rival? What becomes of Lady Honoria without scandal and [flirtation? and when does Mr. Monckton bury peevish Lady Margaret and fill us with fresh confusion?

Oh! write away, sweet Burney! I wish I could help you in the manual part. I think I could submit to be printer's devil, to get a sight of the next volume, verily.

My last word puts me in mind of David Barclay. He has sent me the "Apology for the Quakers," and thinks to convert me, I believe. I have often been solicited to change my religion by Papists. Why do all the people think me foolisher than I am?

So Sir Philip's bill* is past, and I am so glad! Why your father says that there would have been a rebellion if his bill had not passed. A rebellion! and all about our dear innocent sweet Sir Philip; who, while his humanity is such that he would scruple no fatigue to save the life of a lamb, would have drenched the nation in blood without ever foreseeing, or ever repenting, the consequences! What a world do we live in! and how such things justly operate to make Johnson and you, and all observers of life, despise us readers of the *Punic War*, in which, perhaps, the agents we learn the names of in Latin, French, and English, were people not a whit more respectable than Sir Harbord Harbord and Sir Philip Jennings Clerke.

Miss Sharp will marry the old schoolmaster too! Did you ever talk to Baretti, or hear him talk, of the Tromba Marino man, that the girl in Venice would absolutely marry for the comfort of combing his beard?

Adieu, my love, I only disturb the Doctor and my Tit, and they plague me.

Adieu, and love your

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Thursday, 25, 1782.

Upon my honour then, my dear, I have not said half of what my heart is full. The Delvilles, since I wrote last, efface every

* Probably the bill alluded to in the remarkable conversation between Sir Philip Clerke and Dr. Johnson, reported *anted.*

thing else. When I read the lady's character in my own dressing-room, I catch myself looking at my mother's picture every moment; yours is so like her in many things. Hobson and Simkins are Borough men, and I am confident they were both canvassed last year; they are not representations of life, they are the life itself. Even Mr. Briggs, *caricato* as he certainly is, won all my esteem by his scene with Don Puffendorff, whose misty magnitude was never shown so despicably dropsical before. I was happy to see Briggs have the better of him.

But poor Henrietta! some harm will come to her, I see, and break my heart, for she has won it strangely; her innocent love of a character superior in rank and fortune to herself, shows her taste and proves her merit; while the delicacy of her mind, the diffidence arising from —— I am just ready to order the coach, in short, and fetch her away to Streatham, from that most inimitably painted mother, whom Queeny does so detest. But she has seized Lady Honoria for her favourite, and her saying how Cecilia's fortune should patch up the old fortifications there about West Wood enchanted us both.

Oh, lovely Burney! *ma che talento mai!* I will trust myself no further on a subject that makes me wild.

And so your father don't come to-day; and so I must send Daniel back with your sweet manuscript in the morning. Very well, he shall take the greatest care of it. I had never one in my possession that I valued half so much before. Seward only have I said anything about it to.

Do you believe that I am steadily set to read "Marmontel" all over again, to see whether, in variety of character, comprehension of genius, and elegance of touch, he at all equals this third volume of my Burney's?

Here comes your father. What can make him so late? Adieu, ever more and more your admirer! Can I be more your friend?

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Tuesday Night.

My eyes red with reading and crying, I stop every moment to kiss the book and to wish it was my Burney! 'Tis the sweetest

book, the most interesting, the most engaging. Oh! it beats every other book, even your own other volumes, for "Evelina" was a baby to it.

Dear charming creature! do I stop every six pages to exclaim; and my Tit is no less delighted than I; she is run out of the room for a moment. But young Delville is come and Queeny returned, so I leave the pen and seize the MSS.

Such a novel! Indeed, I am seriously and sensibly touched by it, and am proud of her friendship who so knows the human heart. May mine long bear the inspection of so penetrating, so discriminating an eye!

This letter is written by scraps and patches, but every scrap is admiration, and every patch thanks you for the pleasure I have received. I will say no more; I cannot say half I think with regard to praise.

I am sorry Pacchierotti does not come on Thursday, for on Thursday se'nnight I am engaged. In your book his praises will be recorded, and by it they will be diffused.

The Belfields are my joy, my delight. Poor Henrietta! how I adore her! How easily was her sweet heart engaged by that noble friend! But I have not finished my book yet; 'tis late now, and I pant for morning. Nothing but hoarseness made me leave off at all.

My most ingenious, my most admirable friend, adieu! If I had more virtue than "Cecilia," I should half fear the censures of such an insight into the deepest recesses of the mind. Since I have read this volume, I have seriously thanked Heaven that all the litter of mine was in sight; none hoarded in holes, nor hastily stuffed into closets. You have long known the worst of your admiring

H. L. T.

Miss F. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

May, 1782.

Who in the world has a daddy so kind as mine? I cannot, indeed, say half how grateful I am for your solicitude for me.

All you say about the annuity and the money appears to me unanswerably right.

* * * *

If I had made a request to you for the sum total of my wishes upon your reading this trash, it would have been precisely what you have promised voluntarily at the end of your letter,—to let me have your real opinion, yet not insist, if that opinion is condemnation, upon my forbearing to try that of the public: which I now must do, and which my former success makes me hope obtainable. But though I can now do little in consequence of your objections, I may in future profit from remembering them.

With regard to the second volume, everybody has seemed to prefer it to the first, except Mrs. Thrale, who was so fond of the *ton* parties in the beginning, and of Miss Larolles, Mr. Meadows, and the Captain, that she lamented not having more of them. Mr. Gosport, too, she is so fond of, that she declares if I don't provide for him, "she will have him herself." Mrs. Belfield, however, has quite enchanted her,—she knows she says, so many like her in the Borough.

Etty much prefers the second volume, because there is so much more incident; Mrs. Thrale is more partial to character.

My father's present favourite is the old crazy moralist, Albany. He is quite delighted with him; and no one else has taken any notice of him. Next to him, he is fondest of Belfield. The tradesman *mangué*, he says, is new, and may be not uninteresting, and he is much pleased with his various struggles, and the *agréments* of his talents, and the spirit, yet failure, of his various flights and experiments.

F. B.

Journal Resumed.

JUNE, 1782.—At length, my ever dearest Susan, my long-neglected journal and long-promised renewal behold at your feet—for thither shall I speed them with all the expedition in my power.

So much has passed since I lost you—for I cannot use any other word—that I hardly know what first to record; but I think 'tis best to begin with what is uppermost in my mind, Mr. Burke.

Among the many I have been obliged to shirk this year, for the sake of living almost solely with "Cecilia," none have had less patience with my retirement than Miss Palmer, who, bitterly believing I intended never to visit her again, has forborne sending me any invitations: but, about three weeks ago, my father had a note from Sir Joshua Reynolds, to ask him to dine at Richmond, and meet the Bishop of St. Asaph: and, therefore, to make my peace, I scribbled a note to Miss Palmer to this purpose,—

"After the many kind invitations I have been obliged to refuse, will you, my dear Miss Palmer, should I offer to accompany my father to-morrow, bid me remember the old proverb,—

‘ Those who will not when they may,
When they will, they shall have nay ?’

“ F. B.”

This was graciously received; and the next morning Sir Joshua and Miss Palmer called for my father and me, accompanied by Lord Corke. We had a mighty pleasant ride. Miss Palmer and I *made up*, though she scolded most violently about my long absence, and attacked me about the book without mercy. The book, in short, to my great consternation, I find is talked of and expected all the town over. My dear father himself, I do verily believe, mentions it to everybody; he is fond of it to enthusiasm, and does not foresee the danger of raising such general expectation, which fills *me* with the horrors every time I am tormented with the thought.

Sir Joshua's house is delightfully situated, almost at the top of Richmond Hill. We walked till near dinner-time upon the terrace, and there met Mr. Richard Burke, the brother of the orator. Miss Palmer, stopping him, said,—

“Are you coming to dine with us?”

“No,” he answered; “I shall dine at the Star and Garter.”

"How did you come—with Mrs. Burke, or alone?"

"Alone."

"What, on horseback?"

"Ay, sure!" cried he, laughing; "*up and ride!* Now's the time."

And he made a fine flourish with his hand, and passed us. He is just made under-secretary at the Treasury. He is a tall and handsome man, and seems to have much dry drollery; but we saw no more of him.

After our return to the house, and while Sir Joshua and I were *tête-à-tête*, Lord Corke and my father being still walking and Miss Palmer having, I suppose, some orders to give about the dinner, the "Knight of Plympton" was desiring my opinion of the prospect from his window, and comparing it with Mr. Burke's, as he told me after I had spoken it,—when the Bishop of St. Asaph and his daughter, Miss Georgiana Shipley, were announced. Sir Joshua, to divert himself, in introducing me to the Bishop, said, "Miss Burney, my lord; otherwise, 'Evelina.'"

The bishop is a well-looking man, and seemed grave, quiet, and sensible. I have heard much more of him; but nothing more appeared. Miss Georgiana, however, was showy enough for *two*. She is a very tall, and rather handsome girl; but the expression of her face is, to me, disagreeable. She has almost a constant smile, not of softness, nor of insipidity, but of self-sufficiency and internal satisfaction. She is very much accomplished, and her fame for painting and for scholarship, I know you are well acquainted with. I believe her to have very good parts and much quickness; but she is so full of herself, so earnest to obtain notice, and so happy in her confidence of deserving it, that I have been not less charmed with any young lady I have seen for many a day. I have met with her before, at Mrs. Pepys', but never before was introduced to her.

Miss Palmer soon joined us; and, in a short time, entered more company,—three gentlemen and one lady; but there was no more ceremony used of introductions. The lady, I concluded, was Mrs. Burke, wife of *the* Mr. Burke, and was not mistaken. One of the gentlemen I recollected to be young Burke, her son,

whom I once met at Sir Joshua's in town, and another of them I knew for Mr. Gibbon : but the third I had never seen before. I had been told that *the* Burke was not expected ; yet I could conclude this gentleman to be no other ; he had just the air, the manner, the appearance, I had prepared myself to look for in him, and there was an evident, a striking superiority in his demeanour, his eye, his motions, that announced him no common man.

I could not get at Miss Palmer to satisfy my doubts, and we were soon called downstairs to dinner. Sir Joshua and the *unknown* stopped to speak with one another upon the stairs ; and, when they followed us, Sir Joshua, in taking his place at the table, asked me to sit next to him ; I willingly complied. " And then," he added, " Mr. Burke shall sit on the other side of you."

" Oh, no, indeed !" cried Miss Georgiana, who also had placed herself next Sir Joshua ; " I won't consent to that ; Mr. Burke must sit next *me* ; I won't agree to part with him. Pray, come and sit down quiet, Mr. Burke."

Mr. Burke,—for him it was,—smiled and obeyed.

" I only meant," said Sir Joshua, " to have made my peace with Mr. Burke, by giving him that place, because he has been scolding me for not introducing him to Miss Burney. However, I must do it now ;—Mr. Burke !—Miss Burney !"

We both half rose, and Mr. Burke said,—

" I have been complaining to Sir Joshua that he left me wholly to my own sagacity ; however, it did not here deceive me."

" Oh dear, then," said Miss Georgiana, looking a little *consternated*, " perhaps you won't thank me for calling you to this place !"

Nothing was said, and so we all began dinner,—young Burke making himself my next neighbour.

Captain Phillips knows Mr. Burke. Has he or has he not told you how delightful a creature he is ? If he has not, pray, in my name, abuse him without mercy ; if he has, pray ask if he will subscribe to my account of him, which herewith shall follow.

He is tall, his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address

graceful : his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful ; his language is copious, various, and eloquent ; his manners are attractive, his conversation is delightful.

What says Captain Phillips ? Have I chanced to see him in his happiest hour ? or is he all this in common ? Since we lost Garrick I have seen nobody so enchanting.

I can give you, however, very little of what was said, for the conversation was not *suivie*, Mr. Burke darting from subject to subject with as much rapidity as entertainment. Neither is the charm of his discourse more in the matter than the manner ; all, therefore, that is related *from* him loses half its effect in not being related *by* him. Such little sketches as I can recollect take however.

From the window of the dining-parlour, Sir Joshua directed us to look at a pretty white house which belonged to Lady Di. Beauclerk.

"I am extremely glad," said Mr. Burke, "to see her at last so well housed ; poor woman ! the bowl has long rolled in misery ; I rejoice that it has now found its balance. I never, myself, so much enjoyed the sight of happiness in another, as in that woman when I first saw her after the death of her husband. It was really enlivening to behold her placed in that sweet house, released from all her cares, a thousand pounds a-year at her own disposal, and—her husband was dead ! Oh, it was pleasant, it was delightful to see her enjoyment of her situation !"

"But, without considering the circumstances," said Mr. Gibbon, "this may appear very strange, though, when they are fairly stated, it is perfectly rational and unavoidable."

"Very true," said Mr. Burke, "if the circumstances are not considered, Lady Di. may seem highly reprehensible."

He then, addressing himself particularly to me, as the person least likely to be acquainted with the character of Mr. Beauclerk, drew it himself in strong and marked expressions, describing the misery he gave his wife, his singular ill-treatment of her, and the necessary relief the death of such a man must give.

He then reminded Sir Joshua of a day in which they had dined at Mr. Beauclerk's, soon after his marriage with Lord

Bolingbroke's divorced wife, in company with Goldsmith, and told a new story of poor Goldsmith's eternal blundering.

From the Right Honourable Edmund Burke to Miss F. Burney.

MADAM,

I should feel exceedingly to blame if I could refuse to myself the natural satisfaction, and to you the just but poor return, of my best thanks for the very great instruction and entertainment I have received from the new present you have bestowed on the public. There are few—I believe I may say fairly there are none at all—that will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature, and their stock of observation enriched, by reading your “Cecilia.” They certainly will, let their experience in life and manners be what it may. The arrogance of age must submit to be taught by youth. You have crowded into a few small volumes an incredible variety of characters; most of them well planned, well supported, and well contrasted with each other. If there be any fault in this respect, it is one in which you are in no great danger of being imitated. Justly as your characters are drawn, perhaps they are too numerous. But I beg pardon; I fear it is quite in vain to preach economy to those who are come young to excessive and sudden opulence.

I might trespass on your delicacy if I should fill my letter to you with what I fill my conversation to others. I should be troublesome to you alone if I should tell you all I feel and think on the natural vein of humour, the tender pathetic, the comprehensive and noble moral, and the sagacious observation, that appear quite throughout that extraordinary performance.

In an age distinguished by producing extraordinary women, I hardly dare to tell you where my opinion would place you amongst them. I respect your modesty, that will not endure the commendations which your merit forces from everybody.

I have the honour to be, with great gratitude, respect, and esteem, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

EDM. BURKE.

Whitehall, July 29, 1782.

My best compliments and congratulations to Dr. Burney on the great honour acquired to his family.

Journal Resumed.

CHESINGTON, MONDAY, AUGUST 12TH.—I set out for this ever dear place, accompanied by Edward, who was sent for to paint Mr. Crisp for my father. I am sure you will rejoice in this. I was a little dumpish in the journey, for I seemed leaving my Susan again. However I read a "Rambler" or two, and "composed the harmony of my temper," as well as I could, for the sake of Edward, who was not only faultless of this, but who is, I almost think, faultless of all things. I have thought him more amiable and deserving than ever, since this last sojourn under the same roof with him; and, as it happened, I have owed to him almost all the comfort I have this time met with here.

We came in a chaise, which was well loaded with canvasses, pencils, and painting materials; for Mr. Crisp was to be three times painted, and Mrs. Gast once. My sweet father came down Gaseoign Lane to meet us, in very good spirits and very good health. Next came dear Daddy Crisp, looking vastly well, and, as usual, high in glee and kindness at the meeting. Then the affectionate Kitty, the good Mrs. Hamilton, the gentle Miss Young, and the enthusiastic Mrs. Gast.

The instant dinner was over, to my utter surprise and consternation, I was called into the room appropriated for Edward and his pictures, and informed I was to sit to him for Mr. Crisp! Remonstrances were unavailing, and declarations of aversion to the design were only ridiculed; both daddies interfered, and, when I ran off, brought me back between them, and compelled my obedience;—and from that time to this, nothing has gone forward but picture-sitting.

* * * * *

Now to the present state of things and people.

My father is all himself—gay, facile, and sweet. He comes to all meals, writes without toiling, and gives us more of his society than he has done many years. His third volume he is not tied down to produce at any stated time, and he has most

wisely resolved not to make any promise to the public about it, nor take in any subscriptions, but to keep free from all engagement.

A serious piece of intelligence has given, does give, and long must give me the utmost concern and sorrow. My dear Mrs. Thrale, the friend, though not the most dear friend of my heart, is going abroad for three years certain. This scheme has been some time in a sort of distant agitation, but it is now brought to a resolution. Much private business belongs to it relative to her detestable lawsuit; but much private inclination is also joined with it relative to her long wishing to see Italy. I have determined, therefore, to do all in my power to bear this blow steadily; and the remembrance how very much I suffered when such an one was formerly thought of, makes me suppress all my regret, and drive the subject from my mind by every method in my power, that I may save myself from again experiencing such unavailing concern. The thought, indeed, that she wishes to go would reconcile me to a yet longer absence, by making me feel that my own sorrow is merely selfish.

Streatham,—my other home, and the place where I have long thought my residence dependent only upon my own pleasure, and where, indeed, I have received such as my father and you alone could make greater,—is already let for three years to Lord Shelburne. If I was to begin with talking of my loss, my strangeness, I had almost said, for these three years, I should never have done, and only make us both melancholy; so nothing will I say about the matter, but that you, tender and liberal as you are, will be almost my only friend who will not rejoice in this separation, as the most effectual means of keeping me more in London; though you, my Susy, will be, perhaps the most sincerely gratified by what additional time it may give me.

Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney.

MY DEAR FANNIKIN,

I deferred a return of my most sincere thanks and acknowledgments, both for your highly agreeable present and

your two kind short notes, till I had twice read over, and thoroughly, nay, severely considered the first. Don't be surprised at so harsh an adverb. I was resolved to put myself in the place of an uninfluenced, yawning, fastidious reader, that takes up a new book with careless indifference, expecting from a novel nothing more than the usual commonplace trash they abound with.

In this state of mind I endeavoured at divesting myself, as well as I could, of all remembrance of the work, and all partiality for the author. To do this completely was indeed impossible; but still it was something to be continually saying to myself, after I had read a chapter, How will this go down? What will the multitude, who care not a straw for author or bookseller, or anything but their own immediate amusement, say of it? These were my queries to myself. If I could have given a positive and certain answer to them, that answer would have determined the fate of the book, and the character of the author's abilities; for these are the people (not a few, nay, even a numerous partial set of friends) that ultimately can and do decide.

The tribunal of the Inquisition itself is not more inflexible than I endeavoured to be on this occasion. Every other mode of proceeding is only delusive, and what is called making one's market at home.

What was the result of these my meditations? To enter into particulars would be endless; but the sum total amounts to this—a full, unlimited confirmation of my warm approbation of the whole work together, and a positive declaration of the improvements it has received, beyond all expectation: greatly and judiciously compressed; long conversations curtailed; several incidents much better managed; and the winding up beyond all compare, more happy, more judicious, more satisfactory. Many particulars, which I did not quite relish are softened off to a degree that, if I do not perfectly assent to, I hardly know how to condemn, particularly in the instance of Old Delville, in whom (without departing from his original character, which would have been unpardonable) you have found means, fairly accounted for, to melt down some of that senseless, obstinate, inherent

pride, which, if still kept up to its height, would have rendered miserable those who ought to have been dearest to him, and have established him (which would have been a great impropriety) without any necessity, (young Delville's father, and the excellent Mrs. Delville's husband) the most hateful of beings.

These, my dear Fannikin, without the least favour or affection, are my sincere sentiments; and, if I know myself, would be such if I had met with the book without any name to it. At the same time, to evince my sincerity, and that you may not think I mean, sycophant-like, to turn about and recant, in order to swim with the wind and tide that brings you (as I hear) clouds of incense from every quarter—to avoid this scandalous imputation, I do declare that I must adhere to my former sentiments on some parts of the work, particularly the loss of Cecilia's estate.

But don't think I pretend to set up against the public voice my trumpery objection, which, even if well founded, would be a mere dust in the balance. So much at present for "Cecilia."

Now, Fannikin, I must remind you of your promise, which was to come to your loving daddy when you could get loose. Look ye, Fanny, I don't mean to cajole you hither with the expectation of amusement or entertainment. You and I know better than to lull or be hummed in that manner. If you come here, come to work,—work hard—stick to it. This is the harvest time of your life; your sun shines hot; lose not a moment, then, but make your hay directly. "Touch the yellow boys," as Briggs says,—“grow warm;” make the booksellers come down handsomely—count the ready—the chink. Do but secure this one point while it is in your power, and all things else shall be added unto thee.

I talked to your doctor daddy on the subject of disposing of your money; and we both agreed in the project of a well-secured annuity; and in the meantime, till that could be procured, that the ready should be vested in the three per cent annuities, that it might produce something; and he promised to advance, to make even money.

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Miss Burney to Mrs. Thrale.

August, 1782.

I have been kept in hot water, in defiance of snow, till I heard from my dearest Tyo; and if you do like the book, I am gratified to my heart's content; and if you only say you do, to have it so said is very delightful, for your wish to give me pleasure would give it, if you hated all I ever wrote.

So you are all for the heroine and Miss Larolles? Mr. Crisp was for the heroine and Mrs. Delville. My father likes the imperious old gentleman; my mother is all for the Harrels. Susan and Charlotte have not seen a word. If it does but attract, as dear Dr. J. says, I am happy, be it which way it will. Why do you lament Gosport? he is clever, but an elderly man from the first, and no rival.

Adieu, my sweetest of friends. To-morrow I spend with Mrs. Ord. Friday, if there comes a dry frost, to you will run your own

F. B.

Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Oct. 15, 1782.

* * * * *

I am very sorry you could not come to Streatham at the time Mrs. Thrale hoped to see you, for when shall we be likely to meet there again? You would have been much pleased, I am sure, by meeting with General Paoli,* who spent the day there, and was extremely communicative and agreeable. I had seen

* General Paoli. A Corsican officer, who greatly distinguished himself by his exertions to preserve the independence of his native country. He organized a force which successfully opposed all the efforts of the Genoese oppressors of Corsica, for nearly ten years, and led at length to the cession of the island to the French by the Genoese. Paoli refused to concur in this arrangement, and fled to England, where he enjoyed a pension of £1200 a-year from the English government. Twenty years afterwards, (at the Revolution of 1789,) he agreed to Corsica being declared a province of France; but subsequently, by his influence, the island became a dependency of England. He afterwards returned to London, where he died in 1807.

him in large companies, but was never made known to him before; nevertheless, he conversed with me as if well acquainted not only with myself, but my connexions,—inquiring of me when I had last seen Mrs. Montagu? and calling Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he spoke of him, my friend. He is a very pleasing man, tall and genteel in his person, remarkably well bred, and very mild and soft in his manners.

I will try to give you a little specimen of his conversation, because I know you love to hear particulars of all out-of-the-way persons. His English is blundering, but not unpretty. Speaking of his first acquaintance with Mr. Boswell,—

“He came,” he said, “to my country, and he fetched me some letter of recommending him: but I was of the belief he might be an impostor, and I supposed, in my mite, he was an espy; for I look away from him, and in a moment I look to him again, and I behold his tablets. Oh! he was to the work of writing down all I say! Indeed I was angry. But soon I discover he was no impostor and no espy; and I only find I was myself the monster he had come to discern. Oh, —— is a very good man; I love him indeed; so cheerful! so gay! so pleasant! but at the first, oh! I was indeed angry.”

After this he told us a story of an expectation he had had of being robbed, and of the protection he found from a very large dog that he is very fond of.

“I walk out,” he said, “in the night; I go towards the field; I behold a man—oh, ugly one! I proceed—he follow; I go on—he address me, ‘You have one dog,’ he says. ‘Yes,’ say I to him. ‘Is a fierce dog?’ he says; ‘is he fiery?’ ‘Yes,’ reply I, ‘he can bite.’ ‘I would not attack in the night,’ says he, ‘a house to have such dog in it.’ Then I conclude he was a breaker; so I turn to him—oh, very rough! not gentle—and I say, very fierce, ‘He shall destroy you, if you are ten!’”

Afterwards, speaking of the Irish giant, who is now shown in town, he said,—

“He is so large I am as a baby? I look at him—oh! I find myself so little as a child! Indeed, my indignation it rises when I see him hold up his hand so high. I am as nothing:

and I find myself in the power of a man who fetches from me half-a-crown."

This language, which is all spoke very pompously by him, sounds comical from himself, though I know not how it may read.

Adieu, my dear and kind daddy, and believe me your ever obliged and ever affectionate

F. B.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dr. Johnson—The Pepyses—The Rooms at Brighton—Mr. Coxe—A Literary Milliner—A Ball—Dr. Johnson and Mr. Pepys—Discussion on Wit—Confounding Words with Things—Sarcastic Repartees—Lady Borlase Warren—A Story : Way to Preserve 50,000*l.*—A Cool Request—Bringing up a Child Stout—Character of Lady Rothes—Dr. Johnson—Consequences of his Severity—His Hatred of being Alone—Lord and Lady De Ferrars—Miss Ellerker—Dr. Johnson's Declaration that he never saw a Word of "Cecilia" till it was Printed—Mr. Metcalfe—Newmarket Hill—Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork—Her Parties—Description of Her—Anecdote of the Duke of Devonshire—Madame de Genlis's "Adèle et Théodore"—Party at Mrs. Thrale's—Watching for a Snug Chat.

Journal Resumed.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, OCT. 26TH.—My journey was incidentless; but the moment I came into Brighthelmstone I was met by Mrs. Thrale, who had most eagerly been waiting for me a long while, and therefore I dismounted, and walked home with her. It would be very superfluous to tell you how she received me, for you cannot but know, from her impatient letters, what I had reason to expect of kindness and welcome.

I was too much tired to choose appearing at dinner, and therefore eat my eat upstairs, and was then decorated a little, and came forth to tea.

Mr. Harry Cotton and Mr. Swinerton were both here. Mrs. Thrale said they almost lived with her, and therefore were not to be avoided, but declared she had refused a flaming party of blues, for fear I should think, if I met them just after my journey she was playing Mrs. Harrel.

Dr. Johnson received me too with his usual goodness, and with a salute so loud, that the two young beaux, Cotton and Swinerton, have never done laughing about it.

Mrs. Thrale spent two or three hours in my room, talking over all her affairs, and then we wished each other *bon repos*, and—retired. *Grandissima* conclusion!

Oh, but let me not forget that a fine note came from Mr. Pepys, who is here with his family, saying he was *pressé de vivre*, and entreating to see Mrs. and Miss T., Dr. Johnson, and Cecilia, at his house the next day. I hate mightily this method of naming me from my heroines, of whose honour I think I am more jealous than of my own.

OCT. 27TH.—The Pepyses came to visit me in form, but I was dressing; in the evening, however, Mrs. and Miss T. took me to them. Dr. Johnson would not go; he told me it was my day, and I should be crowned, for Mr. Pepys was wild about “Cecilia.”

“However,” he added, “do not hear too much of it; but when he has talked about it for an hour or so, tell him to have done. There is no other way.”

A mighty easy way, this! however, ’tis what he literally practises for himself,

We found at Mr. Pepys’ nobody but his wife, his brother, Dr. Pepys, and Dr. Pepys’ lady, Countess of Rothes. Mr. Pepys received me with such distinction, that it was very evident how much the book, with the most flattering opinion of it, was in his head; however, he behaved very prettily, and only mentioned it by allusions; most particularly upon the character of Meadows, which he took various opportunities of pronouncing to be the “best hit possible” upon the present race of fine gentlemen. He asked me whether I had met with Mrs. Chapone lately; and when I said no, told me he had two letters from her, all about me, which he must communicate to me.

We did not stay with them long, but called upon Miss Benson, and proceeded to the Rooms. Mr. Pepys was very unwilling to part with us, and wanted to frighten me from going, by saying,—

"And has Miss Burney courage to venture to the Rooms? · I wonder she dares!"

I did not seem to understand him, though to mistake him was impossible. However, I thought of him again when I was at the rooms, for most violent was the staring and whispering as I passed and repassed; insomuch that I shall by no means be in any haste to go again to them. Susan and Sophy Thrale, who were with their aunt, Mrs. Scot, told Queeny, upon our return, that they heard nothing said, whichever way they turned, but "That's she!" "That's the famous Miss Burney!" I shall certainly escape going any more, if it is in my power.

Lady Shelley and Lady Poole were there, and were very civil, and looked very pretty. There was also a Mr. Coxe, brother to the writer, a very cultivated man, a great scholar, a poet, a critic, and very soft-mannered and obliging. He is, however, somewhat stiff and affected, and rather too plaintive in his voice.

MONDAY, OCT. 28TH.—Mr. Pepys had but just left me, when Mrs. Thrale sent Susan with a particular request to see me in her dressing-room, where I found her with a milliner.

"Oh, Miss Burney," she cried, "I could not help promising Mrs. Cockran that she should have a sight of you—she has begged it so hard,"

You may believe I stared; and the woman, whose eyes almost looked ready to eat me, eagerly came up to me, exclaiming,—

"Oh, ma'am, you don't know what a favour this is, to see you! I have longed for it so long! It is quite a comfort to me, indeed. Oh, ma'am, how clever you must be! All the ladies I deal with are quite distracted about 'Cecilia,'—and I got it myself. Oh, ma'am, how sensible you must be! It does my heart good to see you."

Did you ever hear the like? 'Twas impossible not to laugh, and Mrs. Thrale has done nothing else ever since.

At dinner, we had Dr. Delap and Mr. Selwyn, who accompanied us in the evening to a ball; as did also Dr. Johnson, to the universal amazement of all who saw him there; but he said he had found it so dull being quite alone the preceding evening,

that he determined upon going with us; "for," he said, "it cannot be worse than being alone."

Strange that he should think so! I am sure I am not of his mind.

Mr. H. Cotton and Mr. Swinerton of course joined us immediately. We had hardly been seated five minutes before Mr. Selwyn came to me, from some other company he had joined, and said,—

"I think you don't choose dancing, ma'am?"

"No," I answered.

"There is a gentleman," he added, "who is very ambitious of the honour of dancing with you; but I told him I believed you would not dance."

I assured him he was right.

There was, indeed, no need of my dancing by way of attraction, as I saw, again, so much staring, I scarce knew which way to look; and every glance I met was followed by a whisper from the glancer to his or her party. It was not, indeed, quite so bad as on Sunday, as the dancers were something to look at besides me: but I was so very much watched, and almost pointed at, that I have resolved to go no more, neither to balls nor Rooms, if I can possibly avoid it.

Lady Shelley, who spied us out, sent us an invitation to her party, and we all paraded to the top of the room, which in these places is the post of honour. There we found also Mrs. Hatsel, Mrs. Dickens, and Miss Benson, and we all drank tea together. Dr. Johnson was joined by a friend of his own, Mr. Metcalf, and did tolerably well.

OCT. 29TH.—We had a large party at home in the evening, consisting of Lady Shelley, Mr. and Mrs. Hatsel, Mrs. and Miss Dickens, Miss Benson, H. Cotton, Mr. Swinerton, Mr. Pepys, and Mr. Coxe. Mr. Selwyn has gone away to town upon business. I was presently engaged by Mr. Pepys, and he was joined by Mr. Coxe, and he by Miss Benson. Poor Miss Dickens was also in our circle; but if I had not made her some sport by occasional ridiculous whispers, she would certainly have gone to sleep, as no one else noticed her, and as not a word was said in which she

had any chance of taking any interest. Mr. Pepys led the conversation, and it was all upon criticism and poetry, and such subjects as she had no chance to care for. But I kept her awake by applying to her from time to time, to give us an epigram of Martial, a quotation from Ovid, a few lines of Homer, and such sort of impracticable requests, which served to divert her lassitude and *ennui* of all else that was said. The conversation, however, grew so very bookish, I was ashamed of being one in it, and not without reason, as everybody, out of that party, told me afterwards, "they had been afraid of approaching me, I was so well engaged;" and the odd Dr. Delap told me the next morning, that Lady Shelley had complained she could not venture to speak with me, I was "surrounded by so many, and all prostrate!"

This is just the sort of stuff I wish to avoid, and, as far as I can, I do avoid; but wholly it is not possible.

Mr. Coxe repeated several of his own compositions in verse, and in such melting strains, I thought he would have wept over them! When I got from that set, Mr. Hatsel* said to me,—

"Pray, Miss Burney, what was all that poetry you have been repeating? I was quite grieved to be out of the way of hearing it."

"Not me, sir, it was Mr. Coxe."

"And what was the poem?"

"Something of his own, sir."

Oh, how he stared and looked! I saw he longed to say wicked things, but I would not encourage him, for the poems were pretty, though the man was conceited.

Poor Mr. Pepys had, however, real cause to bemoan my escape; for the little set was broken up by my retreat, and he joined Dr. Johnson, with whom he entered into an argument upon some lines of Gray, and upon Pope's definition of wit, in which he was so roughly confuted, and so severely ridiculed, that he was hurt and piqued beyond all power of disguise, and, in the midst of the discourse, suddenly turned from him, and, wishing Mrs. Thrale good-night, very abruptly withdrew.

Dr. Johnson was certainly right with respect to the argument

* For many years Clerk of the House of Commons.

and to reason ; but his opposition was so warm, and his wit so satirical and exulting, that I was really quite grieved to see how unamiable he appeared, and how greatly he made himself dreaded by all, and by many abhorred. What pity that he will not curb the vehemence of his love of victory and superiority !

The sum of the dispute was this. Wit being talked of, Mr. Pepys repeated,—

“ True wit is Nature to advantage dress’d,
What oft was thought, but ne’er so well express’d.”*

“ That, sir,” cried Dr. Johnson, “ is a definition both false and foolish. Let wit be dressed how it will, it will equally be wit, and neither the more nor the less for any advantage dress can give it.”

Mr. Pepys: But, sir, may not wit be so ill expressed, and so obscure, by a bad speaker, as to be lost ?

Dr. Johnson. The fault, then, sir, must be with the hearer. If a man cannot distinguish wit from words, he little deserves to hear it.

Mr. P. But, sir, what Pope means——

Dr. Johnson. Sir, what Pope means, if he means what he says, is both false and foolish. In the first place, ‘ what oft was thought,’ is all the worse for being often thought, because to be wit, it ought to be newly thought.

Mr. P. But, sir, ’tis the expression makes it new.

Dr. Johnson. How can the expression make it new ? It may make it clear, or may make it elegant ; but how new ? You are confounding words with things.

Mr. P. But, sir, if one man says a thing very ill, may not another man say it so much better that——

Dr. Johnson. That other man, sir, deserves but small praise for the amendment ; he is but the tailor to the first man’s thoughts.

Mr. P. True, sir, he may be but the tailor ; but then the difference is as great as between a man in a gold lace suit and a man in a blanket.

Dr. Johnson. Just so, sir, I thank you for that : the difference is

* In a previous conversation (reported *antèd*) this line was quoted in Dr. Johnson’s presence unchallenged. [S.]

precisely such, since it consists neither in the gold lace suit nor the blanket, but in the man by whom they are worn.

This was the summary; the various contemptuous sarcasms intermixed would fill, and very unpleasantly, a quire.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30TH.—In the evening we all went to Mrs. Hatsel's, where there was a large party; the Countess Rothes, Lady Shelley, Lady Warren, formerly Miss Clavering, Miss Benson, Mrs. and Miss Dickens, H. Cotton, Mr. Swinerton, two Bartons, the Hatsels, and Mrs. and Miss Thrale. Dr. Johnson was not invited. We had a very good evening; but that I had a vile cold, and could not quit the fire a moment.

Lady Warren is immensely tall, and extremely beautiful: she is now but just nineteen, though she has been married two or three years. She is giddy, gay, chatty, good-humoured, and a little affected; she hazards all that occurs to her, seems to think the world at her feet, and is so young, and gay, and handsome, that she is not much mistaken. She is, in short, an inferior Lady Honoria Pemberton: somewhat beneath her in parts and understanding, but strongly in that class of character. I had no conversation with her myself; but her voice is loud and deep, and all she said was for the whole room.

Take a trait or two, which I think will divert my daddy Crisp. Marriages being talked of,—

"I'll tell you," cried she, "a story; that is, it sha'n't be a story, but a fact. A lady of my acquaintance, who had 50,000*l.* fortune, ran away to Scotland with a gentleman she liked vastly; so she was a little doubtful of him, and had a mind to try him: so when they stopped to dine, and change horses, and all that, she said, 'Now, as I have a great regard for you, I daresay you have for me: so I will tell you a secret: I have got no fortune at all, in reality, but only 5,000*l.*; for all the rest is a mere pretence: but if you like me for myself, and not for my fortune, you won't mind that.' So the gentleman said, 'Oh, I don't regard it at all, and you are the same charming angel that ever you was,' and all those sort of things that people say to one, and then went out to see about the chaise. So he did not come back; but when dinner was ready, the lady said, 'Pray, where is he?' 'Lor, ma'am,' said

they, 'why, that gentleman has been gone ever so long!' So she came back by herself; and now she's married to somebody else, and has her 50,000*l.* fortune all safe."

Lady Warren was extremely smitten with Mrs. Thrale, and talked to her almost incessantly, though they had never before met: but in the end of the evening, when Mrs. T. mentioned that she was going the next morning to make a visit at Lewes——

"Oh," cried her ladyship, "I have a great mind to beg a favour of you then."

"Pray do, ma'am," said Mrs. Thrale, "I shall think it an honour to grant it."

"Oh, but it's such an odd thing—it's quite an odd request; but it is for a place in your coach."

"My coach shall be very much at your ladyship's service; I beg you will make what use of it you please."

"Why, you must know it is to carry a little dog for me to Lewes. It belongs to Dr. Poole, and he'll quite break his heart if I don't send it him; so I'll part with it at once before I grow too fond of it."

This was, indeed, an odd request to a new acquaintance, and to a Welsh woman, as Mrs. Thrale said afterwards. The look of her eye the moment she heard it made Lady Warren colour violently; but she answered with great good humour,—

"Suppose your ladyship was to do me the honour to go too, and so carry your little dog yourself?"

Lady Warren evidently understood her, and began many apologies; but said she was engaged herself to spend the morning at Lady Dashwood's.

"I had hoped," said Mrs. Thrale, "your ladyship had meant your little boy; for I should have been very proud to have been trusted with him; but I suppose you could not spare him so long."

She has one child, of ten weeks old, of which she is doatingly fond.

"Oh, no," she answered eagerly, "not for half an hour. I shall never trust him away from me till he is eight years old,

and then I shall send him to sea. He shall be true blue. I bring him up very stout. He sucked a hare-bone for dinner to-day."

"A hare-bone for a child of ten weeks old!"

"Oh, he liked it vastly. He laughed and crowed the whole time. I often have veal stewed into good strong broth for him."

Her husband, Sir John Borlase Warren, is in the navy. Mrs. Thrale soon saw that though she was careless and unthinking, she did not mean to be insolent, so that she afterwards very gracefully offered to carry the dog, and assured her nobody would more carefully perform her commission. She thought however, better of the matter than to send him, and she told Mrs. Hatsel she found she was "in a scrape."

My own chat was all with Mrs. Hatsel or Lady Rothés, with whom I never spoke before, though I have often seen her. The talk was by no means writable; but very pleasant. Lady Rothés is sociable, lively, sensible, gentle, and amiable. She, Lady Shelley, and Mrs. Hatsel, are all of the same cast; but Lady Rothés in understanding seems to have the advantage. In manners it would be hard to say which excelled.

THURSDAY, OCT. 31ST.—A note came this morning to invite us all, except Dr. Johnson, to Lady Rothés's. Dr. Johnson has tortured poor Mr. Pepys so much that I fancy her ladyship omitted him in compliment to her brother-in-law. She mentions me in the civillest terms; and, as I like her much, I will hide my blushes and recollect them.

"May I flatter myself that Miss Burney will do me the favour to accompany you? I shall be much obliged and particularly happy to cultivate so charming an acquaintance."

There's a Countess for you! Does not she deserve being an Earl? for such in fact she is, being Countess in her own right, and giving her own name to her children, who, though sons and daughters of Mr. Evelyn and Dr. Pepys,—for she has been twice married,—are called, the eldest Lord Lesley, and the rest the Honourable Mr. Lesleys, and Lady Harriet and Lady Mary.

At noon, Mr. Pepys called and found only me, and sat with

me till dressing-time. He brought me a book I was very glad to see. He has collected into one volume all the political works of Mr. Burke, and has marked in the margin all the passages that will be entertaining or instructive to non-politicians. They are indeed charming, eloquent, spirited, rational, yet sentimental. He told me he had two long letters from Mrs. Chapone to show me, all about me and mine, but he had them not in his pocket.

At Lady Rothes's we met only her doctor, and Mr. and Mrs. Pepys. The talk was all literary, but not pedantic; and the evening was very agreeable.

FRIDAY, NOV. 1ST.—We spent at home with only our two young beaux. I was quite glad of not going out; for, though the places have done very well, and been very lively when we have assembled at them, I have been heartily tired of such perpetual preparation, dressing, and visiting.

SATURDAY, NOV. 2ND.—We went to Lady Shelley's. Dr. Johnson, again, excepted in the invitation. He is almost constantly omitted, either from too much respect or too much fear. I am sorry for it, as he hates being alone, and as, though he scolds the others, he is well enough satisfied himself; and, having given vent to all his own occasional anger or ill-humour, he is ready to begin again, and is never aware that those who have so been "downed" by him, never can much covet so triumphant a visitor. In contests of wit, the victor is as ill off in future consequences as the vanquished in present ridicule.

MONDAY, NOV. 4TH.—This was a grand and busy day. Swinerton has been some time arranging a meeting for all at home, with Lady De Ferrars, whom you may remember Charlotte Ellerker, and her lord and sisters: and this morning it took place, by mutual appointment, at his lodgings, where we met to breakfast. Dr. Johnson, who already knew Lord De Ferrars, and Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and myself, arrived first; and then came the Lord and Lady, and Miss Ellerker and her youngest sister, Harriet. Lord De Ferrars is very ugly, but extremely well-bred, gentle, unassuming, sensible, and pleasing. His lady is much improved since we knew her in former days,

However, it stopped here; for Lord De Ferrars came in, and took the disputed place without knowing^d of the contest, and all was quiet.

All that passed afterwards was too general and too common to be recollected.

I walked out afterwards, up Newmarket Hill, with Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Swinerton. This young man is very sweet-tempered, and good, and soft-hearted; but alas! he is also soft-headed.

We met, upon the Newmarket Hill, a large troop of horse and a pack of hounds returning from hunting. Among the gentlemen one stopped Mr. Swinerton, who, we were told, is *the* object here at this time,—Mr. Kaye of the Dragoons,—a baronet's son, and a very tall, handsome, and agreeable-looking young man; and, as the folks say, it is he for whom all the belles here are sighing. I was glad to see he seemed quite free from the *non-chalante* impertinence of the times.

At dinner, we had Mr. Swinerton and Mr. Selwyn, who is just returned.

Miss Thrale, who had met with Miss Benson, brought me a long message from her, that I had used her very ill, and would make her no reparation; for she had been reading my book till she was so blind with crying, she had disfigured herself in such a manner she could not dress, and must give up going to the ball in the evening, though it was the last; and though she had not yet near come to the end, she was so knocked up with blubbering, she must give up every engagement in order to go on with it, being quite unfit for any thing else; but she desired Miss Thrale to tell me she thought it very unwarrantable in me to put her nerves in such a state!

"Ay," cried Dr. Johnson, "some people want to make out some credit to me from the little rogue's book. I was told by a gentleman this morning, that it was a very fine book, if it was all her own. 'It is all her own,' said I, 'for me, I am sure, for I never saw one word of it before it was printed.'"

This gentleman I have good reason to believe is Mr. Metcalf, Capt. Phillips I daresay remembers that he supped with us at Sir Joshua Reynolds's the evening that James came from Ports-

mouth. He is much with Dr. Johnson, but seems to have taken an unaccountable dislike to Mrs. Thrale, to whom he never speaks. I have seen him but once or twice myself; and as he is dry, and I am shy, very little has passed between us.

When all our company was gone, late as it was, it was settled we should go to the ball, the last for the season being this night. My own objections about going not being strong enough to combat the ado my mentioning them would have occasioned, I joined in the party without demur. We all went but Dr. Johnson.

The ball was half over, and all the company seated to tea. Mr. Wade* came to receive us all, as usual, and we had a table procured for us, and went to tea ourselves, for something to do. When this repast was over, the company returned to their recreation. The room was very thin, and almost half the ladies danced with one another, though there were men enough present, I believe, had they chosen such exertion; but the Meadowses at balls are in crowds. Some of the ladies were in riding habits, and they made admirable men. 'Tis *tonnish* to be so much undressed at the last ball.

None of our usual friends, the Shelleys, Hatsels, Dickens, or Pepys, were here, and we, therefore, made no party; but Mrs. Thrale and I stood at the top of the room to look on the dancing, and as we were thus disengaged, she was seized with a violent desire to make one among them, and I felt myself an equal inclination. She proposed, as so many women danced together, that we two should, and nothing should I have liked so well; but I begged her to give up the scheme, as that would have occasioned more fuss and observation than our dancing with all the men that ever were born.

While we were debating this matter, a gentleman suddenly said to me,—“Did you walk far this morning, Miss Burney?” And, looking at him, I saw Mr. Metcalf, whose graciousness rather surprised me, for he only made to Mrs. Thrale a cold and distant bow, and it seems he declares, aloud and around, his aversion to literary ladies. That he can endure, and even seek

* The master of the ceremonies.

me, is, I presume, only from the general perverseness of mankind, because he sees I have always turned from him; not, however, from disliking him, for he is a shrewd, sensible, keen, and very clever man; but merely from a dryness on his own side that has excited retaliation.

"Yes," I answered, "we walked a good way."

"Dr. Johnson," said he, "told me in the morning you were no walker; but I informed him then I had had the pleasure of seeing you upon the Newmarket Hill."

"Oh, he does not know," cried I, "whether I am a walker or not—he does not see me walk, because he never walks himself."

"He has asked me," said he, "to go with him to Chichester, to see the cathedral, and I told him I would certainly go if he pleased; but why, I cannot imagine, for how shall a blind man see a cathedral?"

"I believe," quoth I, "his blindness is as much the effect of absence as of infirmity, for he sees wonderfully at times."

"Why, he has assured me he cannot see the colour of any man's eyes, and does not know what eyes any of his acquaintance have."

"I am sure, however," cried I, "he can see the colour of a lady's top-knot, for he very often finds fault with it."

"Is that possible?"

"Yes, indeed; and I was much astonished at it at first when I knew him, for I had concluded that the utmost of his sight would only reach to tell him whether he saw a cap or a wig."

Here he was called away by some gentleman, but presently came to me again.

"Miss Burney," he said, "shall you dance?"

"No, sir, not to-night."

"A gentleman," he added, "has desired me to speak to you for him."

Now Susanna, for the grand moment!—the height—the zenith of my glory in the *ton* meridian! I again said I did not mean to dance, and to silence all objection, he expressively said,—

"'Tis Captain Kaye who sends me."

Is not this magnificent? Pray congratulate me!

I was really very much surprised, but repeated my refusal, with all customary civilities to soften it. He was leaving me with this answer, when this most flashy young officer, choosing to trust his cause to himself, came forward, and desired to be introduced to me. Mr. Metcalf performed that ceremony, and he then, with as much respect and deference as if soliciting a countess, said,—

“May I flatter myself you will do me the honour of dancing with me?”

I thanked him, and said the same thing over again. He looked much disappointed, and very unwilling to give up his plan.

“If you have not,” he said, “any particular dislike to dancing, it will be doing, not only me, but the whole room much honour, if you will make one in a set.”

“You do me much honour, sir,” I answered, “but I must beg you to excuse me.”

“I hope not,” cried he; “I hope out of charity you will dance, as it is the last ball, and the company is so thin.”

“Oh, it will do very well without me: Mr. Wade himself says he dies to-night a very respectable death?”

“And will you not have the goodness to help it on a little in its last stage?”

“No,” said I, laughing; “why should we wish it to be kept lingering?”

“Lingering!” repeated he, looking round at the dancers; “no,” surely it is not quite so desperate; and if you will but join in you will give it new existence.”

I was a little thrown off my guard at this unexpected earnestness, so different to the *ton* of the day, and I began hardly to know what to answer, my real objection being such as I could by no means publish, though his urgency and his politeness joined would have made me give up any other.

“This is a very quiet dance,” he continued; “there is nothing fatiguing in it.”

“You are very good,” said I, “but I cannot really dance to-night.”

I was sorry to seem so obstinate, but he was just the man

to make everybody inquire whom he danced with; and any one who wished for general attention could do no better than to be his partner.

The ever-mischievous Mrs. Thrale, calling to Mr. Selwyn, who stood by us, said,—

“Why, here’s a man in love!—quite, downright in love with Miss Burney, if ever I saw one!”

“He is quite mortified, at least,” he answered; “I never saw a man look more mortified.”

“Well, he did not deserve it,” said she; “he knew how beg, and he ought not to have been so served.”

I begged her to be silent, for Mr. Metcalf returned to me.

“Were you too much tired,” he said, “with your walk this morning, to try at a dance?”

I excused myself as well as I could, and we presently went into the card-room to vary the scene. When we returned to the ball-room I was very glad to see my new captain had just taken out Lady Anne Lindsay, who is here with Lady Margaret Fordyce, and who dances remarkably well, and was every way a more suitable partner for him. He was to leave the town, with his regiment, the next day.

TUESDAY.—Mrs. Thrale took me out to walk with her. We met Lady De Ferrars and Miss Elcker in our ramble, and the very moment the ball was mentioned, this dear and queer creature called out,—

“Ay, there was a sad ado, ladie, dancing with ladies, and all sorts of odd things; and that handsome and fine Mr. Kaye broke his heart almost to dance with Miss Burney; but she refused him, and so, in despair, he took out Lady Anne Lindsay.”

WEDNESDAY.—Dr. Delap called to-day and brought a play with him for Mrs. Thrale and me to read, and he has most vehemently and repeatedly begged me to write a critique upon it. I will not, however, undertake any such thing, which I not only do not hold myself equal to, but which would be a most disagreeable and thankless task. I shall, nevertheless, mark such places and passages as I think would be *obviously mended by some* change, for he is so very earnest, it would be either ill-nature or treachery to refuse him.

At night we had Dr. Pepys and Lady Rothes, and were very sociable and pleasant.

THURSDAY.—Mr. Metcalf called upon Dr. Johnson, and took him out an airing. Mr. Hamilton is gone, and Mr. Metcalf is now the only person out of this house that voluntarily communicates with the Doctor. He has been in a terrible severe humour of late, and has really frightened all the people, till they almost ran from him. To me only I think he is now kind, for Mrs. Thrale fares worse than any body. 'Tis very strange and very melancholy that he will not a little more accommodate his manners and language to those of other people. He likes Mr. Metcalf, however, and so do I, for he is very clever and entertaining when he pleases. Capt. Phillips will remember that was not the case when we saw him at Sir Joshua's. He has, however, all the *de quôi*.

Poor Dr. Delap confessed to us that the reason he now came so seldom, though he formerly almost lived with us when at this place, was his being too unwell to cope with Dr. Johnson. And the other day Mr. Selwyn having refused an invitation from Mr. Hamilton to meet the Doctor, because he preferred being here upon a day when he was out, suddenly rose at the time he was expected to return, and said he must run away, "for fear the Doctor should call him to account."

FRIDAY.—We strolled all the morning, and spent the evening with Lady S., where we met Miss Benson, Dr. Delap, and Mr. Selwyn. Sir John is very civil to me, and, as it is the *ton* to do here, he, among the rest, has discovered a new excellence. Dr. Delap, in his odd manner, said here the other morning—

"Sir John S. told me he had met yesterday Miss Burney, but he neither said she talked well nor wrote well; he only said she walked well. He never, he said, saw any woman walk so well!"

Comic enough; but this is a mere specimen, by-the-bye, of the various new discoveries made in the polite world, of my endowments—discoveries which would make you grin amain if I had room to write them. It is not modesty stops me, for they are far too sublime for vanity, and, consequently, for shame.

SATURDAY.—We had Miss Benson and Mr. Selwyn, and a very

good chatty, quiet day. Miss Benson has given me a little commission to do for her with Dr. Delap, concerning some books belonging to Louisa Harris, on purpose, she says, to make me call upon her when I return to town. I like the office very well, for her hardness and disagreeableness wear off more and more, and there is so much of that rare quality, sound sense, in her composition, that it makes amends for much deficiency in her address and manner.

SUNDAY, NOV. 10TH, brings in a new person. The Honourable Miss Monckton,* who is here with her mother, the Dowager Lady Galway, has sent various messages of her earnest desire to be acquainted with Mrs. Thrale and your humble servant to command. Dr. Johnson she already knew, for she is one of those who stand foremost in collecting all extraordinary or curious people to her London conversaziones, which, like those of Mrs. Vesey, mix the rank and the literature, and exclude all beside. Well, after divers intimations of this sort, it was at last settled that Lady De Ferrars should bring her here this morning.

In the evening came Lady De Ferrars, Miss Monckton, and Miss Ellerker. Miss Monckton is between thirty and forty, very short, very fat, but handsome; splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged not unbecomingly, yet evidently and palpably desirous of gaining notice and admiration. She has an easy levity in her air, manner, voice, and discourse, that speak all within to be comfortable; and her rage of seeing anything curious may be satisfied, if she pleases, by looking in a mirror.

I can give you no account of the conversation, as it was broken, and not entertaining. Miss Monckton went early, having another engagement, but the other ladies stayed very late. She told us, however, one story extremely well worth recording. The Duke of Devonshire was standing near a very fine glass lustre in a corner of a room, at an assembly, and in a house of people who, Miss Monckton said, were by no means in a style of life to hold expense as immaterial, and, by carelessly lolling back, he threw the lustre down, and it was broke. He showed not, however, the smallest concern or confusion at the accident,

* Afterwards Countess of Cork and Orrery.

but coolly said, "I wonder how I did that!" He then returned to the opposite corner, and to show, I suppose, he had forgotten what he had done, bowed his head in the same manner, and down came the opposite lecture! He looked at it very calmly, and with a philosophical dryness, merely said, "This is singular enough!" and walked to another part of the room, without either distress or apology.

After Mrs. Montfort was gone, Lady De Ferrars threw a chair next mine, and began talking of "Gordian."

"We have pleased my lord," said she, "to death about it, because he always says that old Deville was in the right not to give up a good family name; but I was never so glad as when I found the old gentleman's own name was my Lord De Ferrars; for he, you know, is a Compton; so I told him I was sure it was himself, and he owned that if he had been a Deville, he should have done the same with a Bevelley."

Is not this triumph for me, my dearest Susy? Pray let my dearest Crip hear it, and knock under. Mr. Bewley,* too, shall be told it, who has made the same objection with my daddy to the improbability of relinquishing a fortune for a name. Neither my daddy, my father, nor Mr. Bewley, are here judges to oppose to Lord De Ferrars, who, being a man of rank, and having a cherished name himself, is more fit to decide upon this question than wit, understanding, judgment, or general knowledge, can make any others who have not the power to so well feel the temptation of family pride in exciting such obstacles to reason and happiness. I never meant to vindicate old Deville, whom I detected and made detestable; but I always asserted that, his character and situation considered, he did nothing that such a man would be itate in doing.

Mrs. Thrale has since met Lord De Ferrars, and talked over all the book to him, and he told her that he thought its great merit was the reasonableness of the Delvillian distress with respect to changing their name!

* William Bewley. He was for some time the writer of the articles on science and natural philosophy in the *Monthly Review*. He died at the house of Dr. Burney in 1783.

I felt, however, a little ashamed when Lady De Ferrars told me her lord's name, which he has, with his title, in right of his mother; but as I had tied it to a family celebrated for its antiquity, I saw they were none of them displeased. Lord De Ferrars told Mrs. Thrale himself that he is descended from Elfrida, and has the castle of Tamworth, originally built by her, now in his possession. So here is a Delvillian ancestry with great exactness. I always told my dear daddy that his reasoning against the Delville prejudice, however unanswerable for truth, by no means disproved the existence of such prejudice, as all those very high-born and long genealogists agree. Mrs. Thrale herself says that her own mother would have acted precisely as Mrs. Delville acted. And Mrs. Thrale's father was descended from Adam of Salisbury.

"I assure you, however," continued her ladyship, "my lord was so fond of the book, he could never part with it, and so much interested in the story he could think of nothing else. He cried violently, too, I assure you; so I hope that will give you a good idea of his heart."

Mrs. Thrale and Miss Ellerker then joined in the conversation, and much discussion followed about family names and family honour. Lady De Ferrars said—

"This is very rude, I confess, to talk so of the book before Miss Burney; but when once one has begun there is no dropping the subject."

I was glad, however, when it was dropped, as I think it as little my business to vindicate as to censure my characters; and therefore, from caring to do neither, I am always at a loss and uncomfortable when they are mentioned.

TUESDAY.—We went in a party to breakfast with Dr. Delap, at Lewes, by his earnest desire. Mr. Selwyn accompanied us. The Doctor again urged his request that I would write a criticism upon his new play; but I assured him, very truly, I was too ignorant of stage business and stage effects to undertake offering any help or advice to him; yet I pointed out several lines that I thought wanted alteration, and proposed a change in two or three scenes, for he would not let me rest without either praising

what I did not like, or giving explicit reasons why I did not praise. Mrs. Thrale has promised him an epilogue.

I am now so much in arrears that I must be more brief in my accounts. We spent this evening at Lady De Ferrars', where Dr. Johnson accompanied us, for the first time he has been invited of our parties since my arrival. The company was select, but dull. Miss Monckton, Sir Henry Dashwood, Mr. Manners,—son of Lord Robert—Mr. Musgrave—a buckish kind of young man of fashion—the two Miss Ellerkers, and ourselves. Miss Monckton only confirmed my first notions of her, and the rest gave me no notions worth mentioning.

MONDAY and TUESDAY.—I have no time, except to tell you a comical tale which Mrs. Thrale ran to acquaint me with. She had been calling upon Mr. Scrase, an old and dear friend, who is confined with the gout; and while she was inquiring about him of his nurse and housekeeper, the woman said,—

“Ah, madam, how happy are you to have Minerva in the house with you!”

“Oh,” cried Mrs. Thrale, “you mean my dear Miss Burney, that wrote ‘Cecilia.’ So you have read it; and what part did you like?”

“Oh, madam, I liked it all better than anything I ever saw in my life; but most of all I liked that good old gentleman, Mr. Albany, that goes about telling people their duty, without so much as thinking of their fine clothes.”

When Mrs. Thrale told us this at dinner, Dr. Johnson said—

“I am all of the old housekeeper’s mind; Mr. Albany I have always stood up for: he is one of my first favourites. Very fine indeed are the things he says.”

My dear Dr. Johnson!—what condescension is this! He fully, also, enters into all my meaning in the high-flown language of Albany, from his partial insanity and unappeasable remorse.

So here concludes *Brightelmstone* for 1782.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20TH, Mrs. and the three Miss Thrales and myself all arose at six o’clock in the morning, and “by the pale blink of the moon” we went to the sea-side, where we had bespoke the bathing-women to be ready for us, and into the ocean

we plunged. It was cold, but pleasant. I have bathed so often as to lose my dread of the operation, which now gives me nothing but animation and vigour. We then returned home, and dressed by candle-light, and, as soon as we could get Dr. Johnson ready, we set out upon our journey, in a coach and a chaise, and arrived in Argyll Street at dinner time. Mrs. Thrale has there fixed her tent for this short winter, which will end with the beginning of April, when her foreign journey takes place.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET.—The day after my return home, Pacchierotti came and spent part of the afternoon here. Mr. Sastres also was with us. The Pac. was very sweet and amiable, in exceeding good humour, and tolerably in spirits. But what was my delight to receive, by Charlotte, a message from Mrs. Fitzgerald, to invite me to a place in her box at the Opera! She called for us, and we both went. Her box is a new one, only up two pair of stairs, the fourth from the stage, and holds six. It is, indeed, the most delightful box in the house, from not being so much in sight as to render very much dress necessary, yet enough to have every convenience of seeing both performers and company.

The opera was the new serious one, "Medonte." I am not enchanted with it; there is a general want of something striking or interesting. Pacchierotti sang most sweetly, without force, ^{no} sort, or pain to himself, but with an even excellence he is the subject enough to keep throughout a whole opera. He is

I was gricet; for how we shall bear his successors I cannot little my bu

therefore, from out, and gave me several smiles during the per-uncomfortable whene could never look either to the right or left

TUESDAY.—We wer making some sort of acknowledgment in at Lewes, by his earnest bows made him from almost every box The Doctor again urged l

upon his new play; but l was with me all the morning, up-ignorant of stage business and; and all the evening I spent with any help or advice to him; ye and Théodore;" a book you must I thought wanted alteration, an good directions about education, three scenes, for he would not le impracticable, except to very

rich and very independent people, there are a thousand useful hints for folks in real life. Its worst fault seems tediousness, much repetition, and minuteness, making it necessary to skip, from time to time, in order to keep up any attention; but the whole, as a work, has great merit indeed, both in design and execution. Some of the episodes are pretty, but the plot of the stories is commonly either trite or unnatural, though the circumstances attending them are very interesting, and very well told.

DEC. 2ND.—This evening Mrs. Thrale had a large party, and invited Charlotte to it, which I was very glad of, as she was much delighted. My father took us both, for I could not go to dinner, and we were very late.

Dear Mrs. Thrale received me, as usual, as if I was the first person of her company. There was not a creature there with whom I was not acquainted, except the Duca di Sangro, a Neapolitan nobleman, very much in fashion at present among the young ladies *comme il faut*, with two or three of whom he has trifled not very honourably. He is very young and very handsome, and very insinuating in his address and manners.

The rest were Lady Rothes, who very politely and obligingly apologised for not having waited upon me in town, and Dr. Pepys, Mrs. Ord, who made me promise to spend Thursday with her, to meet a relation of hers lately come to town, Mrs. Byron who asked me for the same day, and whom I rejoiced in being able to refuse without affronting; Mr. and Mrs. Davenant, Harry Cotton, Mr. Swinerton; Piozzi, who sang very well, and whose voice is this year in very good order; Mr. Evans, Mr. Seward, Mr. Sastres; Mr. Thornton, the new member for the borough, a man of Presbyterian extraction, upon which he has grafted of late much *ton* and *nonchalance*, and who was pleased to follow me about with a sort of hard and unmeaning curiosity, very disagreeable to me, and to himself very much like nothing; Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mrs. Scot, and Dr. and Mrs. Parker.

TUESDAY.—Pacchierotti called in the morning, and was very sweet and amiable. I received, also, a most perfumed note, on French paper, gilt, bordered, glazed, inclosed in a finely-decorated

cover, and sealed with a miniken figure, from Miss Monckton, to invite me for the 8th, to meet Mrs. Thrale. I accepted the invitation with pleasure; her parties are the most brilliant in town, and she is acquainted with many people I wish to meet. In small parties, or intimate acquaintances, it is necessary to like the mistress of the house; but in large assemblies, it is but like going to a better regulated public place.

WEDNESDAY.—I called in the morning upon Miss Palmer, with whom I sat some time. Her uncle has been very dangerously ill, but is now quite recovered. I then went and spent all the day with sweet Mrs. Thrale, who shut out all company, and gave me herself to myself, and it was much the happiest time I have spent, away from my father, since I left Brighton. Dr. Johnson was at home, and in most excellent good humour and spirits.

CHAPTER XIV.

An Assembly at the Hon. Miss Monckton's—Singular Style of Reception—Lady Galway—Dr. Johnson—Chit-Chat—Female Costume—Edmund Burke—Sir Joshua Reynolds—The old Duchess of Portland—Mrs. Greville—Conversation with Burke—The Old Wits—Gibbon—Mrs. Siddons—Truth and Romance—Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons—Dr. Johnson at the Play—A Party at Mrs. Walsingham's—Sir Charles Hanbury Williams—Mrs. Montagu—Mr. Percy—Introduction to Mrs. Siddons—Erskine—Lady Lucan—Dinner at Mrs. Thrale's—The Opera—Allegiance—Assembly at Lady Gideon's—Sir Sampson Gideon—Lady Margaret Fordyce—Lady Anne Lindsay—Lord Gage—Sir Hugh Dalrymple—The Duca di Sangro—Lady Clarges—Mrs. Walsingham's Paintings—Queen Charlotte—Her Remarks on "Cecilia"—Party at Lady Rothes—Lord Falmouth—Dr. Cadogan—Mr. Wraxall—The Inconveniences of Popularity—Visit to Dr. Johnson—Christmas Day—A Party at Mrs. Ord's—Dr. Johnson's Advice to a Young Lady on her "Coming Out"—Mrs. Chapone—Mrs. Delany—Chit-chat—Character of Mr. Crisp—Dinner at Sir Joshua's—West, the Painter—Jackson of Exeter—Table-talk—Anecdotes of Mrs. Reynolds—A Hum-drum Evening—Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Chapone—Sir Ashton Lever—His Museum—Nollekens, the Sculptor.

DEC. 8TH.—Now for Miss Monckton's assembly.

I had begged Mrs. Thrale to call for me, that I might have her countenance and assistance upon my entrance. Miss Thrale came also. Everything was in a new style. We got out of the coach into a hall full of servants, not one of which inquired our names, or took any notice of us. We proceeded, and went upstairs, and when we arrived at a door, stopped and looked behind us. No servant had followed or preceded us. We deliberated what was to be done. To announce ourselves was rather awkward, neither could we be sure we were going into the right apartment. I proposed our going up higher, till we met with

somebody; Miss Thrale thought we should go down and call some of the servants; but Mrs. Thrale, after a ridiculous consultation, determined to try her fortune by opening the door. This being done, we entered a room full of—tea-things, and one maid-servant!

"Well," cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "what is to be done now? I suppose we are come so early that nothing is ready."

The maid stared, but said,—“There’s company in the next room.”

Then we considered again how to make ourselves known; and then Mrs. Thrale again resolved to take courage and enter. She therefore opened another door, and went into another apartment. I held back, but looked after, and observing that she made no curtsy, concluded she was gone into some wrong place. Miss Thrale followed, and after her went little I, wondering who was to receive, or what was to become of us.

Miss Monckton lives with her mother, the old Dowager Lady Galway, in a noble house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The room was large and magnificent. There was not much company, for we were very early. Lady Galway sat at the side of the fire, and received nobody. She seems very old, and was dressed with a little round white cap, and not a single hair, no cushion, roll, nor anything else but the little round cap, which was flat upon her forehead. Such part of the company as already knew her made their compliments to her where she sat, and the rest were never taken up to her, but belonged wholly to Miss Monckton.

Miss Monckton’s own manner of receiving her guests was scarce more laborious; for she kept her seat when they entered, and only turned round her head to nod it, and say “How do do?” after which they found what accommodation they could for themselves.

As soon, however, as she perceived Mrs. and Miss Thrale, which was not till they had been some minutes in the room, she arose to welcome them, contrary to her general custom, and merely because it was their first visit. Our long trains making my entrance some time after theirs, gave me the advantage of

being immediately seen by her, and she advanced to me with quickness, and very politely thanked me for coming, and said,—

“I fear you think me very rude for taking the liberty of sending to you.”

“No, indeed, you did me much honour,” quoth I.

She then broke further into her general rules, by making way for me to a good place, and seating me herself, and then taking a chair next me, and beginning a little chat. I really felt myself much obliged to her for this seasonable attention, for I was presently separated from Mrs. Thrale, and entirely surrounded by strangers, all dressed superbly, and all looking saucily; and as nobody's names were spoken, I had no chance to discover any acquaintances. Mr. Metcalf, indeed, came and spoke to me the instant I came in, and I should have been very happy to have had him for my neighbour; but he was engaged in attending to Dr. Johnson, who was standing near the fire, and environed with listeners.

Some new people now coming in, and placing themselves in a regular way, Miss Monckton exclaimed,—“My whole care is to prevent a circle;” and hastily rising, she pulled about the chairs, and planted the people in groups, with as dexterous a disorder as you would desire to see.

The company in general were dressed with more brilliancy than at any rout I ever was at, as most of them were going to the Duchess of Cumberland's, and attired for that purpose. Just behind me sat Mrs. Hampden, still very beautiful, but insufferably affected. Another lady, in full dress, and very pretty, came in soon after, and got herself a chair just before me; and then a conversation began between her and Mrs. Hampden, of which I will give you a specimen.

“How disagreeable these sacques are! I am so incommoded with these nasty ruffles! I am going to Cumberland House—are you?”

“To be sure,” said Mrs. Hampden; “what else, do you think, would make me bear this weight of dress? I can't bear a sacque.”

“Why, I thought you said you should always wear them?”

"Oh, yes, but I have changed my mind since then—as many people do."

"Well, I think it vastly disagreeable indeed," said the other; "you can't think how I'm encumbered with these ruffles!"

"Oh, I am quite oppressed with them," said Mrs. Hampden; "I can hardly bear myself up."

"And I dined in this way!" cried the other; "only think—dining in a saeque!"

"Oh," answered Mrs. Hampden, "it really puts me quite out of spirits."

Well, have you enough?—and has my daddy raved enough?

After this they found some subject less popular, and the lady unknown leaned over me, without any ceremony, to whisper with Mrs. Hampden. I should have offered her my place if she had made any apology, but as it was, I thought she might take her own way. In the course of the evening, however, I had the pleasure to observe a striking change in her manners; for as soon as she picked up, I know not how, my name, she ceased her whispering, looked at me with the civillest smiles, spoke to me two or three times, and calling to a fine beau, said,—

"Do pray sit this way, that you may screen Miss Burney as well as me from that fire."

I did not, however, sufficiently like her beginning, to accept her challenge of talking, and only coldly answered by yes, no, or a bow.

Mrs. and Miss Thrale had other engagements, and soon went away. Miss Monekton then took a chair again next to me, which she kept till we both started at the same voice, and she cried out,—"Oh, it's Mr. Burke!" and she ran to him with as much joy as, if it had been our house, I should. Cause the second for liking her better.

I grew now in a violent fidget, both to have his notice, and for what his notice would be; but I sat very still, and he was seized upon by scores, and taken to another part of the room.

Then came in Sir Joshua Reynolds, and he soon drew a chair near mine, and from that time I was never without some friend at my elbow.

"Have you seen," said he, "Mrs. Montagu lately?"

"No, not very lately."

"But within these few months?"

"No, not since last year."

"Oh, you must see her, then. You ought to see and to hear her—'twill be worth your while. Have you heard of the fine long letter she has written?"

"Yes, but I have not met with it."

"I have."

"And who is it to?"

"The old Duchess of Portland. She desired Mrs. Montagu's opinion of 'Cecilia,' and she has written it at full length. I was in a party at Her Grace's, and heard of nothing but you. She is so delighted, and so sensibly, so rationally, that I only wish you could have heard her. And old Mrs. Delany had been forced to begin it, though she had said she should never read any more; however, when we met, she was reading it already for the third time."

Pray tell my daddy to rejoice for me in this conquest of the Duchess, his old friend, and Mrs. Delany, his sister's.

Sir Joshua is extremely kind; he is always picking up some anecdote of this sort for me; yet, most delicately, never lets me hear his own praises but through others. He looks vastly well, and as if he had never been ill.

After this Mrs. Burke saw me, and, with much civility and softness of manner, came and talked with me, while her husband, without seeing me, went behind my chair to speak to Mrs. Hampden.

Miss Monckton, returning to me, then said,—

"Miss Burney, I had the pleasure yesterday of seeing Mrs. Greville."

I suppose she concluded I was very intimate with her.

"I have not seen her," said I, "many years."

"I know, however," cried she, looking surprised, "she is your godmother."

"But she does not do her duty and answer for me, for I never see her."

"Oh, you have answered very well for yourself! But I know by that your name is Fanny."

She then tripped to somebody else, and Mr. Burke very quietly came from Mrs. Hampden, and sat down in the vacant place at my side. I could then wait no longer, for I found he was more near-sighted than myself; I, therefore, turned towards him and bowed: he seemed quite amazed, and really made me ashamed, however delighted, by the expressive civility and distinction with which he instantly rose to return my bow, and stood the whole time he was making his compliments upon seeing me, and calling himself the blindest of men for not finding me out sooner. And Mrs. Burke, who was seated near me, said, loud enough for me to hear her,—

"See, see! what a flirtation Mr. Burke is beginning with Miss Burney! and before my face too!"

These ceremonies over, he sate down by me, and began a conversation which you, my dearest Susy, would be glad to hear, for my sake, word for word; but which I really could not listen to with sufficient ease, from shame at his warm eulogiums, to remember with any accuracy. The general substance, however, take as I recollect it.

After many most eloquent compliments upon the book, too delicate either to shock or sicken the nicest ear, he very emphatically congratulated me upon its most universal success; said, "he was now too late to speak of it, since he could only echo the voice of the whole nation;" and added, with a laugh, "I had hoped to have made some merit of my enthusiasm; but the moment I went about to hear what others say, I found myself merely one in a multitude."

He then told me that, notwithstanding his admiration, he was the man who had dared to find some faults with so favourite and fashionable a work. I entreated him to tell me what they were, and assured him nothing would make me so happy as to correct them under his direction. He then enumerated them: and I will tell you what they are, that you may not conclude I write nothing but the fairer part of my adventures, which I really always relate very honestly, though so fair they are at this time, that it hardly seems possible they should not be dressed up.

The masquerade he thought too long, and that something might be spared from Harrel's grand assembly; he did not like Morrice's part of the pantheon; and he wished the conclusion either more happy or more miserable; "for in a work of imagination," said he, "there is no medium."

I was not easy enough to answer him, or I have much, though perhaps not good for much, to say in defence of following life and nature as much in the conclusion as in the progress of a tale; and when is life and nature completely happy or miserable?

"But," said he, when he had finished his comments, "what excuse must I give for this presumption? I have none in the world to offer but the real, the high esteem I feel for you; and I must at the same time acknowledge it is all your own doing that I am able to find fault; for it is your general perfection in writing that has taught me to criticise where it is not quite uniform."

Here's an orator, dear Susy!

Then, looking very archly at me, and around him, he said,—

"Are you sitting here for characters? Nothing, by the way, struck me more in reading your book than the admirable skill with which your ingenious characters make themselves known by their own words."

He then went on to tell me that I had done the most wonderful of wonders in pleasing the old wits, particularly the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany, who resisted reading the book till they were teased into it, and, since they began, could do nothing else; and he failed not to point out, with his utmost eloquence, the difficulty of giving satisfaction to those who piqued themselves upon being past receiving it.

"But," said he, "I have one other fault to find, and a far more material one than any I have mentioned."

"I am the more obliged to you. What is it?" —

"The disposal of this book. I have much advice to offer to you upon that subject. Why did not you send for your own friend out of the city? he would have taken care you should not part with it so much below par."

He meant Mr. Briggs.

Sir Joshua Reynolds now joined us.

"Are you telling her," said he, "of our conversation with the old wits? I am glad you hear it from Mr. Burke, Miss Burney, for he can tell it so much better than I can, and remember their very words."

"Nothing else would they talk of for three whole hours," said he, "and we were there at the third reading of the bill."

"I believe I was in good hands," said I, "if they talked of it to you?"

"Why, yes," answered Sir Joshua, laughing, "we joined in from time to time. Gibbon says he read the whole five volumes in a day."

"Tis impossible," cried Mr. Burke, "it cost me three days; and you know I never parted with it from the time I first opened it."

Here are laurels, Susy! My dear daddy and Kitty, are you not doubly glad you so kindly hurried me upstairs to write when at Chesington?

Mr. Burke then went to some other party, and Mr. Swinerton took his place, with whom I had a dawdling conversation upon dawdling subjects; and I was not a little enlivened, upon his quitting the chair, to have it filled by Mr. Metcalfe,* who, with much satire, but much entertainment, kept chattering with me till Dr. Johnson found me out, and brought a chair opposite to me.

Do you laugh, my Susan, or cry at your F. B.'s honours?

"So," said he to Mr. Metcalfe, "it is you, is it, that are engrossing her thus?"

"He's jealous," said Mr. Metcalfe, dryly.

"How these people talk of Mrs. Siddons!" said the Doctor. "I came hither in full expectation of hearing no name but the name I love and pant to hear,—when from one corner to another they are talking of that jade Mrs. Siddons! till, at last wearied out, I went yonder into a corner, and repeated to myself Burney! Burney! Burney!"

"Ay, sir," said Mr. Metcalfe, "you should have carved it upon the trees."

"Sir, had there been any trees, so I should; but, being none, I was content to carve it upon my heart."

Soon after the parties changed again, and young Mr. Burke came and sat by me. He is a very civil and obliging, and a sensible and agreeable young man. I was occasionally spoken to afterwards by strangers, both men and women, whom I could not find out, though they called me by my name as if they had known me all my life. Old Lady Galway trotted from her corner, in the middle of the evening, and leaning her hands upon the backs of two chairs, put her little round head through two fine high dressed ladies on purpose to peep at me, and then trotted back to her place! Ha, ha!

Miss Monckton now came to us again, and I congratulated her upon her power in making Dr. Johnson sit in a group; upon which she immediately said to him,—

"Sir, Miss Burney says you like best to sit in a circle."

"Does she?" said he, laughing; "Ay, never mind what she says. Don't you know she is a writer of romances?"

"Yes, that I do, indeed!" said Miss Monckton, and every one joined in a laugh that put me horribly out of countenance.

"She may write romances and speak truth," said my dear Sir Joshua, who, as well as young Burke, and Mr. Metcalfe, and two strangers, joined now in our little party.

"But, indeed, Dr. Johnson," said Miss Monckton, "you *must* see Mrs. Siddons. Won't you see her in some fine part?"

"Why, if I *must*, madam, I have no choice."

"She says, sir, she shall be very much afraid of you."

"Madam, that cannot be true."

"Not true," cried Miss Monckton, staring, "yes it is."

"It *cannot* be, madam."

"But she said so to me; I heard her say it myself."

"Madam, it is not *possible*! remember, therefore, in future, that even fiction should be supported by probability."

Miss Monckton looked all amazement, but insisted upon the truth of what she had said.

"I do not believe, madam," said he, warmly, "she knows my name."

"Oh, that is rating her too low," said a gentleman stranger.

"By not knowing my name," continued he, "I do not mean so literally; but that, when she sees it abused in a newspaper, she may possibly recollect that she has seen it abused in a newspaper before."

"Well, sir," said Miss Monckton, "but you must see her for all this."

"Well, madam, if you desire it, I will go. See her I shall not, nor hear her; but I'll go, and that will do. The last time I was at a play, I was ordered there by Mrs. Abington, or Mrs. Somebody, I do not well remember who, but I placed myself in the middle of the first row of the front boxes, to show that when I was called I came."

The talk upon this matter went on very long, and with great spirit; but I have time for no more of it. I felt myself extremely awkward about going away, not choosing, as it was my first visit, to take French leave, and hardly knowing how to lead the way alone among so many strangers.

At last, and with the last, I made my attempt. A large party of ladies arose at the same time, and I tripped after them; Miss Monckton, however, made me come back, for she said I must else wait in the other room till those ladies' carriages drove away.

When I returned, Sir Joshua came and desired he might convey me home; I declined the offer, and he pressed it a good deal, drolly saying,—

"Why, I am old enough, a'n't I?"

And when he found me stout, he said to Dr. Johnson,—

"Sir, is not this very hard? Nobody thinks me very young, yet Miss Burney won't give me the privilege of age in letting me see her home? She says I a'n't old enough."

I had never said any such thing.

"Ay, sir," said the Doctor, "did I not tell you she was a writer of romances?"

Again I tried to run away, but the door stuck, and Miss Monckton prevented me, and begged I would stay a little longer. *She then went and whispered something to her mother, and I had a notion from her manner she wanted to keep me to supper,*

which I did not choose, and, therefore, when her back was turned, I prevailed upon young Burke to open the door for me, and out I went. Miss Monckton ran after me, but I would not come back. I was, however, and I am, much obliged by her uncommon civility and attentions to me. She is far better at her own house than elsewhere.

DEC. 15TH.—To-day, by an invitation of ten days standing, I waited upon Mrs. Walsingham. She is a woman high in fame for her talents, and a wit by birth, as the daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.*

She has the character of being only civil to people of birth, fame, or wealth, and extremely insolent to all others. Of this, however, I could see nothing, since she at least took care to invite no company to her own house whom she was disposed to disdain. Her reception of me appeared rather singular. She was violently dressed,—a large hoop, flowers in her small and full dressed cap, ribands and ornaments extremely shown, and a fan in her hand. She was very polite, said much of her particular pleasure in seeing me, and kept advancing to me so near, that involuntarily I retreated from her, not knowing her design, and kept, therefore, getting further and further back as she came forward, till I was stopped from any power of moving by the wainscot. I then necessarily stood still, and she saluted me.

We then quietly sat down, and my father began a very lively conversation upon various subjects; she kept it up with attention and good breeding, often referring to me, and seeming curious to know my notions.

The rest of the company who came to dinner were Mrs. Montagu, Mr. Percy, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, his lady and daughter, and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Palmer. I was excessively glad to see the latter, who clung to me all the visit, and took off from its formality and grandeur by her chatting and intimacy.

Mrs. Walsingham lives in a splendid house in Stratford Place, elegantly fitted up, chiefly by her own paintings and drawings,

* M.P. for Monmouth in several parliaments. Afterwards Minister at the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg.

which are reckoned extremely clever. I hate that word, but cannot think of another.

We did not stay late, for my father and I were both engaged to Miss Monckton's; so was Sir Joshua, who accompanied us. Miss Palmer had not been invited, which she much regretted. Mrs. Walsingham begged to see me again, and very much pressed me to call some morning.

I was extremely happy to have my dear father with me at Miss Monckton's. We found Mrs. Siddons, the actress, there. She is a woman of excellent character, and therefore I am very glad she is thus patronised, since Mrs. Abington, and so many frail fair ones, have been thus noticed by the great. She behaved with great propriety; very calm, modest, quiet, and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance, and her eyes look both intelligent and soft. She has, however, a steadiness in her manner and deportment by no means engaging. Mrs. Thrale, who was there, said,—“Why, this is a leaden goddess we are all worshipping! however, we shall soon gild it.”

A lady who sat near me then began a dialogue with Mr. Erskine, who had placed himself exactly opposite to Mrs. Siddons; and they debated together upon her manner of studying her parts, disputing upon the point with great warmth, yet not only forbearing to ask Mrs. Siddons herself which was right, but quite overpowering her with their loquacity, when she attempted, unasked, to explain the matter. Most vehement praise of all she did followed, and the lady turned to me and said,—

“What invitation, Miss Burney, is here for genius to display itself!—Everybody, I hear, is at work for Mrs. Siddons; but if you would work for her, what an inducement to excel you would both of you have!—Dr. Burney——.”

“Oh, pray, ma'am,” cried I, “don't say to him——”

“Oh, but I will!—if my influence can do you any mischief, you may depend upon having it!”

She then repeated what she had said to my father, and he instantly said,—

“Your ladyship may be sure of my interest.”

I whispered afterwards to know who she was, and heard she was Lady Lucan.

MONDAY.—There was a very full assembly at Mrs. Thrale's, where I dined and spent the day.

The evening proved very gay and very agreeable, though I have but a short account to give of it, as the conversation was only in parties, and never for more than a few minutes with the same people. I had some chat with everybody in turn, and therefore I had not one moment unoccupied. What gave me, however, the most pleasure was the discourse of the two Mr. Cambridges, father and son,* who both, though at different times, sung to me the praises of Captain Phillips with so much energy and heartiness, that I was ready to shake hands with them, and cry, "Gentlemen, agreed!"

Mr. Seward made me known to Mrs. Hunter, who is extremely pretty, and reckoned very ingenious. Dr. Parker introduced me to Mr. Hutton, a clergyman, at his desire; but I saw nothing of him that made it mine.

My father told me that Miss Catherine Bull had desired her compliments to "Cecilia," and begged her acceptance of her opera ticket for the next night, to see Anfossi's new opera, if it would be of any use. Miss Bull then called out—

"And pray give my compliments, too,—though I should be dreadfully afraid of her!"

How provoking that they have this simple notion! as my father himself once answered them,—

* Richard Owen Cambridge. This gentleman, of an opulent and ancient Gloucestershire family, was distinguished for his wit in conversation, no less than for his taste and talents in literature. He wrote a burlesque poem called "The Scribbleriad," and was a principal contributor to the periodical paper called "The World." He died, aged 85, at his seat near Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, in the year 1802, leaving a widow, two sons, and one daughter. His works were collected and republished by his younger son, who prefixed to them a memoir of Mr. Cambridge, which has been justly admired for its elegance and perspicuity. The Rev. George Owen Cambridge—second son of R. O. Cambridge, Esq., Prebendary of Ely and Archdeacon of Middlesex. This gentleman is chiefly known in the literary world by the valuable and interesting memoir of his father, for which it is indebted to him; but the sphere in which he eminently shone, was that of public and private benevolence. He was ever foremost in assisting and promoting the best charitable institutions, and employed his long and exemplary life in doing good to all that came within the reach of his unwearied benevolence. He died at Twickenham Meadows, early in the year 1841.

“So tame a lion, who can say fie on?”

I am glad, however, there seems a little opening to an acquaintance I so much desire. I accepted the ticket, and should if I had not wished for it, merely that I might have to thank her for it.

THURSDAY.—We were all invited to Sir Joshua Reynolds', to dinner, but I was engaged to Mrs. Thrale. In the morning, Miss Benson returned my visit, and Miss Streatfield called also, and sate hours, and Mrs. Hatsell called to, and sat only minutes. I am increasing my acquaintance daily, and that, whether I will or not, with new folks of all sorts.

At Mrs. Thrales's, we were comfortable and alone. She and her daughter carried me to the opera house, and tried to entice me to sit in the pit with them: but I had already engaged a place in Mrs. Fitz's box. I can give you but little account of the opera, for I was much disappointed in it. My expectations had planned another *Buona Figliuola*, or *Frasettana*, from Anfossi, —but it is a pretty opera, simply, and nothing more. *Allegrante* sung very well, but—but—but—oh, how has *Pacchierotti* spoilt me.

FRIDAY.—There was a grand assembly at Lady Gideon's; and everything in the house, both of decorations, refreshments, and accommodation, was in greater magnificence than I have yet seen. Lady Gideon is still very pretty, and extremely gentle, well bred, attentive, and amiable. Sir Sampson seems all good-nature, and his desire to oblige is unremitting, and there is even a humility in the manners of both that makes it impossible to quarrel with them for such other brighter qualities as they have missed.

The moment my reception was over, and my dear father being with me, I felt no awkwardness in my entrance—Mrs. Walsingham came up to me, and invited me to her house for the next Monday morning, to meet Lady Gideon, who was to go and see her paintings. There was no refusing, and, indeed, I wished to see them, as they are of great fame in the world, and, I fancy, very well worth seeing.

The next who found me out was Sir Joshua, and the instant I

told him of the engagement I had made, he said he would go too, for he was invited to call some morning, so he would chioose Monday. He kept with me, to my great satisfaction, the principal part of the evening. He is so pleasant, unaffected, and agreeable, that there is no one, among those who are of celebrity, I can converse with half so easily and comfortably.

Late in the evening came in Lady Margaret Fordyce, and Lady Anne Lindsay: I had hopes they would have sung, but I was disappointed, for they only looked handsome. Mrs. Hampden, also, did that, and was much less in her airs.

Among my acquaintance, were Lord Gage, Miss Monckton, Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Swinerton, Harry Cotton, Mr. H. Shelley, Mrs. Walsingham, the Thrales, and Sir Joshua. Amongst those at whom I looked, were Sir Hew Dalrymple, author of the *Memoirs*, a very respectable looking man, Mr. Erskine, and Soame Jenyns.

Sir Joshua desired me to speak to Soame Jenyns,* for he said he was now of an age to be entitled to such an attention. You may suppose I complied readily. Another time, when he had strolled away for a few minutes, he hastened back to me, and exclaimed,—

"I have just found out Mr. Simkins!"

"Where? which is he?"

"There,—that gentleman, who is bowing to Lady Julianna Penn."

"Merely!" cried I, perceiving, to my great dismay, Mr. Selwyn, "Why, that is one of our intimate friends!"

"Oh, is he so?" cried he, with great readiness. "Why, then, that I suppose, is the reason of the resemblance!"

Wicked enough! however, by no means true.

Afterwards I had some talk with the Duca di Sangro, a Neapolitan nobleman; very young, excessively handsome, and very gay, talkative, sportive, and frolicsome. He took off the French

* The son of Sir Roger Jenyns of Bottisham Hall, Cambridgeshire, which county he represented in Parliament. A successful writer in various departments of literature, but chiefly known by his work "*On the Evidences of the Christian Religion*." He died in 1787.

manner of singing in general, then M. le Gros in particular; he acted, capered, talked comical bad English, sang, languished, laughed and mimicked; and, in short, was an admirable and most diverting buffoon.

A *small* part of the company, consisting of about thirty, were kept to supper; my father and self were of the number. The entertainment given was superb, and most elegantly costly. Twenty-four had seats at our table; the rest stood round, till another supper was prepared in another room. But I shall give no further particulars, as the evening, altogether, was but tiresome.

SUNDAY, DEC. 22.—I went to the French chapel in the morning, and found Mr. Seward here when I returned. He was followed by Barry, and succeeded by Pacchierotti, who, in rather better spirits than I have lately seen him, told me he had been admitted for half an hour the day before to Lady Clarges, as poor Sir Thomas was a little better. She told him that Sir Thomas though often delirious, never failed, in his intervals of reason and of ease, to inquire for Pacchierotti, and to call out, "Has Pacchierotti been here to-day?"—"Does Pacchierotti call always to ask how I do himself?" This affected the feeling of Pacchierotti very strongly.

Lady Clarges, in this short interview, inquired very much about you, and whether you were coming to town, and how your health was, and what were your designs. "Indeed," added the Pac., "is a very true regard which Lady Clarges she has always for Mrs. Phillips."

I asked him if he had heard that Miss Catherine Bull had lent me an Opera ticket—and told him I very much wished to be acquainted with her family. He looked much pleased, and called out, "Then, I am sure, it is in your own power, for Doctor Burney can——" He stopped, as if suddenly recollecting, and checking himself, and added, "I don't know, ma'am, how it is; but you have made, indeed, all the people, not only for the young, but at the same time for the old, quite afraid of you. Indeed, is their just veneration, which is the cause of such a thing."

This always much vexes me, but I know not how to conquer

so unfair a prejudice, while I never can get sight of these folks, except through an opera-glass: in which way they most assiduously view me in return, whenever I am in Mrs. Fitzgerald's box. By his saying the *old*, as well as the *young*, I suspected he meant Lady Mary Duncan; and upon sounding my father, he acknowledged she professed the same ridiculous fear. 'Tis horribly provoking, and thwarts my most favourite views.

MONDAY.—I waited upon Mrs. Walsingham. I found Lady Gideon and two of her daughters, and Lady Middleton, and two other ladies, all assembled to see these pictures. I was, indeed, extremely pleased with the exhibition. They appear to me surprisingly well executed, and the subjects are admirably chosen and selected. They are chiefly copies from old pictures, or from Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two were lent her by the King himself at Windsor,—a Silence, a beautiful picture of Caracci, and a Madonna and Child of Guido. The others are chiefly from the Devonshire collection of Sir Joshua; she has the Fishing Boys, the noble Angel viewing the Cross, two Samuels, a beautiful Child, and one other I cannot recollect. She has also copied Gainsborough's sweet Shepherd's Boy: and there are originals, by herself, of Captain Walsingham, and her son, and Miss Boyle. These are all in oils. There were also some heads in Crayons, and several small figures in Plaster of Paris by Miss Boyle, who inherits her mother's genius and fondness for painting, and who behaved with great modesty and politeness. They showed me also a work of Mrs. Delany, which they have framed. 'Tis from an invention of her own, a Geranium—composed of paper stained different colours, cut out very delicately, and pasted upon paper, so as to look in relief, and the effect is extremely pretty. This she did at eighty-two!

I would have made my exit at the same time with the rest of the company, but Mrs. Walsingham would not suffer me, and made me stay and chat with her for I believe two hours. She insisted upon my telling her the whole history of my writing and publishing "*Evelina*," and was curious for the most minute particulars.

When this curiosity was satisfied, she gave me a long his-

tory of herself, and her painting, with equal openness, and then said :

“But do pray, now, Miss Burney, let me ask one thing more—how came you to write that book that is my first darling—‘Cecilia?’ did the idea come to you by chance? or did you regularly sit down to write by design?”

I had then to satisfy her about this, and she spared not for praises in return, but said one thing which extremely astonished me.

“The character,” cried she, “which I most delight in is Mr. Briggs. I think it the most admirable and entertaining in the book.”

“I am very glad to hear it, ma’am, for he has very few friends.”

“Oh, I know many people think him too low, but that is merely from choosing only to look in the upper circle. Now, I am not at all surprised to find that the Queen objects to him—a foreigner, and in so exalted a station, may well not understand so vulgar a miser—but why people in common life should object to what in common life is to be found, I don’t understand. For myself, while I paint, or work, I can divert myself with thinking of him, and, if I am quite alone, I can burst out a-laughing by recollecting any of his speeches.”

You will easily believe I was by no means so sorry at the Queen’s objection, as I was glad and surprised that her Majesty should ever have met with the book.

“But how wonderfully you have contrived,” she added, “to make one love Mrs. Delville for her sweetness to Cecilia, notwithstanding all her pride, and always to hope the pride is commanded by the husband.”

“No, ma’am,” answered I, “I merely meant to show how differently pride, like every other quality, operates upon different minds, and that, though it is so odious when joined with meanness and incapacity, as in Mr. Delville, it destroys neither respect nor affection when joined with real dignity and generosity of mind, as in Mrs. Delville.”

I had much more to have said of my meaning and purpose in these characters; but she has so much established in the world an opinion of her own pride, that I was glad to leave the subject.

In the evening I went to Lady Rothes' with my father. I found her, as I had left her at Brighton, amiable and sociable. I never tell you when the invitations come, for I rather fancy you will not conclude I am likely to go without them. The party was a good one—Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Walsingham, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, sweet Mrs. Thrale and her daughter, Dr. Cadogan, Miss Streatfield, Mr. Wraxall, Lord Falmouth, Mr. Seward, Mrs. Ord, and some others I did not know; but the evening was a most melancholy one, for I soon heard, from Mrs. Ord, that poor Sir Thomas Clarges was dead! How sorry was I for his lady, for Pacchierotti, and for you! I could never get you a moment out of my head; and from the time that I heard it, I could do nothing but wish myself at home.

The next morning, Tuesday, I wrote a little note of consolation and good wishes to poor Pacchierotti. My father called on the Miss Bulls, and found them in deep affliction. I long to hear if Lady Louisa Nugent can go to Lady Clarges. I believe she is now out of town.

I called upon Bessy Kirwan, and stayed with her a couple of hours; and all our talk was of poor Pacchierotti and his loss, and dear Susy and her health. As I had the coach, I then *spit* cards at Mrs. Chapone's, who has sent me an invitation. I declined; for so I do by at least half I receive, much as I go out;—and at Mrs. Hatsell's, and Mrs. Paradise's, and Lady Gideon's.

When I came here I found Mrs. Wilkinson, who insists upon again renewing our long-dropped acquaintance. She is somewhat improved, I think, and much less affected. Mrs. Ord also called, at the desire of Secretary Ord's lady, to make a tender of acquaintance with me.

I begin to grow most heartily sick and fatigued of this continual round of visiting, and these eternal new acquaintances. I am now arranging matters in my mind for a better plan; and I mean, henceforward, never to go out more than three days in the week; and, as I am now situated, with Mrs. Thrale to seize every moment I do not hide from her, it will require all the management I can possibly make use of to limit my visits to only half the week's days. But yet, I am fixed in resolving to put it in

practice, except upon some very singular and unforeseen occasions, as I really have at present no pleasure in any party, from the trouble and tiresomeness of being engaged to so many.

For my own part, if I wished to prescribe a cure for dissipation, I should think none more effectual than to give it a free course. The many who have lived so from year to year amaze me now more than ever; for now more than ever I can judge what dissipation has to offer. I would not lead a life of daily engagements, even for another month, for any pay short of the most serious and substantial benefit. I have been tired some time, though I have only now broke out; but I will restore my own spirit and pleasure by getting more courage in making refusals, and by giving that zest to company and diversion which can only be given by making them subservient to convenience, and by taking them in turn with quietness and retirement.

This is my intention, and I shall never, by inclination, alter it.

Now, to return to Tuesday, one of my out-days.

I went in the evening to call on Mrs. Thrale, and tore myself away from her to go to Bolt Court to see Dr. Johnson, who is very unwell. He received me with great kindness, and bade me come oftener, which I will try to contrive. He told me he heard of nothing but me, call upon him who would; and, though he pretended to growl, he was evidently delighted for me. His usual set, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins, were with him; and some queer man of a parson, who, after grinning at me some time, said—

“Pray, Mrs. Desmoulins, is the fifth volume of ‘Cecilia’ at home yet? Dr. Johnson made me read it, ma’am.”

“Sir, he did it much honour——”

“Made you, sir?” said the Doctor; “you give an ill account of your own taste or understanding if you wanted any *making*, to read such a book as ‘Cecilia.’”

“Oh, sir, I don’t mean that; for I am sure I left everything in the world to go on with it.”

A shilling was now wanted for some purpose or other, and none of them happened to have one; I begged that I might lend one.

"Ay, do," said the Doctor, "I will borrow of you; authors are like privateers, always fair game for one another."

"True, sir," said the parson, "one author is always robbing another."

"I don't know that, sir," cried the Doctor; "there sits an author who, to my knowledge, has robbed nobody. I have never once caught her at a theft. The rogue keeps her resources to herself!"

CHRISTMAS DAY.—And a merry one be it to my Susy! I went to Oxendon chapel, and heard a very good sermon, by a Mr. Lazard, against infidelity; and I came home and repeated it for divers purposes. I was soon followed by Miss Palmer, and, just as she took her leave, came Pacchierotti, looking so ill, so thin, so dejected! He came to thank me for my consolatory note, and he stayed till dinner-time. Our whole talk was of poor Sir Thomas and his lady. I was happy, however, to keep him, and to make him talk; for he says that when he is at home he is in a state so deplorable it cannot be described. He pressed me to make use both of Lady Mary's tickets and her box for the next comic opera; but I refused both, as I intend to go but once or twice more to the comic opera, and then can make use of Mrs. Crewe's ticket.

THURSDAY.—In the morning Mr. Cambridge came, and made a long visit. He is entertaining, original, and well-bred; somewhat formal, but extremely civil and obliging, and, I believe, remarkably honourable and strict in his principles and actions.

I wished I could have been easy and chatty with him, as I hear he is so much my friend, and as I like him very much; but in truth, he listens to every syllable I utter with so grave a deference, that it intimidates and silences me. When he was about taking leave, he said,—

"Shall you go to Mrs. Ord's to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so," said he, smiling, "and hoped it. Where shall you go to-night?"

"Nowhere; I shall be at home."

"At home? Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, Miss Burney, my son, and I dine to-day in your neighbourhood, at the Archbishop of York's, and, if you please, we will come here in the evening."

This was agreed to. And now I am writing up to the very moment; for it is just seven o'clock, and we are going to tea, as these gentlemen are not expected till nine. He talked much of Capitano, and said several times how happy he should be to know Mrs. Phillips.

Our evening was really a charming one. The two Mr. Cambridges came at about eight o'clock, and the good Mr. Hoole was here.* My father came downstairs to them in high spirits and good humour, and he and the elder Mr. Cambridge not only talked enough for us all, but so well and so pleasantly that no person present had even a wish to speak for himself. Mr. Cambridge has the best stock of good stories I almost ever heard; and, though a little too precise in his manner, he is always well-bred, and almost always entertaining. Our sweet father kept up the ball with him admirably, whether in anecdotes, serious disquisitions, philosophy, or fun: for all which Mr. Cambridge has both talents and inclination.

The son rises extremely in my opinion and liking. He is sensible, rational, and highly cultivated; very modest in all he asserts, and attentive and pleasing in his behaviour; and he is wholly free from the cocknibical airs, either of impertinence, or negligence and nonchalance, that almost all the young men I meet, except also young Burke, are tainted with. What chiefly however, pleased me in him was observing that he quite adores his father. He attended to all his stories with a face that never told he had heard them before; and, though he spoke but little himself, he seemed as well entertained as if he had been the leading person in the company,—a post which, nevertheless, I believe he could extremely well sustain; and, no doubt, much the better for being in no haste to aspire to it. I have seldom, altogether, had an evening with which I have been better pleased.

* John Hoole, the translator of Tasso, Ariosto, &c.

And now, for once, I leave off a packet at the end of a day's adventures. So bless you, my Susy, and all your hearers.

FRIDAY.—I dined with Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson, who was very comic and good humoured. Susan Thrale had just had her hair turned up and powdered, and has taken to the womanly robe. Dr. Johnson sportively gave her instructions how to increase her consequence, and to "take upon her" properly.

"Begin," said he, "Miss Susy, with something grand—something to surprise mankind! Let your first essay in life be a warm censure of 'Cecilia.' You can no way make yourself more conspicuous. Tell the world how ill it was conceived, and how ill executed. Tell them how little there is in it of human nature, and how well your knowledge of the world enables you to judge of the failings in that book. Find fault without fear; and if you are at a loss for any to find, invent whatever comes into your mind, for you may say what you please, with little fear of detection, since of those who praise 'Cecilia' not half have read it, and of those who have read it, not half remember it. Go to work, therefore, boldly; and particularly mark that the character of Albany is extremely unnatural, to your own knowledge, since you never met with such a man at Mrs. Cummyn's School."

This stopped his exhortation, for we laughed so violently at this happy criticism that he could not recover the thread of his harangue.

Mrs. Thrale, who was to have gone with me to Mrs. Ord's, gave up her visit in order to stay with Dr. Johnson; Miss Thrale, therefore, and I went together. We found there Charlotte, who had been invited to dinner, and who looked very pretty and very innocent; Mrs. Chapone, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mr. Mulso, and young Mr. Cambridge. There came afterwards Mr. Burrows, Lady Rothes, Miss Burgoyne, Dr. Pepys, Mr. Seward, and a lady I knew not.

Mrs. Ord received us with her usual good breeding. Mrs. Chapone was more civil than ever, and, after a little general discourse, she asked me if I had yet heard that Swift's Mrs. Delany was among my unknown friends.

"I have a letter," she said, "which I must beg to show you from her, for I think it will be worth your running over. It is in answer to one I wrote, begging to know whether she had met with 'Cecilia.' She tells me that both she and the old Duchess of Portland are reading it for the third time, and that they desire nothing so much as, an acquaintance with the amiable writer."

There, Miss Susanna, there, daddy, the *Old Wits* have begun the charge! This was very pleasant to me indeed, for if they have curiosity as well as I, we shall all have some end to answer in meeting.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28TH.—My father and I dined and spent the day at Sir Joshua Reynolds', after many preceding disappointments. Our dinner party consisted merely of Mr. West,* the painter, Mr. Jackson of Exeter, and Miss Reynolds. Mr. West had, some time ago, desired my father to invite him to our house, to see that lion, your sister, saying to him, "you will be safe, Dr. Burney, in trusting to our meeting, for I am past forty, and married."

My father, however, has had no time, and therefore I believe he applied to Sir Joshua, for the servant who brought our card of invitation said he was to carry no other till ours was answered.

The moment Miss Palmer had received me with a reproachful "At last we are met," Sir Joshua took my hand, and insisted upon wishing me a merry Christmas according to old forms, and then presenting me to Mr. West, he said,—

"You must let me introduce to you one of your greatest admirers."

Mr. West is a very pleasing man, gentle, soft-mannered, cheerful, and serene. Mr. Jackson you may remember our formerly seeing; he is very handsome, and seems possessed of much of that ardent genius which distinguishes Mr. Young; for his expressions, at times, are extremely violent, while at other times he droops, and is so absent that he seems to forget not only all about him, but himself.

* Benjamin West, afterwards President of the Royal Academy.

They were both exceedingly civil to me, and dear Sir Joshua is so pleasant, so easy, so comfortable, that I never was so little constrained in a first meeting with people who I saw came to meet me.

After dinner Mr. Jackson undertook to teach us all how to write with our left hands. Some succeeded, and some failed; but both he and Mr. West wrote nothing but my name. I tried, and would have written Sir Joshua, but it was illegible, and I tore the paper; Mr. Jackson was very vehement to get it from me.

"I have done the worst," cried I, "and I don't like disgracing myself."

"Pho!" cried he, just with the energy and freedom of Mr. Young, "let me see it at once; do you think you can do any thing with your left hand that will lessen the credit of what you have done with your right?"

This, however, was all that was hinted to me upon that subject by him. I had afterwards one slight touch from Mr. West, but the occasion was so tempting I could not possibly wonder at him. Sir Joshua had two snuff-boxes in use, a gold and a tin one; I examined them, and asked why he made use of such a vile and shabby tin one.

"Why," said he laughing, "because I naturally love a little of the blackguard. Ay, and so do you too, little as you look as if you did, and all the people all day long are saying, where can you have seen such company as you treat us with?"

"Why you have seen such, Sir Joshua," said Mr. West, taking up the tin snuff-box, "for this box you must certainly have picked up at Briggs's sale."

You may believe I was eager enough now to call a new subject; and Sir Joshua, though he loves a little passing speech or two upon this matter, never insists upon keeping it up, but the minute he sees he has made me look about me or look foolish, he is most good-naturedly ready to give it up.

But how, my dearest Susy, can you wish any wishes about Sir Joshua and me? A man who has had two shakes of the palsy! What misery should I suffer if I were only his niece, from a

terror of a fatal repetition of such a shock ! I would not run voluntarily into such a state of perpetual apprehension for the wealth of the East. Wealth, indeed, *per se*, I never too much valued, and my acquaintance with its possessors has by no means increased my veneration for it.

Sir Joshua has a plan in consideration for instituting a jubilee in honour of Raphael, who, this Easter, will have been dead 300 years. He is not yet determined what ceremonies to have performed, but he charged me to set my "little brain" to work in thinking for him, and said he should insist upon my assistance.

I had afterwards a whispering conversation with Mrs. Reynolds, which made me laugh, from her excessive oddness and absurdity. It began about Chesington. She expressed her wonder how I could have passed so much time there. I assured her that with my own will I should pass much more time there, as I know no place where I had had more, if so much, happiness.

"Well, bless me!" cried she, holding up her hands, "and all this variety comes from only one man! That's strange indeed, for, by what I can make out, there's nothing but that one Mr. Quip there!"

"Mr. *Crisp*," said I, "is indeed the only man, but there are also two ladies, very dear friends of mine, who live there constantly."

"What! and they neither of them married that Mr.—that same gentleman?"

"No, they never married anybody; they are single, and so is he."

"Well, but if he is so mighty agreeable," said she, holding her finger up to her nose most significantly, "can you tell me how it comes to pass he should never have got a wife in all this time?"

There was no answering this but by grinning; but I thought how my dear Kitty would again have called her the *old sifter*.

She afterwards told me of divers most ridiculous distresses she had been in with Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Ord.

"I had the most unfortunate thing in the world happen to me," she said, "about Mrs. Montagu, and I always am in some distress or misfortune with that lady. She did me the honour

to invite me to dine with her last week,—and I am sure there is nobody in the world can be more obliged to Mrs. Montagu for taking such notice of anybody :—but just when the day came I was so unlucky as to be ill, and that, you know, made it quite improper to go and dine with Mrs. Montagu, for fear of any disagreeable consequences. So this vexed me very much, for I had nobody to send to her that was proper to appear before Mrs. Montagu : for, to own the truth, you must know I have no servant but a maid, and I could not think of sending such a person to Mrs. Montagu. So I thought it best to send a chairman, and to tell him only to ring at the bell, and to wait for no answer ; because then the porter might tell Mrs. Montagu my servant brought the note, for the porter could not tell but he might be my servant. But my maid was so stupid, she took the shilling I gave her for the chairman, and went to a green-shop, and bid the woman send somebody with the note, and she left the shilling with her : so the green-woman, I suppose, thought she might keep the shilling, and instead of sending a chairman she sent her own errand-girl ; and she was all dirt and rags. But this is not all ; for, when the girl got to the house, nothing would serve her but she would give the note to Mrs. Montagu, and wait for an answer ; so then, you know, Mrs. Montagu saw this ragged green-shop girl. I was never so shocked in my life, for when she brought me back the note I knew at once how it all was. Only think what a mortification, to have Mrs. Montagu see such a person as that ! She must think it very odd of me indeed to send a green-shop girl to such a house as hers !”

Now for a distress equally grievous with Mrs. Ord :—

“ You must know Mrs. Ord called on me the other day when I did not happen to be dressed ; so I had a very pretty sort of a bed-gown, like a jacket, hanging at the fire, and I had on a petticoat, with a border on it of the same pattern ; but the bed-gown I thought was damp, and I was in a hurry to go down to Mrs. Ord, so I would not stay to dry it, but went down in another bed-gown, and put my cloak on. But only think what Mrs. Ord must think of it, for I have since thought she must suppose I had no gown on at all, for you must know my cloak was so long it only showed the petticoat.”

If this makes you grin as it did me, you will be glad of another specimen of her sorrows :—

"I am always," said she, "out of luck with Mrs. Ord, for another time when she came there happened to be a great slop on the table ; so, while the maid was going to the door, I took up a rag that I had been wiping my pencils with, for I had been painting, and I wiped the table : but as she got upstairs before I had put it away, I popped a handkerchief upon it. However, while we were talking, I thought my handkerchief looked like a litter upon the table, and thinks I, Mrs. Ord will think it very untidy, for she is all neatness, so I whisked it into my pocket ; but I quite forgot the rag with the paint on it. So, when she was gone,—bless me!—there I saw it was sticking out of my pocket, in full sight. Only think what a slut Mrs. Ord must think me, to put a dish-clout in my pocket !"

I had several stories of the same sort, and I fear I have lost all reputation with her for dignity, as I laughed immoderately at her disasters.

DECEMBER 29TH.—In the morning called Pacchierotti, rather in better spirits, but still looking very ill. I did not dare mention Lady Clarges, though I much wished to have gathered some information, in order to have sent it to you ; [but he is now so depressed by the loss of his friend, that he cannot, without a sadness too much well to endure, talk or think of him.

MONDAY, DEC. 30TH.—I spent all the morning at my aunt's. In the evening I went, by appointment, to Mrs. Chapone, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mr. and Mrs. Mulso, and Mr. Burrows and his old maiden sister. We had rather a *hum-drum* evening. I cannot bring myself to be well enough acquainted with this set to try at enlivening it, because I cannot help being half afraid of them ; otherwise, a little rattling would prodigiously mend matters, and, though they might stare a little, I am sure they would like it.

Mrs. Chapone showed me a head of Mrs. Delany ; I admired it much ; there looks much benevolence and sense in it.

"I am glad," said I, "to see even thus much of her."

"I hope then," said Mrs. Chapone, "you will give me the pleasure of introducing you to know more of her."

TUESDAY, DEC. 31ST.—I went this morning with my dear father to Sir John Ashton Lever's, where we could not but be entertained. Sir Ashton * came and talked to us a good while. He may be an admirable naturalist, but I think if in other matters you leave the *ist* out, you will not much wrong him. He looks full sixty years old, yet he had dressed not only two young men, but himself, in a green jacket, a round hat, with green feathers, a bundle of arrows under one arm, and a bow in the other, and thus, accoutred as a forester, he pranced about; while the younger fools, who were in the same garb, kept running to and fro in the garden, carefully contriving to shoot at some mark, just as any of the company appeared at any of the windows. After such a specimen of his actions, you will excuse me if I give you none of his conversation.

We met with Mr. Nollekens and Miss Welsh.

As soon as I came home I went to Mrs. Thrale's, where I bargained for having nobody admitted, and I stayed till eleven o'clock, spending as quietly sociable a day as I could wish. But I was much vexed I had not returned somewhat sooner when I heard that young Mr. Cambridge had been here, just arrived from Chesington. I would have given the world to have heard his immediate account of what had passed, and whether the place and people had answered his expectations.

* Known as the collector of what was long exhibited to the public as the Leverian Museum, consisting of natural and artificial curiosities. He was the son of a Lancashire baronet, and so impaired his fortune by his passion for "collecting," that he was induced to dispose of his museum by lottery in 1785. He died in 1788.

that Pacchierotti did not know me. There was very little company. The famous old *dilettante*, Mrs. French, was in the next box to ours, and put her head in to ask if I was not "Miss Mee?" Mrs. Ord had a good mind to answer no, Miss B. However, when I told her of her mistake, she entered, nevertheless, into chat, asking my opinion of the opera, and what was the story, and the new singer, Carnevale, &c.

The opera is called "Cimene," and the story is the "Cid." The music Berton's. Some is very pretty, some very trite, and a good many passages borrowed from Sacchini. Many things, however, in the scheme of the opera were, to me, quite new. The duet they begin and end together, without one solo bit for either singer. It is extremely pretty, and if Piozzi had the upper part would have been beautiful. The conclusion is a long historical finale, such as we have been only used to in comic operas; and just before the last chorus Pacchierotti has a solo air, accompanied by the mandoline, which has a mighty pretty effect; but, not being expected, John Bull did not know whether it would be right or not to approve it, and, therefore, instead of applauding, the folks only looked at one another.

The new singer, Carnevale, has a loud, violent voice, very harsh and unpleasing, and as little manageable or flexible as if she had sung all her life merely by ear, and without teaching of any sort. She has all the abilities to be a great singer, and she is worse than any little one. Pacchierotti's first song is a sweet *mezza bravura*, or sweet, at least, he made it, with the same words Millico * had, "Placa lo sdegno, O cara." His second is "una vera cantabile." Oh, such singing!—so elegant!—so dignified!—so chaste!—so polished!—I never hear him sing without wishing for you, who only feel his singing as my father and I do; for my father seems more and more delighted with it every time he hears him.

FRIDAY, 4TH JAN.—We had an invited party at home, both for dinner and the evening. The occasion was in honour of Dr. Parr, of Norwich, Mr. Twining's friend; and who has been very kind about our Charles. He had been asked to dinner, to

* An Italian soprano singer, one of the most celebrated of his time.

meet Dr. Johnson, but could not come till the evening. Mr. Seward and Mr. Sastres came early. Charles also came from Chiswick.

Dr. Johnson came so very late, that we had all given him up; he was, however, very ill, and only from an extreme of kindness did he come at all. When I went up to him, to tell how sorry I was to find him so unwell,—

“Ah!” he cried, taking my hand and kissing it, “who shall ail anything when ‘Cecilia’ is so near? Yet you do not think how poorly I am!”

This was quite melancholy, and all dinner time he hardly opened his mouth but to repeat to me,—“Ah! you little know how ill I am.” He was excessively kind to me, in spite of all his pain, and indeed I was so sorry for him, that I could talk no more than himself. All our comfort was from Mr. Seward, who enlivened us as much as he possibly could by his puns and his sport. But poor Dr. Johnson was so ill, that after dinner he went home.

Very early in the evening came Mrs. Fitzgerald, who has all her life been dying to see Dr. Johnson, and who, I am sure, was extremely disappointed in missing him. Soon after came Mrs. Ord, who was less provoked, because her curiosity has often been gratified. Then came young Mr. Cambridge, who had had the same inducement sent him. Charles also came, and Mr. P—— the only accidental caller-in of the party.

My father now came up to me, followed by Dr. Parr, and said,—

“Fanny, Dr. Parr wishes to be introduced to you.”

I got up, and made my reverence.

“Dr. Parr,” said my father, “gives us hopes of seeing Mr. Twining this year.”

“If Miss Burney,” cried the Doctor, “would write to him, success would be certain. I am sure he could resist nothing from her hand. Tell him he must come and see Mrs. Siddons.”

“Ay,” said my father, “and hear Pacchierotti.”

“Whatever Miss Burney tells him, will do—one line from her would do. And if she makes use even of any false pretences, as they will be for so good a purpose, I will absolve her.”

I hate, even in jest, this loose morality from a clergyman. I only curtsied, and so forth, but attempted no answer; and he grew tired, and went on with my father and Mr. Seward.

Mr. Cambridge then asked me concerning this Mr. Twining, and I gave him a little history of his character, but not so animated a one as of my Daddy, lest he should order his horse, and set off for Colchester. His enthusiasm for anything he supposes admirable would never have stopped short of such an expedition. We then went on chatting about Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Johnson, and sundries, till Mrs. Ord broke up the party by taking leave. Mrs. Fitzgerald, too, went at the same time.

Mr. P——, at last, spied me out, and came *squinying* up to me. His eyes are smaller than ever, and he is more blind than ever, and he pokes his nose more into one's face than ever. Mrs. Fitzgerald could not look at him without bursting into an almost hoarse laugh; which really made me hardly able to speak to him: but he talked to me with his usual prolific powers of entertainment. Dr. Parr, Mr. Seward, my father, and Mr. Sastres kept in a clump.

* * * * *

Young Mr. Cambridge need not complain of my taciturnity, whatever his father may do. Who, indeed, of all my new acquaintances has so well understood me? The rest all talk of "Evelina" and "Cecilia," and turn every other word into some compliment; while he talks of Chesington, or Captain Phillips, and pays me, not even by implication, any compliments at all. He neither looks at me with any curiosity, nor speaks to me with any air of expectation; two most insufferable honours, which I am continually receiving. He is very properly conscious he has at least as much to say as to hear, and he is above affecting a ridiculous deference to which he feels I have no claim. If I met with more folks who would talk to me upon such rational terms,—considering, like him, their own dignity of full as much value as my ladyship's vanity,—with how infinitely more ease and pleasure should I make one in those conversations!

SATURDAY.—I made visits this morning to Miss E—— and Mrs. Chapone, and found only the last at home ; but as she was not only last, but best, it accorded extremely well with my wishes. I then went on to Mrs. Thrale, with whom I spent the day—always with all my heart.

MONDAY.—Mrs. Fitzgerald called for me in the morning, to go to the last rehearsal of “Cimene.” I have nothing new to say about it. Mr. Fitzgerald brought Pacchierotti, for a few moments, into our box. He was not in spirits, but could not help singing sweetly.

As we were coming out of the Opera house, just at the door leading to the Haymarket, I saw the two Miss Bulls. Lady Mary Duncan, whom they had been with, had gone on. Miss Catherine Bull accidentally looked round, and, thinking now or never to put an end to the awkwardness of our acquaintance and no acquaintance, I ventured to instantly curtsy, though rather uncertain whether I was known. Miss Catherine returned my reverence with much alacrity, and most eagerly called after her sister,—“Sister! sister! here’s Miss Burney!” Miss Bull came back, and more curtseys followed. Miss Catherine Bull then began a most warm *éloge* of Pacchierotti.

“I hope,” cried she, “the new opera will be applauded!—If Pacchierotti is not applauded, I shall die! He is so unhappy about it!”

“It is very unfortunate,” said I, “that even those friends he has made, small as the number is to what I wish it, he is not conscious that he possesses; for they are, in general, the most quiet and attentive part of the audience, and though they listen to him with as much pleasure as we do, they hardly think of applauding him; and therefore he concludes they do not like him.”

“Yes,” cried Miss Catherine, “and one may talk one’s self out of breath before he will believe one, when one tells him how many people admire him.”

Mrs. Fitzgerald then made me go with her to Cosway’s to see her little girl’s picture. I saw also some sweet things there, especially a miniature of the Duchess of Rutland, that is beauty itself. I passed the rest of the day *chez nous*.

TUESDAY.—I was all the morning with Mrs. Thrale, and then went with my father to dinner at Mrs. Ord's. We met the Denoyers, and Jonas Hanway, the old traveller.* He is very loquacious, extremely fond of talking of what he has seen and heard, and would be very entertaining were he less addicted to retail anecdotes and reports from newspapers. Mr. Selwyn also was there.

THURSDAY.—Again at home, though Mrs. Thrale came to me to offer me a place in her side-box, to see Mrs. Siddons in "Belvidera." I could refuse that without offence, though not without surprise, as it was so generally a desirable thing, that it showed how much I really and sincerely coveted a little respite from dress and bustle. I had, however, seen and been half killed by Mrs. Siddons in "Belvidera," or I could not have been so heroic in my domesticity.

FRIDAY.—Again at home, but not alone, for we had visitors all day. Mr. Jackson,† of Exeter, came in the morning, and brought, as he had begged leave to do, his daughter. She seems sensible, but she is rather conceited, and fond of talking, and talking as if well satisfied she deserved hearers.

Before they went came Miss Streatfield, looking pale, but very elegant and pretty. She was in high spirits, and I hope has some reason. She made, at least, speeches that provoked such surmises. When the Jacksons went,—

"That," said I, "is the celebrated Jackson of Exeter; I dare say you would like him if you knew him."

"I dare say I should," cried she, simpering, "for he has the two requisites for me,—he is tall and thin."

* Jonas Hanway. Celebrated first as a traveller, and afterwards as a philanthropist; the establishment of the Marine Society and the Magdalen Hospital was chiefly due to his exertions. He was a man of eccentric habits, and greatly injured his fortune by his active benevolence. The government of the day, (under Lord Bute) in consequence of solicitations on his behalf from the principal merchants of London, appointed him a Commissioner of the Navy, (which post he enjoyed for twenty years, and the salary of it to the end of his life.) He was born in 1712, and died in 1786.

† William Jackson, chiefly known as a musical composer; but he possessed considerable and varied attainments, both as a writer and an artist. He was born at Exeter in 1730 and died in 1804.

To be sure, this did not at all call for raillery! Dr. Vyse has always been distinguished by those two epithets. I said, however, nothing, as my mother was present; but she would not let my looks pass unnoticed.

"Oh!" cried she, "how wicked you look!—No need of seeing Mrs. Siddons, for expression!—However, you know how much that is my taste,—tall and thin!—but you don't know how *à propos* it is just now!"

She was here interrupted by the entrance of young Mr. Cambridge, who then came into the room.

He had a good deal of talk with Miss Streatfield about her darling Bishop of Chester, at whose house he has often met her. She talked of him with her usual warmth of passionate admiration, and he praised him very much also, and said,—

"I know no house where conversation is so well understood as the Bishop of Chester's,—except this,—where, from the little I have seen—and much more I hope to see—I think it is more pleasantly and desirably managed than anywhere."

FRIDAY.—Mr. Jackson and his daughters came to tea in the evening, and Miss Mathias, as a visitor of Charlotte's. Mr. Jackson, unfortunately, was in one of his gloomy humours, and would not talk with my mother; as to me, I never hardly, when the party is so small, can talk with any comfort or spirit. I gave the evening wholly, therefore, to Miss Jackson, who could give me back nothing in payment, but that I had merely done what was fitting to do.

I made a visit to poor Dr. Johnson, to inquire after his health. I found him better, yet extremely far from well. One thing, however, gave me infinite satisfaction. He was so good as to ask me after Charles, and said, "I shall be glad to see him; pray tell him to call upon me." I thanked him very much, and said how proud he would be of such a permission.

"I should be glad," said he, still more kindly, "to see him, if he were not your brother; but were he a dog, a cat, a rat, a frog, and belonged to you, I must needs be glad to see him!"

Mr. Seward has sent me a proof plate, upon silver paper, of an extremely fine impression of this dear Doctor, a mezzotinto,

by Doughty, from Sir Joshua's picture, and a very pretty note to beg my acceptance of it. I am much obliged to him, and very glad to have it.

SATURDAY, JAN. 11TH.—I went early to my dear Mrs. Thrale's to spend the whole day with her, which I did most comfortably, and nobody was let in. In the evening, as I had Mrs. Crewe's ticket, I went with her and Miss Thrale into the pit at the Opera. It was Medonte. Pacchierotti was charmingly in voice, and we sat near the orchestra, and I heard him to all possible advantage.

In our way, we passed through the coffee-room. There we were recognised by Mr. J——. He was very civil, and soon after we had taken our places, Mrs. Thrale being between her daughter and me, he took the outward seat next to mine, where he sat during the whole opera. He is affected and dainty, but he knows music very well, and is passionately an admirer of Pacchierotti, which made me very glad of having him in my neighbourhood. A gentleman, too, of his acquaintance, who sat between us, was quite a vehement admirer of the sweet Pac's., yet I observed that neither of them gave him any applause,—so indolent people are even in their pleasures.

Mr. J——, though he talked to me very much, never did it while the Pac. was singing, or while anything else was going forward that was worth attention.

"Have you read," he said, "the new book that has had such a run in France, '*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*?'"

"No," answered I, not much pleased at the name, "I have not even heard of it."

"Indeed!—it has made so much noise in France I am quite surprised at that. It is not, indeed, a work that recommends very strict morality: but you, we all know, may look into any work without being hurt by it."

I felt hurt then, however, and very gravely answered,—

"I cannot give myself that praise, as I never look into any books that could hurt me."

He bowed, and smiled, and said, that was "very right," and added,—

"This book was written by an officer; and he says, there are no characters nor situations in it that he has not himself seen."

"That, then," cried I, "will with me always be a reason to as little desire seeing the officer as his book."

He looked a little simple at this, but pretended to approve it very much. However, I fancy it will save him the trouble of inquiring into my readings any more. I was really provoked with him, however, and though he was most obsequiously civil to me, I only spoke to him in answer, after this little dialogue.

When the opera was over, he took leave of us to go into some better place, I fancy, for seeing a new dance, which was to follow. But I was very much surprised, when, while I was speaking to Mrs. Thrale, a voice said, "How do you do, Miss Burney?" and turning about, I saw Mr. J——'s place had been taken by Mr. George Cambridge. You may easily believe I was not sorry at the change. I like him, indeed, extremely. He is both elegant and sensible, and almost all the other folks I meet deserve, at best, but *one* of those epithets.

When the dance was over, he joined some other ladies, and we met with my father, and Harry Cotton, and proceeded to the coffee-room. It was, however, so crowded, we could not make way to the door.

Among the fine folks was Lady Archer, whom I had never before seen so near: and, notwithstanding all her most unnatural taint of white and red, her features were so perfect and so lovely, I could not help saying,—

"What pity so much beauty should be thrown away!"

"Beauty:" repeated H. Cotton, "if any there be, I must own it lies too deep for me to see it."

I went to-day to Lady H's., who has been here. She looks extremely ill, and *is* very ill; and Miss C. looked extremely ugly, and *is* very ugly; and the other Misses looked extremely affected and conceited, and *are* affected and conceited: so looks and facts were well suited.

I then called on Mrs. Fitzgerald, and had a hearty and robust halloo with her, comically in contrast with the languor I had just left, and then came home, where I stayed with my mother the rest of the day.

MONDAY, JAN. 13TH.—This proved, and unexpectedly, a very agreeable day to me. I went with my father to dine at Mrs. Walsingham's, where I only went so soon again because he wished it, but where I passed my time extremely well. The party was small,—Dr. Warton, Mr. T. Warton, Mr. Pepys, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Walker the lecturer,* and my dear Sir Joshua Reynolds, with my father, were all the men; and Mrs. Montagu was the only other female besides myself.

Dr. Warton made me a most obsequious bow; I had been introduced to him, by Sir Joshua, at Mrs. Cholmondeley's. He is what Dr. Johnson calls a rapturist, and I saw plainly he meant to pour forth much civility into my ears, by his looks, and watching for opportunities to speak to me: I so much, however, dread such attacks, that every time I met his eye, I turned another way, with so frigid a countenance, that he gave up his design. He is a very communicative, gay, and pleasant converser, and enlivened the whole day by his readiness upon all subjects.

Mr. Tom Warton, the poetry historiographer, looks unformed in his manners, and awkward in his gestures. He joined not one word in the general talk, and, but for my father, who was his neighbour at dinner, and entered into a *tête-à-tête* conversation with him, he would never have opened his mouth after the removal of the second course.

Mr. Montagu is Mrs. Montagu's nephew, and adopted son. He is young, and well enough looking, has an uncommon memory for all he has read, is extremely civil in his behaviour, and seems extremely well-formed in his mind, both with respect to literature, and to principle. He affects, however, talking French rather too much, and has a something finical in his manners, that, with me, much lessens their power of pleasing.

Mr. Walker, though modest in science, is vulgar in conversation. The rest I have nothing new to say about.

* Adam Walker was long known throughout England as a lecturer on astronomy, and as the inventor of the Eidouranon. In early life, he showed an extraordinary capacity for mechanics, but was of very eccentric habits, having, when quite a youth, built himself a hut in a thicket near his father's house, that he might pursue his studies uninterruptedly. He first commenced lecturing on astronomy in London in 1778.

I was placed at dinner between Sir Joshua and Mr. Montagu. I had a great deal of exceeding comfortable and easy chat with Sir Joshua, as I always have, which makes his very sight enliven me in all these places. I had intended not speaking at all with Mr. Montagu, as I thought him so fine; but he was so very civil, and so perpetually addressed me, that before dinner was over we seemed quite well acquainted.

When we left the gentlemen, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Walsingham began a conversation upon Lady Charlotte Finch's late excursion to Spain, and then talked upon foreign places and foreign people with much spirit and entertainment. When the gentlemen joined us, the same subject continued, and was extremely well treated. Mrs. Montagu was particularly cheerful, and said many very good things. Indeed, nothing was said that deserved not attention.

Once, however, I was a little startled: the conversation, by degrees, fell upon books, and everybody agreed that Sir Roger de Coverley was, perhaps, the first character ever drawn, for perfection of delineation.

"But I cannot help suspecting," said Dr. Warton, "it is taken from the life, as there are certain traits in it too excellent to have been merely invented: particularly that singularity, that wherever he visited he always talked to the servants the whole way he went upstairs."

Mr. Montagu here arose, and walking round to the back of my chair, said, in a whisper,—

"Miss Burney, pray how is this? must a character, to be excellent, be drawn from the life? I beg you would tell me?"

Malicious enough, this!

"Oh," answered I, as easily as I could, "unless we knew what characters *are*, and what are not, drawn from the life, 'tis impossible to decide."

TUESDAY.—I spent at Mrs. Thrale's all the afternoon, but had two engagements for the evening; one with Mrs. Ord, who had written me the finest of panegyrics from Soame Jenyns, who had charged her to contrive a meeting for him, and she begged to see me on Saturday. I had no heart for such an encounter,

and sent an excuse. She then insisted upon seeing me, and, when I went, declared I should fix my own day, and showed me Mr. Jenyns' notes upon the subject, all expressing his violent impatience for the interview. I was obliged to agree for Friday; but indeed with no good will, for I am not at all equal to such formal engagements. If I had met him accidentally I should have been much pleased; but arranging a meeting, professedly to hear his compliments, nothing in the world but an inability of resisting Mrs. Ord's importunity should have made me consent to.

Mrs. Carter was with her. I could not, however, stay, though so quiet a trio would much better have suited me.

We had a note to-day from Hetty, who is just returned from Farnham, with a request from the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. North that they might come here to tea the next day. Mrs. North has long made advances to me of acquaintance: however, Hetty wrote me word from Farnham, that she said she saw I shirked her, but she was determined to conquer me, if human powers could do it.

My dear father was delighted, and readily agreed to their coming. He would have had nobody invited to meet them; but my mother, of her own accord, and without telling him, sent to invite Mr. George Cambridge, whose civility to her has won her heart, and most especially his bringing her the print of Mrs. Siddons.

They came very early, the Bishop, Mrs. North, Mr. Burney, and Hetty, who had dined with them. Mrs. North apologised, with an easy gaiety, to my mother, for the liberty she had taken, and then bid Hetty introduce her to Charlotte and me. She spoke to me at once with a freedom and facetiousness which she meant to inspire me with the same, and make me shake off the shyness she had heard belonged to me with strangers; but her flightiness, like that of Mrs. Cholmondeley, which it a good deal resembled, only served to make me feel foolish, and wish her to address somebody else. The Bishop was quiet and gentle, and talked only with my father.

I was sitting by myself upon the sofa, when Hetty, crossing over to me, said—

"Mrs. North declares she sees you are going into a lethargy, and she has sent me to rouse you."

Mrs. North then followed herself, and began a vehement charge to me not to be formal. She reproached me, with great good humour, for so long shirking her acquaintance; said she was sure I had conceived an aversion to her, but gave me her word I should like the Bishop of all things. Then calling him up to us, she said—

"Did not I tell you as we came along that I knew she would like you vastly, and me not at all?"

"I beg your pardon," cried I, "but perhaps I may be less afraid of the Bishop from expecting less of his notice."

"There now—that's abominable! She's afraid of me, and not of you."

"Because I," cried the Bishop, "am afraid of her, that's all."

My mother now summoned them to look at Mrs. Siddons' print, and I was glad of the opportunity to remove, as this rattling requires more intimacy and congeniality to make it to me pleasant.

Mrs. North, being satisfied with the print, again placed me next her on the sofa. She showed us all a very beautiful bouquet, half natural and half artificial, and then, taking it out of her bosom, she insisted upon fastening it in mine; and when I would have declined it, cried out,—

"Come, you little toad, don't be absurd. Let me fix it for you at once."

And afterwards, when I did not instantly understand some queer speech she made, and which might be taken many ways, she exclaimed—

"Come, now, don't be dull!"

When they were taking leave, Monday was fixed upon for all of us but my mother, who was allowed to excuse herself, to dine at the Bishop's. I was engaged in the evening to an assembly at Mrs. Thrale's.

THURSDAY.—This morning we had a visit from the elder Mr. Cambridge. I cannot, however, be at all easy with the father, though I admire him more and more, and think all that is formal

in him wears off upon acquaintance, and all that is pleasant grows more and more conspicuous. But he behaves to me with a kind of deference that kills me; he listens to what I say, as you would listen to Dr. Johnson, and leans forward with an air of respect that, from a man such as him, half petrifies me; for what upon earth could I find to say that would answer high-raised expectations from Mr. Cambridge? I feel with him as I did with Mr. Burke—an admiration that makes me delighted to hear him; but that makes me, at the same time, dread to hear myself. If they took less notice of me, I should do better.

He told us he had had great pleasure in seeing again his old acquaintance Mr. Crisp,—

“But for Mrs. Phillips,” he cried, “I am in love with her—I want to marry her—I never was so much charmed in so short a time before.”

I believe I did look a little more at my ease when he said this. His praise of my Susy is worth having; and he spoke it with a warmth and pleasure that made me almost long to embrace him. I think that would have put an end to this distance I complain of pretty completely.

FRIDAY.—Now for this grand interview with Soame Jenyns. I went with my dear father, who was quite enchanted at the affair. Dear soul, how he feeds upon all that brings fame to Cecilia! his eagerness upon this subject, and his pleasure in it, are truly enthusiastic, and, I think, rather increase by fulness than grow satiated.

We were late; there was a good deal of company, not in groups, nor yet in a circle, but seated square round the room, in order following,—Miss Ellerker, Mrs. Soame Jenyns, Mrs. Thrale, her daughter, Mrs. Buller, Mr. Cambridge, sen., Mr. Soame Jenyns, Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Cambridge, jun., Miss Burgoyne, a lady or two I knew not, and three or four men.

Mrs. Ord almost ran to the door to receive us, and every creature of this company, contrary to all present custom in large meetings, stood up.

“Why have you been so late?” cried Mrs. Ord; “we have been waiting for you this hour. I was afraid there was some mistake.”

"My father could not come sooner."

"But why would you not let me send my coach for you? Mr. Soame Jenyns has been dying with impatience; some of us thought you would not come; others thought it only coquetry; but come, let us repair the time as we can, and introduce you to one another without further delay."

You may believe how happy I felt at this "some thought," and "others," which instantly betrayed that everybody was apprised they were to see this famous rencounter; and lest I should mark it less, everybody still stood up.

Mr. Jenyns now, with all the speed in his power, hastened up to me, and began a long harangue of which I know hardly a word, upon the pleasure and favour, and honour, and what not, of meeting me, and upon the delight, and information, and amusement of reading "Cecilia."

I made all possible reverences, and tried to get to a seat, but Mrs. Ord, when I turned from him, took my hand, and leading me to the top of the room, presented me to Mrs. Jenyns. Reverences were repeated here, in silence, however, so they did very well. I then hoped to escape to Mrs. Thrale, who held out her hand to me, pointing to a chair by her own, and saying,—

"Must I too, make interest to be introduced to Miss Burney?"

This, however, was not allowed; Mrs. Ord again took my hand, and parading me to the sofa, said—

"Come, Miss Burney, and let me place you by Mrs. Buller."

I was glad, by this time, to be placed anywhere, for not till then did the company seat themselves.

Mr. Cambridge, sen., then came up to speak to me, but had hardly asked how I did, before Mrs. Ord brought Mr. Jenyns to me again, and made him my right-hand neighbour, saying—

"There! now I have put you fairly together, I have done with you."

Mrs. Buller is tall and elegant in her person; she is a famous Greek scholar, a celebrated traveller upon the Continent, to see customs and manners; and a woman every way singular, for her knowledge and enterprising way of life.

Mr. Soame Jenyns, then, thus called upon—could he do less?

—began an eulogy unrivalled, I think, for extravagance of praise. All creation was open to me; no human being ever began that book, and had power to put it down; pathos, humour, interest, moral—O Heavens! I heard, however, but the leading words; though everybody else, the whole room being silent, doubtless heard how they hung together. Had I been carried to a theatre, to hear an oration upon my own performances, I could hardly have felt more confounded.

I bowed my head during the first two or three sentences, by way of marking that I thought them over; but over they were not the more. I then turned away, but I only met Mrs. Buller, who took up the panegyric where Mr. Jenyns stopped for breath.

In short, the things that were said, with the attention of the whole company, would have drawn blushes into the cheeks of Agujari or Garrick. I was almost upon the point of running away. I changed so often from hot to cold that I really felt myself in a fever and an ague. I never even attempted to speak to them, and I looked with all the frigidity I possibly could, in hopes they would tire of bestowing such honours on a subject so ungrateful.

One moment I had hopes that Mr. G. Cambridge, in Christian charity, was coming to offer some interruption; for, when these speeches were in their height, he came and sate down on a chair immediately opposite Miss Thrale, and equally near, in profile, to me; but he merely said, "I hope Dr. Burney has not wanted his pamphlet?" Even Mrs. Thrale would not come near me, and told me afterwards it had been such a settled thing, before my arrival, that I was to belong to Mr. Soame Jenyns, that she did not dare.

At length, however, the people, finding there was no chance of amusement from me, and naturally concluding Mr. Jenyns could say little more, began to entertain themselves in a more general way; and then Mr. Cambridge, sen., entered into an argument with Mrs. Buller upon foreign customs opposed to English, and upon the difficulty of getting good conversation, from the eternal interyention of politics or dissipation.

Mrs. Buller was clever and spirited, but bold and decisive; Mr. Cambridge was entertaining and well bred, and had all the right, I thought, on his side. I had more relief, however, than pleasure in the conversation; for my joy in being no longer the object of the company was such as not to leave me quite at liberty for attending to what was said.

The moment they were gone, "Well, Miss Burney," said Mrs. Ord, "have you and Mr. Jenyns had a great deal of conversation together?"

"O yes, a great deal on my part!"

"Why, you don't look quite recovered from it yet—did not you like it?"

"O yes, it was perfectly agreeable to me!"

"Did he oppress you?" cried Mr. Cambridge, and then began a very warm praise of him for his talents, wit, and understanding, his knowledge, writings, and humour.

I should have been very ready to have joined with him, had I not feared he meant an implied reproach to me, for not being more grateful for the praise of a man such as he described. I am sorry he was present if that is the case; but the truth is, the evening was not merely disagreeable but painful to me. It became now, however, quite the contrary; Mr. Cambridge took the lead, and told some stories, that for humour and comicality I think unequalled.

When we all broke up upon Mrs. and Miss Thrale's going, Mr. George Cambridge very good-naturedly said to me—

"How sorry I have been for you to-night!"

"Oh, I shall take care how I come here again," answered I; "I have often tied Mrs. Ord up to promise I should find her alone, and I don't much think I shall be in haste to come again without making the same agreement."

Mrs. Ord herself, then coming up to me, regretted that Mrs. Boscowen had been at the house; but, though she came on purpose, could not stay my arrival, I was so late! I wished to have remonstrated against her making this silly interview thus public, and inviting witnesses; but I saw she meant me so much kindness, that I had not courage to tell her how very utterly she had

failed. I shall not, therefore, complain or scold, but only try to guard against any more such scenes in future.

Even my father himself, fond as he is of this ado about "Cecilia," was sorry for me to-night, and said I looked quite ill one time.

SATURDAY.—I felt so fagged with the preceding day's fuss, that I really wanted quieting and refitting. Mr. George Cambridge, in the morning, brought home my father's pamphlet, and asked me how I did after Mr. Soame Jenyns.

"Oh, pretty well, now!" cried I; "but I must own I most heartily wished myself at plain, quiet, sober Chesington the whole of the evening."

"Well!" said he, "you concealed your uneasiness extremely well, for my father never saw it. I saw it, and was very much concerned at it; but when I mentioned something of it to him this morning, he was quite astonished."

"I doubt not," said I; "he only thought I received a great deal of honour."

"No, no, it was not that; but he has no idea of those sort of things. I am sorry, however, you saw Soame Jenyns to such disadvantage, for he is worth your knowing. His conversation is not flowing nor regular, but nobody has more wit in occasional sallies."

"Well, all my comfort was from Mr. Cambridge; when he began that argument with Mrs. Buller I was in heaven!"

"My father hates argument, too," said he; "it was a mere accident that he would enter into one. For my own part, I was quite sorry not to hear Soame Jenyns talk more."

"Were you?" quoth I, shaking my head a little piteously.

"Not to you—I don't mean to you," cried he, laughing; "but I assure you you would find him extremely entertaining. However, was not Mrs. Ord herself, though she is a sweet woman, a little to blame? Nothing could be so natural as that Soame Jenyns, having himself so much humour, should have been charmed with 'Cecilia,' and should wish to know you; but if there had not been so many people, or if there had been as many,

and they had been set to conversing with one another, it might all have done very well."

While he was here Pacchierotti called—very grave, but very sweet. Mr. G. C. asked if he spoke English.

"Oh, very well!" cried I; "pray try him; he is very amiable, and I fancy you will like him."

Pacchierotti began with complaining of the variable weather.

"I cannot," he said, "be well such an inconsistent day."

We laughed at the word "inconsistent," and Mr. Cambridge said—

"It is curious to see what new modes all languages may take in the hands of foreigners. The natives dare not try such experiments; and, therefore, we all talk pretty much alike; but a foreigner is obliged to hazard new expressions, and very often he shows us a force and power in our words, by an unusual adaptation of them, that we were not ourselves aware they would admit."

And then, to draw Pacchierotti out, he began a dispute, of the different merits of Italy and England; defending his own country merely to make him abuse it; while Pacchierotti most eagerly took up the gauntlet on the part of Italy.

"This is a climate," said Pacchierotti, "never in the same case for half an hour at a time; it shall be fair, and wet, and dry, and humid forty times in a morning in the least. I am tired to be so played with, sir, by your climate."

"We have one thing, however, Mr. Pacchierotti," he answered, "which I hope you allow makes some amends, and that is our verdure; in Italy you cannot boast that."

"But it seem to me, sir, to be of no utility so much ever-green; is rather too much for my humble opinion."

"And then your insects, Mr. Pacchierotti; those alone are a most dreadful drawback upon the comfort of your fine climate."

"To Mr. Cambridge," cried I, meaning his father, "I am sure they would; for his aversion to insects is quite comical."

He wanted me to explain myself, but I dare not tell a story after Mr. Cambridge, especially to his son.

"I must own," said Pacchierotti, "Italy is rather disagreeable

for the insects; but is not better, sir, than an atmosphere so bad as they cannot live in it?"

"Why, as I can't defend our atmosphere, I must shift my ground, and talk to you of our fires, which draw together society."

"Oh, indeed, good sir, your societies are not very invigorating! Twenty people of your gentlemen and ladies to sit about a fire, and not to pronounce one word, is very dull!"

We laughed heartily at this retort courteous, and Mr. G. C. was so much pleased with it, that he kept up a sportive conversation with him the whole time he stayed, much to my satisfaction; as most of the people the poor Pac. meets with here affect a superiority to conversing with him, though he has more intelligence, ay, and cultivation too, than half of them.

The entrance of young Mr. Hoole, and afterwards of Mrs. Meeke, interrupted them, and Pacchierotti took leave. I then made his *éloge* to Mr. G. C., who said—

"I was very glad to meet with him; I had heard he applied very much to our language, and there is a softness in his manner, and at the same time a spirit in his opinions, extremely engaging, as well as entertaining."

SUNDAY, JAN. 19.—And now for Mrs. Delany. I spent one hour with Mrs. Thrale, and then called for Mrs. Chapone, and we proceeded together to St. James's Place.

Mrs. Delany was alone in her drawing-room, which is entirely hung round with pictures of her own painting, and ornaments of her own designing. She came to the door to receive us. She is still tall, though some of her height may be lost: not much, however, for she is remarkably upright. She has no remains of beauty in feature, but in countenance I never but once saw more, and that was in my sweet maternal grandmother. Benevolence, softness, piety, and gentleness are all resident in her face; and the resemblance with which she struck me to my dear grandmother, in her first appearance, grew so much stronger from all that came from her mind, which seems to contain nothing but purity and native humility, that I almost longed to embrace her; and I am sure if I had, the recollection of that saint-like woman

would have been so strong that I should never have refrained from crying over her.

Mrs. Chapone presented me to her, and taking my hand, she said,—

“You must pardon me if I give you an old-fashioned reception, for I know nothing new.”

And she saluted me. I did not, as with Mrs. Walsingham, retreat from her.

“Can you forgive, Miss Burney,” she continued, “this great liberty I have taken with you, of asking for your company to dinner? I wished so impatiently to see one from whom I have received such extraordinary pleasure, that, as I could not be alone this morning, I could not bear to put it off to another day; and, if you had been so good to come in the evening, I might, perhaps, have had company; and I hear so ill that I cannot, as I wish to do, attend to more than one at a time; for age makes me stupid even more than I am by nature; and how grieved and mortified I must have been to know I had Miss Burney in the room, and not to hear her!”

She then mentioned her regret that we could not stay and spend the evening with her, which had been told her in our card of accepting her invitation, as we were both engaged, which, for my part, I heartily regretted.

“I am particularly sorry,” she added, “on account of the Duchess Dowager of Portland, who is so good as to come to me in an evening, as she knows I am too infirm to wait upon her Grace myself: and she wished so much to see Miss Burney. But she said she would come as early as possible, and you won’t, I hope, want to go very soon?”

My time, I answered, was Mrs. Chapone’s, and Mrs. Chapone said she could not stay later than half-past seven.

“Fie, fie!” cried Mrs. Delany, smiling; “why Miss Larolles would not for the world go before eight. However, the Duchess will be here by seven, I dare say, for she said nothing should detain her.”

Mrs. Chapone then made me look at the paintings, which I greatly admired; particularly a copy of *Saccharissa*, from Van-

dyke. There was also a portrait of Madame de Sévigné, which struck me very much; and, while I was noticing the gaiety of its countenance, Mrs. Delany, with an arch look, said,—

“Yes, it is very *enjoute*, as *Captain Aresby* would say.”

And afterwards of some other, but I have forgot what, she said,—

“I don’t know how it is, Mrs. Chapone, but I can never look at that picture without thinking of poor *Belfield*. You must forgive us, Miss Burney; it is not right to talk of these people; but we don’t know how to speak at all now without, they are so always in our minds!”

Soon after we went to dinner, which was plain, neat, well cooked, and elegantly served. When it was over, I began to speak; and now, my Chesington auditors, look to yourselves!

“Will you give me leave, ma’am, to ask if you remember anybody of the name of Crisp?”

“Crisp?” cried she; “what! Mrs. Ann Crisp?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“O surely! extremely well! a charming, an excellent woman she was; we were very good friends once; I visited her at Burford, and her sister Mrs. Gast.”

Then came my turn, and I talked of the brother; but I won’t write what I said.

Mrs. Delany said she knew him but very little; and by no means so much as she should have liked. I reminded her of a letter he wrote her from abroad, which she immediately recollected; and I told her that the account I had heard from him and from Mrs. Gast, of her former friendship for Mrs. Ann Crisp, had first given me a desire to be acquainted with her.

“I am sure, then,” said she, “I am very much obliged to them both; but how Mr. Crisp can so long have remembered so insignificant a body I don’t know. I beg, however, when you write to him, you will give my compliments and thanks to him, and also to Mrs. Gast, for being so good as to think of me.”

Mrs. Chapone then asked me a hundred questions about Mr. Crisp, and said,—

“Pray, is he a *Doctor Lyster*?”

"I don't know Dr. Lyster, ma'am," cried I, very simply, for the book was so wholly out of my head at the time, that I really thought she meant some living character. They both laughed very much, and assured me they should soon teach me to remember names better, if I lived with them.

This Chesingtonian talk lasted till we went upstairs, and then she showed me the new art which she has invented. It is staining paper of all possible colours, and then cutting it out, so finely and delicately, that when it is pasted on paper or vellum, it has all the appearance of being pencilled, except that, by being raised, it has still a richer and more natural look. The effect is extremely beautiful. She invented it at seventy-five! She told me she did four flowers the first year; sixteen the second; and the third, 160; and after that many more. They are all from nature, and consist of the most curious flowers, plants and weeds, that are to be found. She has been supplied with patterns from all the great gardens, and all the great florists in the kingdom. Her plan was to finish 1000; but, alas! her eyes now fail her, though she has only twenty undone of her task.

She has marked the places whence they all came, on the back, and where she did them, and the year; and she has put her cypher, M.D., at the corner of each, in different coloured letters for every different year—such as red, blue, green, &c.

"But," said she, "the last year, as I found my eyes grew very dim, and threatened to fail before my work was completed, I put my initials in white, for I seemed to myself already working in my winding sheet."

I could almost have cried at the mingled resignation and spirit with which she made this melancholy speech.

Mrs. Chapone asked her whether any cold had lately attacked her eyes?

"No," said she, smiling, "nothing but my reigning malady, old age! 'Tis, however, what we all wish to obtain; and, indeed, a very comfortable state I have found it. I have a little niece coming to me soon, who will see for me."

At about seven o'clock, the Duchess Dowager of Portland came. She is not near so old as Mrs. Delany, nor, to me, is her

face by any means so pleasing ; but yet there is sweetness, and dignity, and intelligence in it. Mrs. Delany received her with the same respectful ceremony as if it was her first visit, though she regularly goes to her every evening. But what she at first took as an honour and condescension, she has so much true humility of mind, that no use can make her see in any other light. She immediately presented me to her. Her Grace curtsayed and smiled with the most flattering air of pleasure, and said she was particularly happy in meeting with me.

We then took our places, and Mrs. Delany said—

“Miss Burney, ma’am, is acquainted with Mr. Crisp, whom your Grace knew so well ; and she tells me he and his sister have been so good as to remember me, and to mention me to her.”

The Duchess instantly asked me a thousand questions about him—where he lived, how he had his health, and whether his fondness for the polite arts still continued. She said he was one of the most ingenious and agreeable men she had ever known, and regretted his having sequestered himself so much from the society of his former friends.

This conversation lasted a long while, for it was one upon which I could myself be voluble. I spared not for boasting of my dear daddy’s kindness to me ; and you can hardly imagine the pleasure, ease, and happiness, it was to me, to talk of him to so elegant a judge, who so well knew I said nothing that was not true. She told me, also, the story of the poor Birmingham boy, and of the sketches which Mr. Crisp, she said, had been so good as to give her.

In the course of this conversation I found her very charming, high-bred, courteous, sensible, and spirited ; not merely free from pride, but free from affability—its most mortifying deputy.

After this she asked me if I had seen Mrs. Siddons, and what I thought of her. I answered that I admired her very much.

“If Miss Burney approves her,” said the Duchess, “no approbation, I am sure, can do her so much credit ; for no one can so perfectly judge of characters or of human nature.”

“Ah, ma’am,” cried Mrs. Delany, archly, “and does your Grace remember protesting you would never read ‘Cecilia?’”

"Yes," said she, laughing; "I declared that five volumes could never be attacked; but since I began I have read it three times."

"O terrible!" cried I, "to make them out fifteen!"

"The reason," continued she, "I held out so long against reading them, was remembering the cry there was in favour of 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison' when they came out; and those I never could read. I was teased into trying both of them; but I was disgusted with their tediousness, and could not read eleven letters with all the effort I could make: so much about my sisters and my brothers, and all my uncles and my aunts!"

"But if your Grace had gone on with 'Clarissa,' said Mrs. Chapone, "the latter part must certainly have affected you and charmed you."

"O, I hate anything so dismal! Everybody that did read it had melancholy faces for a week. 'Cecilia' is as pathetic as I can bear, and more sometimes; yet, in the midst of the sorrow, there is a spirit in the writing, a fire in the whole composition, that keep off that heavy depression given by Richardson. Cry, to be sure, we did. O, Mrs. Delany, shall you ever forget how we cried? But, then, we had so much laughter to make us amends, we were never left to sink under our concern."

I am really ashamed to write on.

"For my part," said Mrs. Chapone, "when I first read it, I did not cry at all; I was in an agitation that half killed me, that shook all my nerves, and made me unable to sleep at nights from the suspense I was in; but I could not cry for excess of eagerness."

"I only wish," said the Duchess, "Miss Burney could have been in some corner, amusing herself with listening to us, when Lord Weymouth, and the Bishop of Exeter, and Mr. Lightfoot, and Mrs. Delany, and I, were all discussing the point of the name. So earnest we were, she must have been diverted with us. Nothing, the nearest our own hearts and interests, could have been debated more warmly. The Bishop was quite as eager as any of us; but what cooled us a little, at last, was Mr. Lightfoot's thinking we were seriously going to quarrel; and while

Mrs. Delany and I were disputing about Mrs. Delville, he very gravely said, "Why, ladies, this is only a matter of imagination; it is not a fact; don't be so earnest."

"Ah, ma'am," said Mrs. Delany, "how hard your Grace was upon Mrs. Delville; so elegant, so sensible, so judicious, so charming a woman."

"O, I hate her!" cried the Duchess, "resisting that sweet Cecilia; coaxing her, too, all the time, with such hypoeritical flattery."

"I shall never forget," said Mrs. Delany, "your Grace's earnestness when we came to that part where Mrs. Delville bursts a blood-vessel. Down dropped the book, and just with the same energy as if your Grace had heard some real and important news, you called out, 'I'm glad of it with all my heart!'"

"What disputes, too," said Mrs. Chapone, "there are about Briggs. I was in a room some time ago where somebody said there could be no such character; and a poor little mean city man, who was there, started up and said, 'But there is though, for I've one myself!'"

"The Harrels!—O, then, the Harrels!" cried Mrs. Delany.

"If you speak of the Harrels, and of the morality of the book," cried the Duchess, with a solemn sort of voice, "we shall, indeed, never give Miss Burney her due—so striking, so pure, so genuine, so instructive."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Chapone, "let us complain how we will of the torture she has given our nerves, we must all join in saying she has bettered us by every line."

"No book," said Mrs. Delany, "ever was so useful as this, because none other that is so good was ever so much read."

I think I need now write no more. I could, indeed, hear no more; for this last so serious praise, from characters so respectable, so moral, and so aged, quite affected me; and though I had wished a thousand times during the discourse to run out of the room, when they gave me finally this solemn sanction to the meaning and intention of my writing, I found it not without difficulty that I could keep the tears out of my eyes; and when I told what had passed to our sweet father, his quite ran over.

Of all the scenes of this sort in which I have been engaged, this has been the least painful to me, from my high respect for the personages, from their own elegance, in looking only at one another while they talked, and from having no witnesses to either to watch me or to be wearied themselves: yet I still say only least painful; for pleasant nothing can make a conversation entirely addressed to one who has no means in the world of taking any share in it.

This meeting had so long been in agitation, and so much desired by myself, that I have not spared for being circumstantial.

The Duchess had the good sense and judgment to feel she had drawn up her panegyric to a climax, and therefore here she stopped; so, however, did not we, for our coach was ready.

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CHAPTER XVI.

An Assembly at Mrs. Thrale's—Owen Cambridge and Dr. Johnson—Mr. Bowles—His Enthusiasm about Johnson—An Evening Party—Pacchierotti and Bertoni—Mr. Twining—A Character—Dr. Johnson's carelessness of his Writings—Baretti's Dialogues—Mrs. Byron—Correspondence—Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp—Dr. Burney to Mr. Crisp—Illness and Death of Mr. Crisp—Dr. Burney to Miss Burney—Sorrow and Condolence—Diary resumed—Illness of Dr. Johnson—Affecting Anecdote of him—A Party at Mrs. Vesey's—Mrs. Garrick, Miss More, Horace Walpole—Miss Burney's Introduction to Horace Walpole—Another Party at Mrs. Vesey's—Walpole, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds—The Abbé Berquin—*L'Ami des Enfants*—A Day with Mrs. Delany—A Party at Dr. Burney's—Strange, the celebrated Engraver—Dr. Garthshore—Hoole, the translator of "Tasso"—A Party at the Bishop of Winchester's—A Day at Twickenham—Owen Cambridge—Thoughts on Dying—A Pleasant Tête-à-Tête—Anecdotes—Gibbon, the Historian—His Ducking in the Thames—Dinner at Lady Mary Duncan's—Mrs. Lock, of Norbury Park—A Musical Idol—Mrs. Delany—Letter from Dr. Johnson to Miss Burney—A Visit to Dr. Johnson—The Bas Bleus—Mrs. Thrale—A Little Mystery—A Party at Mrs. Vesey's—Chit-chat—Owen Cambridge—Mrs. Walsingham—Lady Spencer—Sir William Hamilton—Lord Lyttelton and Dr. Johnson—Johnson in a Passion—Singular Scene—Johnson and Mrs. Montagu—Anecdotes of Horace Walpole—Party at the Pepys's—Party at Mrs. Chapone's—Anecdote of Burke.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23RD.—How sorry I have been, my sweetest Susy, not to have had a moment for writing till to-day.

In our journey to town I was not very gay; though I had turned from my best-loved Susy without one chaste embrace to keep myself hardy. But the minute I had got into the coach, I felt provoked that I had done it, and I wished I had bid all things defiance for the pleasure which I had denied myself.

Mr. Cambridge talked a great deal, and as well, and with as much spirit, as any man could who had so much toil upon his

hands. Miss Cambridge, indeed, talked also; but I found it out of my power to support my own part with any chance of dividing the labour.

He began talking of Dr. Johnson, and asking after his present health.

"He is very much recovered," I answered, "and out of town, at Mr. Langton's. And there I hope he will entertain him with enough of Greek."

"Yes," said Mr. Cambridge, "and make his son repeat the Hebrew alphabet to him."

"He means," said I, "to go, when he returns, to Mr. Bowles, in Wiltshire. I told him I had heard that Mr. Bowles was very much delighted with the expectation of seeing him, and he answered me,—*"He is so delighted, that it is shocking!—it is really shocking to see how high are his expectations."* I asked him why; and he said,—*"Why, if any man is expected to take a leap of twenty yards, and does actually take one of ten, everybody will be disappointed, though ten yards may be more than any other man ever leaped!"*

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LONDON, APRIL 2ND.—I have much, very much to write to you already, my sweet Susy, though we parted so lately; but nothing that I am more interested in than in what I want to hear of my beloved daddy. You will indulge me, I am sure, and therefore I will resume my journal,—in which there is a gap that will make my accounts, for some time at least, fully intelligible only to yourself; but when and what you read to your coterie you must stop and explicate as well as you can. If I help to furnish you with matter of conversation, my little obscurities will be as useful and amusing as my copiousness. Tell them so.

The next day Mr. Cambridge and his son called. After some general conversation, Mr. C. said—

"I am perfectly satisfied with the reason you gave me that night at Mrs. Thrale's for Albany's rising madness. I have been reading that part all over again, and I find nothing can be better done. I like it more and more. But I was startled at the cha-

acter at first; but George has got an account of exactly such a man. George shall tell it you."

"The man," said Mr. G. C., "is an old half-pay officer. His name, I think, is De la Port; he almost lives in St. James's Park, where he wanders up and down, looking about him for any objects he thinks in distress. He then gives them all the money he can spare, and he begs for them of his friends. He once borrowed a sum of money of Mr. Langton from whom I had this account; and, some time after, he paid him half, and said, 'I return you all I spent upon myself,—the rest you will be paid in another place!' He composes prayers for poor and sick people; he wears a very shabby coat, that he may spend no more upon himself than is absolutely necessary; and, in his benevolence and singularity, there is an undoubted mixture of insanity. Mrs. Langton, when she talked of him to me, said, 'the resemblance to the character of Albany was so very strong, that she thought it must certainly be meant for him,' and desired me to ask Miss Burney if she did not know him. I ventured, however, to immediately answer, I was sure she did not, merely from that circumstance, as I was certain she would not have put him in her book if she had known him."

"I am very much obliged to you," cried I, "for giving her that answer."

Mr. Cambridge continued:—

"That which makes the wonderful merit of your book—if you'll excuse my just mentioning it—is that you see with such exact discrimination all classes of characters, and let the individuals pass unnoticed."

Some time after we talked about Dr. Johnson, for Mr. G. C. is one of his warmest admirers. He has requested me to get him a list of his miscellaneous works, as he wishes to collect them: and I have promised I will as soon as I have a fair opportunity.

"Though, indeed," I added, "it will be very difficult, as I dare say he hardly knows himself what he has written; for he has made numerous prefaces, dedications, odd chapters, and I know not what, for other authors, that he has never owned, and prob-

ably never will own. But I was sure, when I read it, that the preface to 'Baretti's Dialogues' was his; and that I made him confess."

" 'Baretti's Dialogues?'—What are they about?"

"A thimble, and a spoon, and a knife, and a fork! They are the most absurd, and yet the most laughable things you ever saw. I would advise you to get them. They were written for Miss Thrale, and all the dialogues are between her and him, except, now and then, a shovel and a poker, or a goose and a chair, happen to step in."

We talked, Mr. Cambridge and I, next, upon the effect of manner, in a beginning acquaintance; and what power some people had, by that alone, of immediate captivation.

"What a charm," cried he, "is that in your sister, Mrs. Phillips!—what a peculiar felicity she has in her manner! She cannot even move—she cannot get up, nor sit down but there is something in her manner that is sure to give pleasure."

At this I flew into a great passion!

APRIL 6TH.—My dear Mrs. Thrale spent all the morning in my room with me; and Mr. Twining dined and stayed all the day with us. In the evening, you know, I had an engagement. My father sent me first, as he determined to stay till the last moment with Mr. Twining.

Mr. and Mrs. Pepys received me very civilly, and would have carried me to a seat near the fire: but I was glad, as I always am where I go alone, to catch at the first chair in my way, and take possession of it, merely to sink from notice. They disputed the matter with me some time, but I fastened upon a chair, and they then gave it over.

Not long after this, my dear Mrs. Thrale, with whom I had not had one word, said she must go to take leave of Mrs. Byron, and would then come back, and carry me to Argyll Street, where I had promised to spend an hour or two, as it was her last evening, for early on Monday morning she was to set out for Bath. This circumstance gave a melancholy cast to the whole evening, and nothing but the recollection of how narrowly I had escaped losing her for a longer time, and at a greater distance, could

have made me bear it with sufficient composure for observation. As it was, however, I took it cheerfully enough, from the contrast of the greater evil.

Mr. Pepys began an *éloge* of Mrs. Thrale; but my heart was too full of more serious affection to give vent to it, just then, in praise: and soon after my father came. Mrs. Thrale still was the topic. And soon after that a note was brought me. It was from Mrs. Thrale, to beg I would join her at Mrs. Byron's, as she could not return to take a formal leave. Her note was a very affecting one. It was meant for the rest of the company, as well as myself; but I felt that either to read or hear it would upset me, and I had no inclination for a tragedy scene before witnesses. I therefore only begged my father's leave to go to her.

Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp.

April 12, 1783.

MY DEAREST—DEAREST DADDY,

I am more grieved at the long and most disappointing continuation of your illness than I know how to tell you; and though my last account, I thank Heaven, is better, I find you still suffer so much, that my congratulations in my letter to Susan, upon what I thought your recovery, must have appeared quite crazy, if you did not know me as well as you do, and were not sure what affliction the discovery of my mistake would bring to myself.

I think I never yet so much wished to be at Chesington, as at this time, that I might see how you go on, and not be kept in such painful suspense from post to post.

Why did you tell me of the Delanys, Portlands, Cambridges, &c., as if any of them came into competition with yourself? When you are better, I shall send you a most fierce and sharp remonstrance upon this subject. At present I must be content with saying, I will undoubtedly accept your most kind invitation as soon as I possibly can. Meantime, if my letters will give you any amusement, I will write oftener than ever, and supply you with all the prog I get myself.

Susan, who is my reader, must be your writer, and let me know if such tittle-tattle as I can collect serves to divert some of those many moments of languor and weariness that creep between pain and ease, and that call more for mental food than for bodily medicine. Your love to your Fannikin, I well know, makes all trash interesting to you that seems to concern her; and I have no greater pleasure, when absent, than in letting you and my dear Susan be acquainted with my proceedings. I don't mean by this to exclude the rest of the dear Chesington set—far from it—but a sister and a daddy must come first.

God bless and restore you, my most dear daddy! You know not how kindly I take your thinking of me, and inquiring about me, in an illness that might so well make you forget us all: but Susan assures me your heart is as affectionate as ever to your ever and ever faithful and loving child,

F. B.

Dr. Burney to Mr. Crisp.

Saturday Night, 12th April, 1783.

(Written on the same sheet with the foregoing.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Though the incessant hurry I have for some time been in has exceeded that of former years, which I then thought impossible to be exceeded, yet I have hardly ever had your sufferings and situation a moment out of my mind; and the first question I have constantly asked at my coming jaded home of a night, has been,—“What news from Chesington?” I do hope most fervently that you will still weather this terrible attack, and that in a very few months I shall see you alive and happy in my favourite retreat, which has been always rendered so superior to all others by your presence.

Susy was desired to ask you if I had any kind of book that was likely to afford you any amusement, and it is with extreme pleasure that her answer is in favour of “*Mémoires de Petrar-*

que." I will not only send that with the greatest pleasure, but a cart-load of the choicest and best books in my collection, if you will but furnish a list.

Adieu, my ever dear and honoured friend! may your recovery be not only sure, but speedy! is the most hearty wish of him to whom your loss would be the most painful and severe amputation which misfortune could perform upon my affections.

My wife, as well as all around me, have been greatly alarmed for you, and entreat me to send their warmest and most affectionate wishes for your speedy recovery.

C. B.

[The illness of Mr. Crisp now became so alarming that Miss Burney hastened to Chesington, where she had been only a few days when her valued friend breathed his last. The annexed letter from Dr. Burney was in answer to her account of Mr. Crisp's increasing sufferings; that which follows it was intended to condole with her on his death, and at the same time to rouse her fortitude to bear the affliction with which she was overwhelmed.]

From Dr. Burney to Miss F. Burney.

Ah! my dear Fanny, your last letter has broke all our hearts! your former accounts kept off despair; but this brings it back in all its horrors. I wish, if it were possible, that you would let him know how much I loved him, and how heavily I shall feel his loss when all this hurry subsides, and lets me have time to brood over my sorrows. I have always thought that, in many particulars, his equal was not to be found. His wit, learning, taste, penetration, and, when well, his conviviality, pleasantry, and kindness of heart to me and mine, will ever be thought of with the most profound and desponding regret.

I know not what to say that will not add to your own affliction and all around you. What in the way of comfort can be said at present? or at least be believed and received? I can only wish you all possessed of fortitude sufficient to bear what now appears inevitable, and almost immediate. 'Tis terrible,

when no good can be done, to be in the way of such scenes, and yet we console ourselves with the belief of its being right.

C. B.

From Dr. Burney to Miss F. Burney.

I am much more afflicted than surprised at the violence and duration of your sorrow for the terrible scenes and events at Chesington, and not only pity you, but participate in all your feelings. Not an hour in the day has passed, as you will some time or other find, since the fatal catastrophe, in which I have not felt a pang for the irreparable loss I have sustained. However, as something is due to the living, there is, perhaps, a boundary at which it is right to endeavour to stop in lamenting the dead. It is very hard, as I have found it all my life, to exceed these bounds in our duty or attention, without its being at the expense of others. I have lost in my time persons so dear to me, as to throw me into the utmost affliction and despondency which can be suffered without insanity; but I had claims on my life, my reason, and activity, which drew me from the pit of despair, and forced me, though with great difficulty, to rouse and exert every nerve and faculty in answering them. It has been very well said of mental wounds, that they must digest, like those of the body, before they can be healed. Necessity can alone, perhaps, in some cases, bring on this digestion; but we should not prevent it by caustics or corrosion; let the wound be open a due time, but not treated with violence. To quit all metaphor, we must, alas! try to diminish our sorrow for one calamity, to enable us to support another; as a national peace is but time to refit, a mental is no more. So far, however, am I from blaming your indulgence of sorrow on the present occasion, that I both love and honour you for it; and therefore shall add no more on that melancholy subject.

* * * *

C. B.

[When the last mournful duties had been performed at Chesington, Miss Burney returned to her father's house in St. Martin's

Street; but some time elapsed ere she recovered composure sufficient to resume her journal.

The next entry relates to an alarming paralytic seizure of Dr. Johnson.]

Journal Resumed.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19TH.—We heard to-day that Dr. Johnson had been taken ill, in a way that gave a dreadful shock to himself, and a most anxious alarm to his friends. Mr. Seward brought the news here, and my father and I instantly went to his house. He had earnestly desired me, when we lived so much together at Streatham, to see him frequently if he should be ill. He saw my father, but he had medical people with him, and could not admit me upstairs, but he sent me down a most kind message, that he thanked me for calling, and when he was better should hope to see me often. I had the satisfaction to hear from Mrs. Williams that the physicians had pronounced him to be in no danger, and expected a speedy recovery.

The stroke was confined to his tongue. Mrs. Williams told me a most striking and touching circumstance that attended the attack. It was at about four o'clock in the morning: he found himself with a paralytic affection; he rose, and composed in his own mind a Latin prayer to the Almighty, "that whatever were the sufferings for which he must prepare himself, it would please Him, through the grace and mediation of our blessed Saviour, to spare his intellects, and let them all fall upon his body." When he had composed this, internally, he endeavoured to speak it aloud, but found his voice was gone.

I went to Mrs. Vesey's in the evening, for I had promised to meet at her house Mrs. Garrick, who came to town that day from Hampton. I found her and Miss More, and Lady Claremont, and Horace Walpole, Mr. Pepys, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Garrick; no one else.

Mrs. Garrick was very kind to me, and invited me much to Hampton. Mrs. Vesey would make me sit by Horace Walpole; he was very entertaining. I never heard him talk much before;

but I was seized with a panic upon finding he had an inclination to talk with me, and as soon as I could I changed my place. He was too well-bred to force himself upon me, and finding I shied, he left me alone. I was very sociable, however, with Mrs. Garrick.

Lady Claremont, Mr. Pepys, and I, outstayed the rest near an hour. Mrs. Vesey would not permit me to go; but when the others were gone she exclaimed,—

“Mr. Walpole is sadly vexed that Miss Burney won’t talk with him!”

“If she had anything to say,” cried I, “she would be very proud that he would give her hearing.”

“Why, dear ma’am,” said Mr. Pepys, good-naturedly, “who can talk, so called upon? I, who am one of the greatest chatters in the world, if set upon in that manner, why, I could not say a word.”

“What, then,” cried she, alarmed, “is it, do you think, my fault that Miss Burney does not talk?”

FRIDAY, JUNE 20TH.—I went in the morning to Dr. Johnson, and heard a good account of him. Dr. Rose, Dr. Dunbar, and Sam Rose, the Doctor’s son, dined with us. We expected the rest of our party early; though the absence of Dr. Johnson, whom they were all invited to meet, took off the spirit of the evening.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1ST.—I was again at Mrs. Vesey’s, where again I met Mr. Walpole, Mr. Pepys, Miss Elliott, Mr. Burke, his wife and son, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some others.

Mr. Burke was extremely kind to me, but not at all in spirits. He is tormented by the political state of affairs; and loses, I really believe, all the comfort of his life, at the very time he is risen to the station his ambition has long pointed out to him.

I had the satisfaction to hear from Sir Joshua that Dr. Johnson had dined with him at the Club. I look upon him, therefore, now, as quite recovered. I called the next morning to congratulate him, and found him very gay and very good-humoured.

SATURDAY, JULY 5TH.—My father and I went to dinner at Winchester House, Chelsea. Mrs. North was rather cold at first,

and reproached me with my long absence, but soon made up, and almost forced from me a promise to go to Farnham, as the only condition of her forgiveness. She is clever, bright, pleasing, eccentric, and amusingly whimsical; and she is also beautiful: but her manner has something in it alarming, that seems always upon the *qui vive*.

SUNDAY, JULY 6TH.—We have now a new man who is always at our house, M. Berquin, a French author* who came here a week or two since to present to "Mlle. Berni," his work, which is called, *L'Ami des Enfants*. We had a droll interview enough, but I cannot give the time for writing it: but he desired my mother to deliver me the books, with a thousand fine speeches, and never once suspected I was the Mlle., though I was in the room all the time. I have since made some acquaintance with him; but his rapture when I talk to him is too great to be excited often, therefore I am chary of my words. O you would laugh to see how *enchanté* he thinks fit to appear. His book, however, is extremely pretty, and admirably adapted to its purpose,—that of instructing not only in French, and in reading,—but in morals, all the children who meet this their true *ami*.

JULY 7TH.—I spent the whole day with sweet Mrs. Delany, whom I love most tenderly. I always long to ask for her blessing. We had no company but Mrs. Sandford, an old lady who was formerly her *élève*, and who seems well worthy that honour. In the evening, came in Mr. Walpole, gay, though caustic; polite, though sneering; and entertainingly epigrammatical. I like and admire, but I could not love, nor trust him.

I have always forgot to mention to you a Poem, by young Hoole, called "*Aurelia, or the Contest*."† He sent it me, and I soon found the reason. His "*Aurelia*" runs through the hackneyed round of folly and dissipation, and then appears suddenly to her, in a vision,

"The guardian power, whose secret sway
The wiser females of the world obey."

This guardian power tells her what he has done for his favourites,—that he gave to Dudley's wife

* Arnauld de Berquin, born at Bordeaux, 1749, and died at Paris, 1791.
† By the Rev. Samuel Hoole, son of John Hoole, the translator of Tasso.

"A nobler fortitude than heroes reach,
And virtue greater than the sages teach."

Then, skipping suddenly to modern times, that he instructed

"Streatfield, the learn'd, the gay, in blooming years,"

to assist the poor, to attend the sick, and watch over her dying
old tutor, Dr. Collier. Then, that he directed

"Carter's piercing eyes
To roll inquisitive through starry skies."

That he

"To Chapone th' important task assigned
To smooth the temper and improve the mind."

That he told More

"To guide unthinking youth," &c.

And then he says—

"I stood, a favouring muse, at Burney's side,
To lash unfeeling Wealth and stubborn Pride,
Soft Affectation, insolently vain,
And wild Extravagance, with all her sweeping train ;
Led her that modern Hydra to engage,
And paint a Harrel to a maddening age ;
Then bade the moralist, admired and praised,
Fly from the loud applause her talent raised."

And then the coterie concludes with Mrs. Montagu. What
think you of this our guardian genius ?

SATURDAY, JULY 12TH.—My father and Charlotte and I went
again to spend the day at Winchester House. We met Dr. and
Mrs. Warren, and two of their sons, and Mr. Sayre, an agreeable
young man.

In the evening my father, Hetty, Charlotte, and I, went to Le
Tessier's. To-night he charmed me more than ever by "Le Roi
à la Chasse." His talents are truly wonderful, and I have never,
but from Garrick and Pacchierotti, received equal pleasure in
public.

JULY 15TH.—To-day my father, my mother, and I, went by
appointment to dine and spend the day at Twickenham with the
Cambridges. Soon after our arrival Mr. C. asked if we would
like to walk, to which we most readily agreed.

We had not strolled far before we were followed by Mr. George. No sooner did his father perceive him, than, hastily coming up to my side, he began a separate conversation with me; and leaving his son the charge of all the rest, he made me walk off with him from them all. It was really a droll manœuvre, but he seemed to enjoy it highly, and though he said not a word of his design, I am sure it reminded me of his own old trick to his son, when listening to a dull story, in saying to the relator—"Tell the rest of that to George." And if George was in as good-humour with his party as his father was with his *tête-à-tête*, why, all were well pleased. As soon as we had fairly got away from them, Mr. Cambridge, with the kindest smiles of satisfaction, said—"I give you my word I never was more pleased at anything in my life than I am now at having you here to-day."

I told him that I had felt so glad at seeing him again, after so long an absence, that I had really half a mind to have made up to him myself, and shook hands.

"You cannot imagine," said he, "how you flatter me; and there is nothing, I do assure you, of which I am prouder, than seeing you have got the better of your fear of me, and feeling that I am not afraid of you."

"Of me, sir?—but how should you be?"

"Nay, I give you my word, if I was not conscious of the greatest purity of mind, I should more fear you than anybody in the world."

Which had the greatest compliment, Susy—he or me?

"You know everything, everybody," he continued, "so wonderfully well!"

Afterwards, when we were speaking of illness and of dying, he assured me that, however pleasant his life was just now, he should feel nothing in giving it up; for he could not tell what misery he might be saved by death, nor what sin. And when this led me on to say I had never an illness in my life, without thinking, "probably I had better die now," he joined in it with such Christian reasoning as almost surprised as much as it edified me.

We then, I know not how, fell into discussing the characters

of forward and flippant women; and I told him it was my fortune to be, in general, a very great favourite with them, though I felt so little gratitude for that honour, that the smallest discernment would show them it was all thrown away.

"Why, it is very difficult," said he, "for a woman to get rid of those forward characters without making them her enemies. But with a man it is different. Now I have a very peculiar happiness which I will tell you. I never took very much to a very amiable woman but I found she took also to me, and I have the good fortune to be in the perfect confidence of some of the first women in this kingdom; but, then, there are a great many women that I dislike, and think very impertinent and foolish, and, do you know, they all dislike me too!—they absolutely cannot bear me! Now, I don't know, of those two things, which is the greatest happiness."

How characteristic this!—do you not hear him saying it?

We now renewed our conversation upon various of our acquaintances, particularly Mr. Pepys, Mr. Langton, and Mrs. Montagu. We stayed in this field, sitting and sauntering, near an hour. We then went to a stile, just by the river side, where the prospect is very beautiful, and there we again seated ourselves. Nothing could be more pleasant, though the wind was so high I was almost blown into the water.

He now traced to me great part of his life and conduct in former times, and told me a thousand excellent anecdotes of himself and his associates. He summed them all up in a way that gave me equal esteem and regard for him, in saying he found society the only thing for lasting happiness; that, if he had not met a woman he could permanently love, he must, with every other advantage, have been miserable; but that such was his good fortune, that "to and at this moment," he said, "there is no sight so pleasing to me as seeing Mrs. Cambridge enter a room; and that after having been married to her for forty years. And the next most pleasing sight to me is an amiable woman."

He then assured me that almost all the felicity of his life both had consisted, and did still consist, in female society. It was, indeed, he said, very rare, but there was nothing like it.



David Lusk

From the *Portrait of David Lusk*.

"And if agreeable women," cried I, "are rare, much more so, I think, are agreeable men; at least, among my acquaintance they are very few, indeed, that are highly agreeable."

"Yes, and when they are so," said he, "it is difficult for you to have their society with any intimacy or comfort; there are always so many reasons why you cannot know them."

He very kindly regretted seeing so little of me, and said—

"This is nothing—such a visit as this. If you could come now, and spend a month with us, that is what I want. If you could but come for a month."

We continued chatting till we came to the end of the meadow, and there we stopped, and again were joined by the company.

Mr. Cambridge now proposed the water, to which I eagerly agreed.

We had an exceeding pleasant excursion. We went up the river beyond the Duke of Montagu's, and the water was smooth and delightful. Methinks I should much like to sail from the very source to the mouth of the Thames.

* * * * *

Mr. Cambridge told an absurd story of Dr. Monso, a strange, gross man, who, at Mr. Garrick's table, called out to a very timid young woman to help him to some greens. She did her office slow and awkwardly, and he called out again, in a loud voice: "You trollop, some greens, I say!" The man, it seems, was a humourist. Oh, from such humourists Heaven shield us! I would rather live with the dullest of the dull.

After dinner we again repaired to the lawn in a general body; but we had scarce moved ten paces, before Mr. Cambridge again walked off with me, to a seat that had a very fine view of Peter-sham wood, and there we renewed our confabulation.

He now showed me a note from Mr. Gibbon, sent to engage himself to Twickenham on the unfortunate day he got his ducking. It is the most affected little piece of writing I ever saw. He shall attend him, he says, at Twickenham, and upon the water, as soon as the weather is propitious, and the Thames, that amiable creature, is ready to receive him.

Nothing, to be sure, could be so apt as such a reception as that "amiable creature" happened to give him! Mr. Cambridge said it was "God's revenge against conceit."

THURSDAY, JULY 17TH.—I went with my dear father to-day to dine and spend the evening at Lady Mary Duncan's. How vexatious never to have made this visit till it was necessarily the last in which I could see Pacchierotti there! He was in good humour, and more tolerable spirits than I have lately seen him in. Lady Shaub, mother to Mrs. Locke, and Miss Shaub, her sister, and Sir John Elliot, made all the dinner party. The two Miss Bulls came in the evening.

Pacchierotti did not sing one song accompanied, but he sang several little airs and ballads, English, Scotch, French, and Italian, most deliciously. I had a very agreeable day, and I saw he was quite delighted that I made one of the party, and that added to my delight almost its sum total,—though add is a little Irish there. Oh how the Miss Bulls do idolise him! They profess thinking him quite angelic, and declared they should even look upon it as a favour to be beat by him! I laughed violently at this extravagance, and vowed I would tell him. They desired no better. We called him to us; but I was really ashamed myself when I found they were not. He leaned down his head very patiently for an explanation.

"Do tell him!" cried they, both together.

"What!" cried he; "what does the sweet Miss Burney say?"

"Oh, oh!" cried one;—"Oh dear!" cried the other; "how he speaks to Miss Burney!"

"Miss Burney," cried he, quite warmly and undauntedly, "is a treasure!"

"Oh dear!—only hear him, Lady Mary!" exclaimed Miss Catherine Bull; "he says Miss Burney is a treasure!"

"Well, and is it not true?" said she, graciously.

"Oh, yes!" answered she, half laughing, yet in a repining voice; "but I don't like to hear him say so."

This was our sort of chat almost all the evening, with various imitations, and light summer singing, from Pacchierotti. Miss Bulls made me make many promises about our future acquaintance, and Lady Mary was all graciousness and intimacy.

FRIDAY, JULY 18TH.—I called in the morning upon my dear Mrs. Delany, who received me with the utmost kindness, and whom I really love even more than I admire. I appointed to spend Tuesday with her. And so I would any other day she had named, or even any week. It is sweet, it is consolatory to me to be honoured with so much of her favour as to see her always eager to fix a time for our next and next meeting. I feel no cares with her. I think myself with the true image and representative of my loved grandmother, and I seem as if I could never do wrong while I keep her in my mind, and as if to suffer it were immaterial, if only in worldly considerations.

These thoughts, and this composure, alas! will not last long; but it is pleasant to feel it even if for a few hours. I wish you knew her. I would not give up my knowledge of her for the universe. Nothing has so truly calmed my mind since its late many disturbances, as her society: the religious turn which kindness and wisdom from old age gives to all commerce with it, brings us out of anxiety and misery, a thousand times more successfully than gaiety or dissipation have power to do.

SATURDAY, JULY 19TH.—This morning a letter was brought into my room, and the maid said it came from Mr. Cambridge, but that the messenger was gone. I opened, and will copy it. The lines were suggested by my father's portrait in Barry's great painting.

"When Chloe's picture was to Venus shown,
Surprised, the goddess took it for her own."—PRIOR.

"When Burney's picture was to Gibbon shown,
The pleased historian took it for his own;
'For who, with shoulders dry, and powder'd locks,
E'er bathed, but I?' he said, and rapp'd his box."

Barry replied—

"My lasting colours show
What gifts the painter's pencil can bestow,
With nymphs of Thames, those amiable creatures,
I placed the charming minstrel's smiling features:
And let not, then, his *bonne fortune* concern ye,
For there are nymphs enough for you and Burney."

Pacchierotti is gone; and I most provokingly missed seeing him at his leave-taking visit; which has vexed me exceedingly.

Journal Resumed.

THURSDAY, OCT. 29TH.—This morning, at breakfast, Mr. Hoole called. I wanted to call upon Dr. Johnson, and it is so disagreeable to me to go to him alone, now poor Mrs. Williams is dead, on account of the quantity of men always visiting him, that I most gladly accepted, and almost asked, his 'squireship.

We went together. The dear Doctor received me with open arms.

"Ah, dearest of all dear ladies!" he cried, and made me sit in his best chair.

He had not breakfasted.

"Do you forgive my coming so soon?" said I.

"I cannot forgive your not coming sooner," he answered.

I asked if I should make his breakfast, which I have not done since we left Streatham; he readily consented.

"But sir," quoth I, "I am in the wrong chair." For I was away from the table.

"It is so difficult," said he, "for anything to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I am in the wrong chair, to keep you from the right one."

And then we changed.

You will see by this how good were his spirits and his health.

I stayed with him two hours, and could hardly get away; he wanted me to dine with him, and said he would send home to excuse me; but I could not possibly do that. Yet I left him with real regret.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19TH. I received a letter from Dr. Johnson, which I have not by me, but will try to recollect.

"To Miss Burney.

"Madam,—You have now been at home this long time, and yet I have neither seen nor heard from you. Have we quarrelled?

"I have met with a volume of the 'Philosophical Transactions,' which I imagine to belong to Dr. Burney. Miss Charlotte will please to examine.

"Pray send me a direction where Mrs. Chapone lives; and

pray, some time, let me have the honour of telling you how much I am, madam, your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

"Bolt Court, Nov. 19th, 1783."

Now if ever you read anything more dry, tell me. I was shocked to see him undoubtedly angry, but took courage, and resolved to make a serious defence; therefore thus I answered,—

"To Dr. Johnson.

"DEAR SIR,—May I not say dear? for quarrelled I am sure we have not. The bad weather alone has kept me from waiting upon you; but now you have condescended to give me a summons, no lion shall stand in the way of my making your tea this afternoon, unless I receive a prohibition from yourself, and then I must submit; for what, as you said of a certain great lady, signifies the barking of a lap-dog, if once the lion puts out his paw?

"The book was very right. Mrs. Clapton lives at either No. 7 or 8 in Dean Street, Soho.

"I beg you, sir, to forgive a delay for which I can only 'tax the elements with unkindness,' and to receive, with your usual goodness and indulgence, your over most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

"F. BURNER.

"St. Martin's Street, Nov. 19th, 1783."

My dear father spared me the coach, and to Bolt Court therefore I went, and with open arms was I received. Nobody was there but Charles and Mr. Sastros, and Dr. Johnson was, if possible, more instructive, entertaining, good-humoured, and exquisitely fertile, than ever. He thanked me repeatedly for coming, and was so kind I could hardly ever leave him.

* * * * *

In the evening I accompanied Mrs. Ord to Mrs. Popy's. There we met Dr. Popy's, and Lady Rothes, and Mr. Hawkins Browne,* and had a very sociable evening.

* Hawkins Browne, son of Isaac Hawkins Browne, author of an elegant Latin poem entitled "De Animi Immortalitate," which was translated by Samuel Jouy.

1783.]

Mr. Pepys read to us Miss More's "Bas Bleu" again. I longed to ask for a copy, but did not dare, to send to Twickenham.

Dr. Pepys had a long private conference with me concerning Mrs. Thrale, with whose real state of health he is better acquainted than anybody; and sad, indeed, was all that he said.

There are some new lines added to the "Bas Bleu," upon wit and attention; and Mr. Pepys chose to insist upon it I had sat to Miss More for the portrait of Attention, which is very admirably drawn; but the compliment is preposterous, because the description is the most flattering.

SATURDAY, NOV. 22ND.—I passed in nothing but sorrow—exquisite sorrow, for my dear unhappy friend, who sent me one letter, that came early by the Bath Diligence, and another by the post. But of these things no more.

I am sorry not to be more explicit, but I should not give you more pleasure if I were. I can only now tell you that I love Mrs. Thrale with a never-to-cessate affection, and pity her more than ever I pitied any human being; and, if I did not blame her, I could, I should, I believe, almost die for her!

I am extremely sorry, my dearest Susy, that in the late distress of my mind about poor Mrs. Thrale, I mentioned anything that has so much interested you to know more. It is too true that many know all,—but none from me. I am bound, and should be miserable not to say, if called upon, and not to know, if not called upon, that no creature, not even you to whom I communicate everything else, nor the trusty Charlotte with whom I live, and who sees my frequent distress upon the subject, has tempted me to an explanation. General rumour I have no means to prevent spreading.

* * * * *

I am still as much bent as ever to go to her, if I can obtain leave; but I will mention no more of the matter, since the difficulties under which I labour not to offend or afflict that beloved friend, and yet to do nothing wrong, are by no means new, though of late they have grown doubly painful. I will only say further, that though her failings are unaccountable and

most unhappy, her virtues and good qualities, the generosity and feeling of her heart, the liberality and sweetness of her disposition, would counterbalance a thousand more.

This I say, lest you should think something worse than the truth—something stranger you cannot. I am very sorry not to satisfy you more; but when you weigh what I have said, you will be sensible I have reasons to preserve silence; though to myself, believe me, 'tis by far most painful, and has long been most cruel.

TUESDAY, NOV. 25TH.—I went this morning to Lady Mary Duncan, whose visit my father grew angry that I did not return. She admitted me, and kept me full two hours. She is really entertaining, very entertaining, though not very respectably always, as everything she says has some mixture of absurdity in the manner, even when the idea is faultless. She much invited me to frequent visits, and was excessively civil and courteous. Our talk was all of her late Sir William and Pacchierotti. She runs from one to the other with a most ludicrous facility, as if well content they should share her favour, divide her thoughts, and keep the use of her tongue wholly to themselves.

TUESDAY, DEC. 9.—This evening I went to Mrs. Vesey's at last. I was obliged to go alone, as my father would not be earlier than nine o'clock; an hour too fine-ladyish for me to choose visiting at. But as I cannot bear entering a room full of company *sola*, I went soon after seven.

I found, as I wished, no creature but Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Hancock, who lives with her. I soon made my peace, for several delays and excuses I have sent her, as she is excessively good-natured, and then we had near an hour to ourselves. And then, the first person who [came,—who do you think it was?—Mr. Cambridge, senr. I leave you to guess whether or not I felt glad; and I leave you, also, to share in my surprise upon finding he was uninvited and unexpected; for Mrs. Vesey looked at him with open surprise.

As soon as the salutations were over, Mrs. Vesey, with her usual odd simplicity, asked him what had put him upon calling?

"The desire," cried he, "to see you. But what! are there only you three?—nothing but women?"

"Some more are coming," answered she, "and so me of your friends; so you are in luck."

"They are men, I hope," cried he, laughing; "for I can't bear being with only women!"

"Poor Mr. Cambridge," cried I, "what will become of him? I know not, indeed, if the three women now present overpower him."

"To be sure they do," cried he, "for I like nothing in the world but men! So if you have not some men coming, I declare off."

Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Hancock stared, and I laughed; but neither of us could discover what he was aiming at, though he continued this raillery some time, till he exclaimed,—

"Well, I am sure of one friend, however, to stick by me, for one has promised me to come."

"And who is that?" said Mrs. Vesey, staring more.

"Why, a Christian-maker!"

"A Christian-maker!—who's that?"

"Why, one who is gone to-night to make two Christians, and when they are made, will come to see if he can make any more here."

"Who is it?"

"My son."

"Oh!—well, I am always glad to see him."

Mr. Cambridge then ran on with other such speeches; but Mrs. Vesey sat gravely pondering, and then called out—

"Pray, how did your son know I should be at home?"

"Why, he does not know it," answered Mr. Cambridge; "but he intends coming to try."

She said no more, but I saw she looked extremely perplexed.

Soon after Miss E—— entered. She is a sort of yea and nay young gentlewoman, to me very wearisome. Mr. Cambridge during the reception, came up to me, and whispered with a laugh—

"I called upon your friend, Mrs. Ord, this morning, and she told me you would be here to-night."

I laughed, too, but thanked him, and we were going on with

our own chat when Mrs. Vesey, as if from a sudden thought came up to us, and patting Mr. Cambridge on the arm, said—

“I dare say you came to meet Miss Burney?”

“Me?—no,” cried he, “I came to meet Miss E——;” and, immediately quitting me, he went to talk with her.

This was rather a home stroke to be sure, yet I really believe accidental.

Soon after came Mrs. Walsingham, and insisted upon sitting next me, to whom she is most marvellous civil.

Then came Mr. Vesey, with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Richard Burke, from dinner. I was very glad to see Sir Joshua, who came up to shake hands with me; while Mr. Richard Burke called out aloud from the other end of the room, in his Irish facetious way—

“Oho! I shall go round to speak with Miss Burney!”

I so hate these public addresses, that I received him with the most chilling gravity; and, after he had leant over my chair a minute or two, with inquiries about my health and my father, he quietly went away, and liked his reception too little to return.

The next were Mrs. Burke and her son. I should have liked much to have sat by the former, who spoke to me with the greatest politeness; but I was hemmed in between Mrs. Walsingham and Miss E——.

Lady Spencer brought with her a collection of silver ears, to serve instead of trumpets, to help deafness. They had belonged to the late Lord, and she presented them to Mrs. Vesey, who, with great *naïveté*, began trying them on before us all; and a more ludicrous sight you cannot imagine.

Sir William Hamilton* followed; and then a coterie was formed at the other side the room, by all the men but young Burke, who would not quit my elbow.

Miss E—— then came next to me again, and worried me with

* Sir William Hamilton, K.B., was Ambassador at Naples for thirty-six years. His mother was nurse to George III., who, on coming to the throne, made young Hamilton his equerry. He was a person of excellent taste, which he chiefly directed to antiquarian researches connected with the classical vicinity in which he so long resided. His collection of antique vases (which after his death was purchased by government for the British Museum) was, and still remains, unrivalled. He died in 1803.

was interesting, passing some thirty or so lines in two minutes following to show the whole of the first of the Cambridge, though they were not really accurate the most interesting.

During this came Mr. George Cambridge. The sight of Mrs. Tsey, rising to receive him with one of her arms round and the recollection of several accounts given me of her waiting them made me unable to keep my countenance.

Mrs. Tsey called him a short name to Miss B——: but while she was moving to make way for him I've dropped her ear.

Mr. G. C. was going to speak, when Mrs. Tsey interrupted him, by saying—

"Did you know Mr. Wallace Mr. Cambridge?"

"No ma'am."

"It's a very disagreeable thing, I think," said she, "when one has just made acquaintance with anybody, and then learn to have them die."

This speech set me grinning so violently that I was forced to begin slipping off the outside of the unknown coat from my waist for an excuse for looking down.

Just then my father came in, and when Mr. G. C. came and took the chair half beside me.

I told him of some new numbers for Dr. Johnson's club.

"I think," said he "it would more like some club than one made of in the 'Spectator' than like a real club in those times; for the habits of a whole year will not amount to those of a single night in other clubs. Does Dr. Johnson belong to it?"

"Oh, no! he is quite of another party! He is head man on the side of the defenders of Lord Byron. Nothing is the least enough of Dr. Johnson: for they had a great battle upon the life of Byron, or Sheridan."

"And had they really a serious quarrel? I never imagined it had amounted to that."

"Oh, yes, serious enough, I assure you. I never saw Dr. Johnson really in a passion but then, and avoided it."

was to see. I wished myself away a thousand times. It was a frightful scene. He so red, poor Mr. Pepys so pale!"

"But how did it begin? What did he say?"

"Oh, Dr. Johnson came to the point without much ceremony. He called out aloud, before a large company, at dinner, 'What have you to say, sir, to me or of me? Come forth, man! I hear you object to my 'Life of Lord Lyttelton.' What are your objections? If you have anything to say, let's hear it. Come forth, man, when I call you!'"

"What a call, indeed! Why, then, he fairly bullied him into a quarrel!"

"Yes. And I was the more sorry, because Mr. Pepys had begged of me, before they met, not to let Lord Lyttelton be mentioned. Now, I had no more power to prevent it than this macaroon cake in my hand."

"It was behaving ill to Mrs. Thrale, certainly, to quarrel in her house."

"Yes; but he never repeated it; though he wished of all things to have gone through just such another scene with Mrs. Montagu, and to refrain was an act of heroic forbearance."

"Why, I rather wonder he did not; for she was the head of the set of Lytteltonians."

"Oh, he knows that; he calls Mr. Pepys only her prime minister."

"And what does he call her?"

"'Queen,' to be sure! 'Queen of the Blues!' She came to Streatham one morning, and I saw he was dying to attack her. But he had made a promise to Mrs. Thrale to have no more quarrels in her house, and so he forced himself to forbear. Indeed he was very much concerned, when it was over, for what had passed; and very candid and generous in acknowledging it. He is too noble to adhere to wrong."

"And how did Mrs. Montagu herself behave?"

"Very stately, indeed, at first. She turned from him very stiffly, and with a most distant air, and without even eurtseying to him, and with a firm intention to keep to what she had publicly declared—that she would never speak to him more!"

However, he went up to her himself, longing to begin ! and very roughly said, 'Well, madam, what's become of your fine new house ? I hear no more of it.' "

"But how did she bear this ?"

"Why she was obliged to answer him ; and she soon grew so frightened—as everybody does—that she was as civil as ever."

He laughed heartily at this account. But I told him Dr. Johnson was now much softened. He had acquainted me, when I saw him last, that he had written to her upon the death of Mrs. Williams, because she had allowed her something yearly, which now ceased.

"And I had a very kind answer from her," said he.

"Well then, sir," cried I, 'I hope peace now will be again proclaimed.'

"Why, I am now," said he, 'come to that time when I wish all bitterness and animosity to be at an end. I have never done her any serious harm—nor would I ; though I could give her a bite !—but she must provoke me much first. In volatile talk, indeed, I may have spoken of her not much to her mind ; for in the tumult of conversation malice is apt to grow sprightly ; and there, I hope, I am not yet decrepid !' "

He quite laughed aloud at this characteristic speech.

"I most readily assured the Doctor that I had never yet seen him limp !"

Mr. G. C. told me next a characteristic stroke of Mr. Walpole's. It is the custom, you know, among the Macaronies, to wear two watches, which, it is always observed, never go together: "So I suppose," says he, in his finical way, "one is to tell us what o'clock *it is*, and the other what o'clock *it is not*."

Another Walpolian Mr. G. C. told me, upon the Duc de Bouillon, who tries to pass for an Englishman, and calls himself Mr. Godfrey. "But I think," says Mr. Walpole, "he might better take an English title, and call himself the *Duke of Mutton Broth*."

TUESDAY.—I spent the afternoon with Dr. Johnson, who indeed is very ill, and whom I could hardly tell how to leave. But he is rather better since, though still in a most alarming

way. Indeed, I am very much afraid for him! He was very, very kind!—Oh, what a cruel, heavy loss will he be!

You have heard the whole story of Mr. Burke, the Chelsea Hospital, and his most charming letter? To-day he called, and, as my father was out, inquired for me. He made a thousand apologies for breaking in upon me, but said the business was finally settled at the Treasury. Nothing could be more delicate, more elegant than his manner of doing this kindness. I don't know whether he was most polite or most friendly in his whole behaviour to me. I could almost have cried when he said, "This is my last act in office:"* he said it with so manly a cheerfulness, in the midst of undisguised regret. What a man he is!

FRIDAY, DEC. 19TH.—This morning Mr. Cambridge, sen: came again, and I had a charming *tête-à-tête* with him. He most comically congratulated himself upon finding me alone: "for now," says he, "you will talk to me." He then repeatedly hoped he did not disturb me, which I assured him he could never do, and then we began our usual conversation upon every sort of thing that came uppermost.

Some time after he said,—

"Gay as you may think me, I am always upon the watch for evil: only I do not look for it, like the croakers, to be miserable, but to prevent it. And, for this purpose, I am constantly turning about in my own mind every possible evil that can happen, and then I make it my whole business to guard against it."

I went afterwards, by long appointment, to Mr. Burrows's to meet Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld. Mrs. Chapone carried me.

Mrs. Chapone herself is the most superiorly unaffected creature you can conceive, and full of *agréments* from good sense, talents, and conversational powers, in defiance of age, infirmities, and uncommon ugliness. I really love as well as admire and esteem her.

* This alludes to Dr. Burney's appointment to the office of organist to the chapel of Chelsea Hospital.

DEC. 27TH.—We went at night, according to appointment, to the Pepys. We found only Lady Rothes, Sir Lucas Pepys, for Dr. Pepys has just been made a baronet, Lord Tzelle, a youth of about eighteen, son of Lady Rothes, Mr. Montagu, Mr. Wiazell,* and the master and mistress. Mrs. Walsingham and Miss Wigham went to one side of the room, and I was placed next Lady Rothes on the other.

All the Pepys were in good humour and good spirits; their conversation was pleasant and interesting.

THURSDAY, DEC. 28TH.—I went to Mr. Montagu, and spent the evening with him. He was very interesting, indeed. There were some very disagreeable people with him; and he even offered me to leave by turning suddenly to me, and saying, "My dear, and saying—"

"The time I have spent in my house has been very pleasant; but I will not surely regret my leaving of it, as I am now in a better state of mind."

How many believe I promised that I would not leave the country to be by him and he was so very kind, my dear, how much he was kind!—He was quite wonderfully interesting in his conversation. I hope for his recovery.

* Nathaniel William Wiazell was a distinguished writer of the time, and was the author of a number of works, of which the most famous is his *History of the City of London*, in the first edition of which he was the principal author, and died in 1781.

CHAPTER XVII.

1784.

Mrs. Delany—A Visit to Her—Kindness of Queen Charlotte—Mrs. Carter—The Duchess of Portland—Miss Twining—Letter from Mrs. Thrale—R. Owen Cambridge—A Conversazione at Mrs. Vesey's—Mr. Jerningham—Literary Ladies—Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter—Sir W. Hamilton—The Hamilton Vase—Party at Mr. Pepys's—Letter from Mrs. Thrale—Bath Society—Dinner at Mrs. Fitzgerald's—Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, the Bishop of St. Asaph—Visit to Dr. Johnson—Sir Philip Clerke—R. Owen Cambridge—The Dulness of Set Parties—Mrs. Lock—Party at Mrs. Thrale's—Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, Hannah More, Mrs. Chapone—A Day with Mrs. Delany—Her Correspondence with Swift and Young—The Loss of Friends—Age and Youth—Lady Andover—A Literary Breakfast—Flying Visits—Dinner at the Bishop of Winchester's—Evening Party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's—Letter from Mrs. Thrale—More Dinner Parties—Resignation—Sad Anticipations—Marriage of Mrs. Thrale—Visit to Mrs. Lock at Norbury Park—Madame de Genlis—Happy News—Boulogne Sixty Years Ago—Life at Norbury Park—Madame de Sévigné—Domestic Adventures—Moravians—Defence of Mrs. Piozzi—Illness of Dr. Johnson—Anecdote—Johnson's Opinion of Mrs. Piozzi's Marriage—The Bristol Milk-woman—Johnson's Definition of Genius—Visit to Norbury Park—Letters from Miss Burney to Dr. Burney and Mrs. Lock—Lord George Gordon—The Duchess of Devonshire, and Blanchard the Aeronaut—Dr. Johnson's last Illness—Anecdotes of his Last Days—His Death.

TUESDAY, JAN. 6TH.—I spent the afternoon with Dr. Johnson, and had the great satisfaction of finding him better.

THURSDAY, JAN. 8TH.—I dined with Mrs. Delany.* The vener-

* This lady, who was born in 1700, was daughter of John Granville, Esq., and niece of Pope's Lansdowne—"of every muse the friend." She became, in 1743, the second wife of Dr. Patrick Delany, the intimate friend of Dean Swift, and of whom, after his death, he wrote a work, entitled, "Observations on Swift." Her husband was himself promoted to an Irish deanery (that of Down) the year after their marriage, in

able and excellent old lady received me with open arms, and we kissed one another as if she had been my sweet grandmother, whom she always reminds me of. She looks as well as ever, only rather thinner; but she is as lively, gay, pleasant, good-humoured, and animated, as at eighteen. She sees, she says, much worse; "but I am thankful," she added, cheerfully, "I can see at all at my age. My greatest loss is the countenance of my friends; however, to see even the light is a great blessing."

She showed me a most elegant and ingenious loom, which the Queen made her a present of last summer at Windsor, for making fringe; and a gold knitting needle given her by the King. And she told me the whole history of their manner of presenting them, with a sort of grateful simplicity that was quite affecting. Did I ever tell you of the letter the Queen wrote her, when she gave her a beautiful case of instruments for her curious works? She signed it her "affectionate Queen." I quite reverence the Queen for her sense of Mrs. Delany's merit.

We had, however, but half an hour alone, and it seemed to me much shorter. Mrs. Carter and Miss Hamilton came to dinner.

Mrs. Carter is a charming woman; I never liked her so much before; but I never before saw so much of her to like. Miss Hamilton I have nothing new to say about; I had no opportunity to ask her for the *Bas Bleu*, as I had never been near her, and was much reproached, and had peace to make for myself.

In the evening the Duchess of Portland came, and was very gracious and very agreeable. Lady Dartmouth, also, who seems a very plain, unaffected, worthy woman; Mrs. Levison, one of Mrs. Boscawen's daughters, and Miss G——, a maid of honour, whom I have been invited three days following to meet at Mrs. Walsingham's. She has had, it seems, a man's education; yet she is young, pretty, and, at times, very engaging. She seems unequal, and, I am told, can be very saucy and supercilious.

1744. Mrs. Delany was left a widow in 1768, and was 83 years of age when she is first mentioned in the Diary. Lord Orford speaks of her skill in painting, and in imitating flowers in cut and coloured paper. For further references to this venerable and interesting lady, see Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Swift."

The evening did very well, but the first half hour was worth the whole day.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Bath, January 15, 1784.

Well, my dearest Burney—now Mrs. Byron is ill, and all my tenderness returns. Do send her the inclosed, and let me know whether she is bad or no. Poor soul! she loves me dearly in her way, and if I do not like her method, 'tis no reason for rejecting her regard.

I have got a world of franks, and shall torment you accordingly.

Sir Lucas Pepys received a letter from me the other day, all about my health; perhaps he'll answer it; and Seward hears all the particulars as if he were an old nurse.

As for being well in this weather, it were as rational to bid me calm the heats of Parliament as my own agitated nerves: but, as the man in "The Rambler" says, "perhaps I shall mend in the spring."

Air balloons go no faster than post-horses at last! I caught my death almost by looking at one the other day, which went to Bristol in an hour from hence. I dare say Sir John Lade's phaeton would have beaten our Icarus out of sight.

Adieu, my love, and may God bless you but as is wished and prayed for by your own

H. L. T.

Diary Resumed.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15TH.—My Bath journey, my dear Susy, I know not what to say about; could I go for one fortnight, nothing could so much rejoice me; for I even languish, I pine to see again my beloved and very—oh, very unhappy Mrs. Thrale! I know well the meeting, as things are at present situated, would half kill her with joy, and me with a thousand feelings I keep off as well as I can; but I cannot tell how to arrange matters

for this purpose. The expense of such an expedition, for so short a time, I know not how even to name to my father, who has a thousand reasons against my going, all founded on arguments unanswerable.

I had a very long conference with dear Mr. Cambridge, who returned to town with undiminished kindness for me, as he showed in a manner that will amaze you. Charlotte was with us at first, but soon retired; and we had then an hour or two by ourselves.

He began by talking of the preceding evening at Mrs. Ord's, and its heaviness. I was half ready to laugh—there was something so *naïf* in the complaint.

"But I must tell you," said he, "how I made George laugh, though not intending it, after we got into Mortimer Street last night. 'Why, George,' says I, 'what an evening we have had here! Why, there's neither been mirth nor instruction!'"

"Mrs. Ord," cried I, "is a very friendly woman, and very sensible; and, indeed, I go to see her because I have a real regard for her, and she has the warmest regard for me; but I don't go expecting entertainment from her brilliancy."

"Oh, it is quite right for you, and quite another thing for you; but for me, who come seldom to town, it does not answer; for I always want either to hear something that is new, or something that is pleasant. But it is very well for you who live in town and I would have you go."

We had then a little further talk about the evening, after which, in a very serious tone, Mr. Cambridge said—

"And now I have something very interesting to say to you. I hardly know how to tell it you; but you must bear it as well as you can, and not suffer it to prey upon your spirits."

And then, while I listened aghast, he told me that the sweet Kitty was in so dangerous a way he could not but look forward to the most fatal conclusion of her malady.

I was truly concerned—concerned at my very heart to hear such sounds from him; but when he proceeded to comfort me,—to beg me to bear up,—I was really obliged to go and poke at the fire with all my might to hide from him the effect of such

generosity of sentiment. I cannot write you the particulars of what he said, because, things being since a little mended, I hope there is less occasion to think over such sad admonitions: but he charged me to bear up against this misfortune as *he* did.

"You," said he, "must remind me hereafter, should you see me sinking at last in sorrow when all is over, of what I say to you now, and of all her sufferings, which now I think worse than all."

Again he charged me to be cheerful myself, and said he had given the same charge to Sally Baker.

"You two," added he, "and my two girls, have among you all four but one fault,—and that is too much feeling. You must repress that, therefore, as much as you can."

And when he had repeated these injunctions, he said,—

"And now we will talk of it no more. I have prepared you for what may happen; so now think of it as little as you can, and forgive me for giving you so much pain; and the less we say upon this subject in future the better."

I went alone to Mrs. Vesey's, which was very disagreeable to me. There was a very full meeting too, and most of the company were already arrived; and, to add to the pleasure of my *entrée*, Mrs. Vesey was in an inner room: so my name was spoke aloud at the door, and then nobody was ready to receive me. I stood so awkward; till at last Sir Joshua Reynolds smilingly called out,—

"Miss Burney, you had better come and sit by me, for here's no Mrs. Vesey."

I instantly obeyed the droll summons.

"Why don't Dr. Burney come with you?" cried he, good-naturedly; "you should make him, for it is very distressing to you to come in alone."

I never will go alone again unless I can go much earlier.

I now soon saw folks enough that I knew. Mr. Jerningham first came up to me, and offered to fetch Mrs. Vesey, which though I declined, he would do. She received me most kindly and told me I had a little party of friends in the boudoir who

desired I would join them; but I had had enough of exhibiting myself, and begged leave to sit still.

"But you can't think, my dear ma'am," cried she, "how happy you will make me, if you will be quite at your ease here, and run about just as you like."

How well she sees what would make me happy!—to run about in rooms full of company!

As soon as she was called off, Mr. Jerningham took her place, civilly declaring he would not give it up, come who might.

Soon after came Mr. Montagu with another message from the boudoir; but I was now by the Burrows and Mrs. Pepys, and did not like parading away. They sent a bad messenger, however; for he got a chair in our circle, and took back no answer. Afterwards Miss Hamilton herself came, and, taking my hand, insisted upon carrying me back with her.

The boudoir party was Mrs. Carter, Miss Gregory, Miss Hamilton, Lady Wake, Miss Ann Clarke, and Mr. Montagu. I was introduced by Miss Hamilton to the two ladies whose names are new to you. I stayed with this party all the evening.

Mrs. Carter talked more than any body ever heard her talk before; and Mr. Montagu declared he was sure it was for me. I should desire nothing more than such influence, were it so; for her talk was all instruction. Were I to see much of her, I really think we should be exceeding good friends. Mrs. Vesey, Dr. Warton, and Mr. Jerningham, joined us occasionally. In the other rooms were Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Buller, Sir William Hamilton, and crowds more, with dear, amiable, unaffected Sir Joshua.

Mr. Cambridge came very late, and ventured not into our closet, which seemed a band exclusive.

There was a world of regret in the boudoir, about my not going to see the Hamilton Vase next day; for most of that set were to form the party.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17TH.—To-day, by long invitation, I was to spend the evening at the Pepys's.

We kept up, among our own group, a general conversation, but not a very lively one; for Miss G. whispered me she wished Miss O. away, she could say so little: and Mr. M. told me in

another whisper, he could not bear looking at Miss H., there was something so disagreeably languishing in her eyes! The two ladies had no opportunity, as I was seated, to whisper a return of these compliments; but I found that none of them desired the affinity of the others.

The evening rubbed on and rubbed off till it began to break up. Mrs. Montagu was the first who rose to take leave, and, in passing by to go out, suddenly perceived me, and eagerly advancing, put both her hands upon my shoulders, and good-humouredly exclaimed, "Oh, have I found you out at last?" And then she said many very obliging things, which she finished with an invitation for the next Wednesday evening with my father.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Bath, Wednesday, February 18, 1784.

Thanks, thanks, a thousand, my prettiest, dearest Burney! This charming letter makes amends for all. And you remember last winter, do you? and remember it with tenderness? What then must have passed in my mind, on the dreadful anniversary of a day which, instead of killing me, as it ought to have done, gave to two innocent, unfortunate people, a cruel and lingering death,—like the arrows tipped with African poison, which, slowly and gradually retarding the vital powers, at length (in about three years, I think) wholly put a stop to their exertion!

You are vastly good-natured about the little Dobbina, who is my fond and humble adorer; though somewhat jealous of her husband's being (as he truly is) a greater favourite with me than her. The means she takes to supplant him are truly comical, and would make you laugh most heartily; but so might twenty undescribable situations if you were on the spot,—the only clean, and warm, and wholesome spot in England at this time. Oh, I would not quit dear Bath just now for any place in King George's dominions!

Pray, is Baretti sick or in distress? The Italians think him dead; but I suppose all is well with him, a'n't it?

Johnson is in a sad way, doubtless; yet he may still with care

last another twelvemonth, and every week's existence is gain to him, who, like good Hezekiah, wearies Heaven with entreaties for life. I wrote him a very serious letter the other day.

The Methodists do certainly reconcile one to death, by rendering all temporal enjoyments obtuse, or representing them as illicit. Whoever considers this world as a place of constant mortification and incessant torment, will be well enough contented to leave it; but I can scarcely think our Saviour, who professed his yoke to be easy and his burden to be light, will have peculiar pleasure in their manner of serving Him. My principles are never convinced by their arguments, though my imagination is always fluttered by their vehemence. We must do the best we can at last, and as King David says, "Let us fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of men; for they are severe and cruel judges of each other."

Apropos—Mr. Seward's disapprobation is merely external, and by no means like yours, the growth of his heart; but the coarseness of his expressions he has to himself, and I cannot guess how I have deserved them. Sir Lucas Pepys writes very tenderly to me. Live or die, he shall not find me ungrateful.

Why do you catch these horrible fevers, dear Burney? They will demolish you some day before you are aware.

Well, you have lost some of the old treason-plotters, to be sure, by whom you were and are dearly loved and valued; but when friends are once parted in this wide world, 'tis so strange if they ever meet again, that no one ought to wonder should they see each other no more. There is a place, however, where we shall meet those we love, and enjoy their society in peace and comfort. To such as have fully experienced the agonies of absence, sure that will be heaven enough.

Adieu, my precious friend, and don't forget one on whose heart time and distance have no other effect than to engrave affection and affliction the deeper. Adieu! I am really almost drawn together from emptiness and sinking. Love me, however, while I am your

H. L. T.

Mrs. Thrale to Miss Burney.

Bath, Tuesday, 23rd March, 1784.

You were a dear creature, to write so soon and so sweetly; but we shall never meet. I see that clearly, and have seen it long. My going to London would be a dreadful expense, and bring on a thousand inquiries and inconveniences—visits to Johnson and from Cator: and where must I live for the time, too? Oh, I have desired nothing else since you wrote; but all is impossibility. Why would you ever flatter me that you might, maybe, come to Bath? I saw the unlikelihood even then, and my retired life will not induce your friends to permit your coming hither now. I fancy even my own young ladies will leave me, and I sincerely think they will be perfectly right so to do, as the world they wish to shine in is quite excluded by my style of living.

Bath flash they properly enough despise, and London flash I cannot attend them in. More chapters of the Bible, or more volumes of the Roman and English histories, would fatigue their ears—for their lungs have not yet suffered. I have, however, read to them the Bible from beginning to end, the Roman and English histories, Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, and Young's works from head to heel; Warton and Johnson's criticisms on the Poets; besides a complete system of dramatic writing; and classical—I mean English classics—they are most perfectly acquainted with. Such works of Voltaire, too, as were not dangerous, we have worked at; "Rollin des Belles Lettres," and a hundred more.

But my best powers are past, and I think I must look them a lady to supply my deficiency, to attend them if they should like a jaunt next summer or so; for I will not quit Bath. The waters and physicians of this place are all my comfort, and I often think I never shall again leave the spot.

Al! Burney! you little know the suffering, and, I will add, the patient suffering of your

H. L. T.*

* The above letter is indorsed as follows in the handwriting of Madame d'Arblay:—

Journal Resumed.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17TH.—The sight of your paw any way, my dearest Susy, my heart's ever dearest friend, would be well worth all the pence I have in the world, could I see it on no other condition. Indeed I have not been really in spirits, nor had one natural laugh, since I lost you; there seems such an insipidity, such a vacuity in all that passes. I know not, in truth, whether I most miss you when happy or when sad. That I wish for you most when happy is certain; but that nothing upon earth can do me so much good, when sad, as your society, is certain too. Constantly to hear from you, and to write to you, is the next best thing; so now, with as little murmuring as I am able, I return to our paper conversations.

Your note by the postilion was truly welcome; and I thank you most warmly for writing it. I am grieved you had so bad a journey, which I fear you could never bear so well as you imposingly pretend. As to me, I have had, I confess, a slight headache ever since you went; but I believe it to be owing to stagnation of blood from stupidity, nothing of an enlivening nature having passed to give me a *fillip* for the Philip I have lost. There! could Charlotte do more? However, I solemnly assure you I am only heavyish, not ill; and I intend to shake that off by the first opportunity.

Your letter to my father, and account of the sweet little girl, delighted us all. He will very soon answer it himself. I am rejoiced on your account as much as hers that she can now walk so well. So now to my proceedings.

MONDAY, APRIL 19TH.—I went in the evening to see dear

"Many letters of a subsequent date to this letter, of 14th March, 1784, I have utterly, for cogent reasons (cogent and conscientious,) destroyed. Following, with this so long dearest friend, the simple, but unrivalled, golden rule, I would only preserve such as evince her conflicts, her misery, and her sufferings, mental and corporeal, to exonerate her from the banal reproach of yielding unresisting to her passions. Her fault and grievous misfortune was, not combating them in their origin; not flying even from their menace. How have I loved her! with what affection, what gratitude, what admiration, and what affliction!

"12th February, 1825."

Dr. Johnson. He received me with open arms, scolded me with the most flattering expressions for my absence, but would not let me come away without making me promise to dine with him next day, on a salmon from Mrs. Thrale. This I did not dare refuse, as he was urgent, and I had played truant so long; but, to be sure, I had rather have dined first, on account of poor Blacky. He is amazingly recovered, and perfectly good-humoured and comfortable, and smilingly alive to idle chat.

APRIL 20TH.—At Dr. Johnson's we had Mr. and Mrs. Hoole and their son, and Mrs. Hall, a very good Methodist, and sister of John Wesley. The day was tolerable; but Dr. Johnson is never his best when there is nobody to draw him out; but he was much pleased with my coming, and very kind indeed.

APRIL 22ND.—Sweet and delectable to me was my dearest Susy's letter. I am so glad of seeing your sentiments, when I cannot hear them, that your letters are only less valuable to me than yourself: and, indeed, no letters were ever so very near conversation as ours; they have but this fault—the longest never says half there is to say.

I will not answer one word to what you say of our dear, lost Chesington; if I do, I shall start no other subject. But I am truly delighted by all you say of the sweet little girl, and most thankful to Heaven for the comfort she affords you. I am well, my dear Susy, I assure you, though not "all alive and jolly;" yet by no means melancholic neither; a little still in the stagnating order; but it will wear away, I hope, and I spare not for continual employment, by way of forwarding its departure.

I did not receive your letter, my dear Susy, till Tuesday. I have lately spent a great deal of time at home, for I have now a little broke my father into permitting my sending excuses; and, indeed, I was most heartily tired of visiting, though the people visited have been among the first for talents in the kingdom. I can go nowhere with pleasure or spirit, if I meet not somebody who interests my heart as well as my head, and I miss Mrs. Thrale most woefully in both particulars.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23RD.—The sweet and most bewitching Mrs. Locke called upon me in the evening, with her son George. I

let her in, and did so rejoice I had not gone to Mrs. Vesey's. But I rejoiced for only a short time; she came but to take leave, for she was going to Norbury the very next morning. I was quite heavy all the evening. She does truly interest both head and heart. I love her already. And she was so kind, so caressing, so soft; pressed me so much to fix a time for going to Norbury; said such sweet things of Mrs. Phillips, and kissed me so affectionately in quitting me, that I was quite melted by her.

What a charm has London lost for me by her departure! sweet creature that she is; born and bred to dispense pleasure and delight to all who see or know her! She, Mrs. Thrale, and Mrs. Delany, in their several ways all excellent, possess the joint powers of winning the affections, while they delight the intellects to the highest summit I can even conceive of human attraction. The heart-fascination of Mrs. Thrale, indeed, few know; but those few must confess, and must feel, her sweetness to them is as captivating as her wit is brilliant to all.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24TH.—My father and I went very late to the Borough: early enough, however, for me, as I was not in cue for a mixed party of praters. I respect and esteem them; but they require an exertion to which I am not always inclined. The company was Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, Miss More, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Mrs. Chapone, and two or three less eminent.

I had many flattering reproaches for my late truancy from these parties; but all that I received any pleasure in was about a quarter of an hour's separate talk with Mrs. Garrick, who was so unaffected, cheerful, and rational, that I was very glad of the chat.

MONDAY, APRIL 26TH.—I spent with my dear Mrs. Delany, and more pleasantly than I have spent any day since my Susy left town. She gave me her letters to rummage, from Swift and Young; and she told me all the anecdotes that occurred to her of her acquaintance with them. How I grieve that her sight visibly continues to decay! all her other senses and faculties are perfect, though she says not.

"My friends," said she once when we were alone, "will last, I believe, as long as I last, because they are very good; but the

pleasure of our friendship is now all to be received by me, for I have lost all power of returning any."

If she often spoke such untruths, I should not revere her as I do. She has been in great affliction lately for Lady Mansfield, a very old friend, just dead.

"The Duchess of Portland and I," said she, "have shut ourselves up together, and seen nobody; and some people said we did mischief to ourselves by it, for the Duchess lamented Lady Mansfield still more than I did. However, our sympathy has only done good to both. But to-day I wanted a cordial, and that made me wish for you."

How kind and how sweet! We were quite alone till evening, except for lovely Miss P——, whom I like very much; and I entreated Mrs. Delany always to let me dine with her alone; and I believe she will comply, for we grow more and more sociable and unreserved.

"I was told," said she once, "that when I grew older, I should feel less; but I do not find it so; I am sooner, I think, hurt than ever. I suppose it is with very old age as with extreme youth, the effect of weakness; neither of those stages of life have firmness for bearing misfortunes.

In the evening we had Lady Andover and Mrs. Walsingham.

MAY 6TH.—I breakfasted at Mrs. Ord's, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss More, and we had a very pleasant morning, of rational and elegant conversation. Mr. Smelt has the same taste in the fine arts and in literature that Mr. Locke has. He is a most polished and high-bred man; but I could make no acquaintance with him, though Mrs. Ord and himself were both earnest that I should; for never once did he open his mouth but to make me some compliment allusive to "Cecilia;" and though always with delicacy, even to refinement, it always was compliment, and kept me in that sort of acknowledging restraint, that put it out of my power to say anything in reply. He asked me where I should spend the summer? I told him at Chesington; and, for some part of it, at Mr. Locke's.

"Ah!" cried he, "you are acquainted, then, with that divine family?"

No wonder he, who has so much in common with Mr. Locke, should passionately admire both him and his.

MAY 7TH.—My father and I dined at the Bishop of Winchester's; this being my first sight of Mrs. North this year. She reproached me, however, very gently, pressing me to come to Chelsea, and assuring me she would never forgive it if I did not visit her at Farnham in the summer. The Bishop is charming, and the children are very interesting.

In the evening we went to Sir Joshua Reynolds'. Here we met Mr. Burke; not well, however, nor in high spirits, but very good-humoured and pleasant; and so kind as to seat himself next me all the evening. His son was there too, and, as he came a full half-hour before his father, had kept that seat himself, as usual, till his arrival. I am quite amazed at him and young Montagu, for their noble perseverance in working so resolutely at so much dryness and coldness as I treat them with. They are both very pleasing and well-bred young men; and I can hardly tell myself why I am not more sociable with them! but it is so that I am not; and I feel obliged to them in vain.

Young B.'s uncle, Mr. R. Burke, was there also, and, as he ever does, instantly distinguished me in a public manner; but though I am much entertained sometimes with his strong humour, there is a boldness in his manners that always excites in mine a chilliness that distances him. How unlike his brother!

Mrs. Thrale to Miss F. Burney.

Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square,
Tuesday Night, May, 1784.

I am come, dearest Burney. It is neither dream nor fiction; though I love you dearly, or I would not have come. Absence and distance do nothing towards wearing out real affection; so you shall always find it in your true and tender

H. L. T.

I am somewhat shaken bodily, but 'tis the mental shocks that have made me unable to bear the corporeal ones. 'Tis past ten

o'clock, and I must lay myself down with the sweet expectation of seeing my charming friend in the morning to breakfast. I love Dr. Burney too well to fear him, and he loves me too well to say a word which should make me love him less.

Journal Resumed.

MAY 17.—Let me now, my Susy, acquaint you a little more connectedly than I have done of late how I have gone on. The rest of that week I devoted almost wholly to sweet Mrs. Thrale, whose society was truly the most delightful of cordials to me, however, at times, mixed with bitters the least palatable.

One day I dined with Mrs. Garrick to meet Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hamilton, and Dr. and Miss Cadogan; and one evening I went to Mrs. Vesey, to meet almost everybody,—the Bishop of St. Asaph, and all the Shipleys, Bishop Chester and Mrs. Porteus, Mrs. and Miss Ord, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Palmer, Mrs. Buller, all the Burrows, Mr. Walpole, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss More, and some others. But all the rest of my time I gave wholly to dear Mrs. Thrale, who lodged in Mortimer Street, and who saw nobody else. Were I not sensible of her goodness, and full of incurable affection for her, should I not be a monster?

I parted most reluctantly with my dear Mrs. Thrale, whom, when or how, I shall see again, Heaven only knows! but in sorrow we parted—on *my* side in real affliction.

The next morning, while ruminating in much sadness upon my late interviews with Mrs. Thrale, how great was the relief of my mind,—the delight, indeed, to be summoned to my dear Mr. Cambridge. I flew to him—I gave him my hand, for I could not help it, from the great satisfaction I felt in again seeing him. “But why, sir,” I cried, “have you been such a stranger?—I hope nothing is worse at Twickenham?”

The grave and fixed countenance that now met my eyes, though the first look had been kindly smiling, told me instantly how all our fair, lately raised hopes were blasted. He was

silent a moment, and then slowly answered,—“Yes; we must not talk of that.”

Shocked and disappointed at this relapse, I could not forbear expressing my concern. He then more explicitly told me how ill everything went; and that now all hope was finally over. Sir John Elliot had been with them the morning before, and told them to expect the worst! “You must now, therefore,” said he, “only pray to have her released.”

Something then, but in a hurrying manner, as if willing to get rid of the subject, he said of disappointment about my going to Twickenham, or seeing his beloved Kitty any more; and concluded it with,—“I can now only hope to see you a consolation to Charlotte.”

O that I might be so! but who on earth can console that noble-minded creature? He told me how greatly she behaved, and said that but the day before she had declared she could not, for the sake of one quarter of an hour's smiles from her darling sister, any longer wish her to endure twenty-four hours' misery!

The old complaints still continue, and new ones appear: he had stayed with them only to watch by the poor sufferer, who bore her accumulated torments like an angel. He came up now in order to dine with Dr. Heberden and Sir John Elliot; but gave me to understand this was the last visit he purposed making to town till all suspense was over.

[At this period the health of Mrs. Phillips failed so much that, after some deliberation, she and Captain Phillips decided on removing to Boulogne for change of air. The following letter was written by Miss Burney to her sister, when this plan was first in agitation.]

JUNE 13.—My dearest, dearest Susy, I have read your final letter with much more composure than I did your leading one. I saw what was coming, and was therefore prepared for it; but do not grieve so, my darling Susy,—my own ever, ever most dear of friends and sisters! Grieve not for me, in taking measures to preserve the life and health most valuable to my own. Such being the motive of your removal, I can bear it

without a murmur, and I will do all in my power to assist it, by taking upon me the whole management of it with my father whenever you please.

But must it be to the Continent? the division by sea—how could I cross it were you ill? Who would take me? and could I bear that Phillips should leave you to fetch me in such a case? The remotest part of England were better to me. But if he or you think your abode there will be pleasanter, oh, dearest Susy! that, indeed, will be a pull upon my heart-strings!—but of this when we meet. You certainly have been well in various parts of England: Ipswich, Twickenham, Norbury,—all show the nation is not against you, only the clay soil. However, when we meet is time enough; I will do nothing to plague you out of a scheme, if it is formed.

You will, probably, have heard how they are relieved at Twickenham, and how angelically the whole family bear what has befallen them. O my Susy!—let me but preserve you, and all other evils now seem trifling. I would not oppose Captain P. in his plan for the world. I adore him for it—if it be for your health. [Towards the end of July in this year, Mrs. Thrale's second marriage took place with Mr. Piozzi, and Miss Burney went the same time to Norbury Park, where she passed some weeks, with Mr. and Mrs. Locke. The following "sketch" of a letter, and memorandum of what had recently passed between Mrs. Piozzi and herself, is taken from the journal of that period.]

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Piozzi.

Norbury Park, Aug. 10, 1784.

When my wondering eyes first looked over the letter I received last night, my mind instantly dictated a high-spirited vindication of the consistency, integrity, and faithfulness of the friendship thus abruptly reproached and cast away. But a sleepless night gave me leisure to recollect that you were ever as generous as precipitate, and that your own heart would do justice to mine, in the cooler judgment of future reflection.

Committing myself, therefore, to that period, I determined simply to assure you, that if my last letter hurt either you or Mr. Piozzi, I am no less sorry than surprised; and that if it offended you, I sincerely beg your pardon.

Not to that time, however, can I wait to acknowledge the pain an accusation so unexpected has caused me, nor the heartfelt satisfaction with which I shall receive, when you are able to write it, a softer renewal of regard.

May Heaven direct and bless you!

F. B.

[N.B. This is the sketch of the answer which F. Burney most painfully wrote to the unmerited reproach of not sending *cordial congratulations* upon a marriage which she had uniformly, openly, and with deep and avowed affliction, thought wrong.]

Mrs. Piozzi to Miss Burney.

Welbeck Street, No. 33, Cavendish Square,
Friday, Aug. 13, 1784.

Give yourself no serious concern, sweetest Burney. All is well, and I am too happy myself to make a friend otherwise; quiet your kind heart immediately, and love my husband if you love his and your

H. L. Piozzi.

[N.B. To this kind note, F. B. wrote the warmest and most affectionate and heartfelt reply; but never received another word! And here and thus stopped a correspondence of six years of almost unequalled partiality and fondness on her side; and affection, gratitude, admiration, and sincerity on that of F. B., who could only conjecture the cessation to be caused by the resentment of Piozzi, when informed of her constant opposition to the union.]

Diary Resumed.

Addressed to Mrs. Phillips.

FRIDAY, OCT. 8TH.—I set off with my dear father to Chesington, where we passed five days very comfortably; my father was all

good humour, all himself,—such as you and I mean by that word. The next day we had the blessing of your Dover letter, and on Thursday, Oct. 14, I arrived at dear Norbury Park, at about seven o'clock, after a pleasant ride in the dark. Mr. Locke most kindly and cordially welcomed me; he came out upon the steps to receive me, and his beloved Fredy waited for me in the vestibule. Oh, with what tenderness did she take me to her bosom! I felt melted with her kindness, but I could not express a joy like hers, for my heart was very full—full of my dearest Susan, whose image seemed before me upon the spot where we had so lately been together. They told me that Madame de la Fite, her daughter, and Mr. Hinde, were in the house; but as I am now, I hope, come for a long time, I did not vex at hearing this. Their first inquiries were if I had not heard from Boulogne.

SATURDAY.—I fully expected a letter, but none came; but SUNDAY I depended upon one. The post, however, did not arrive before we went to church. Madame de la Fite, seeing my sorrowful looks, good-naturedly asked Mrs. Locke what could be set about to divert a little *la pauvre Mademoiselle Beurney*? and proposed reading a drama of Madame de Genlis. I approved it much, preferring it greatly to conversation; and, accordingly, she and her daughter, each taking characters to themselves, read "*La Rosière de Salency*." It is a very interesting and touchingly simple little drama. I was so much pleased that they afterwards regularly read one every evening while they stayed.

Next morning I went upstairs as usual, to treat myself with a solo of impatience for the post, and at about twelve o'clock I heard Mrs. Locke stepping along the passage. I was sure of good news, for I knew, if there was bad, poor Mr. Locke would have brought it. She came in, with three letters in her hand, and three thousand dimples in her cheeks and chin! Oh, my dear Susy, what a sight to me was your hand! I hardly cared for the letter; I hardly desired to open it; the direction alone almost satisfied me sufficiently. How did Mrs. Locke embrace me! I half kissed her to death. Then came dear Mr. Locke, his eyes brighter than ever—"Well, how does she do?"

This question forced me to open my letter; all was just as I

could wish, except that I regretted the having written the day before such a lamentation. I was so congratulated! I shook hands with Mr. Locke; the two dear little girls came jumping to wish me joy; and Mrs. Locke ordered a fiddler, that they might have a dance in the evening, which had been promised them from the time of Mademoiselle de la Fite's arrival, but postponed from day to day, by general desire, on account of my uneasiness.

MONDAY, OCT. 25TH.—Mr. Hinde and Madame and Mademoiselle de la Fite all left us. They were all so good humoured and so happy, there was no being glad; though how to be sorry at remaining alone with this family, I really know not. Both the De la Fites went away in tears. I love them for it.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3RD.—This day has brought me another sweet letter from my Susy. What a set of broken-fortuned, broken-charactered people of fashion are about you at Boulogne!*

The accounts are at once curious and melancholy to me.

Nothing can be more truly pleasant than our present lives. I bury all disquietudes in immediate enjoyment; an enjoyment more fitted to my secret mind than any I had ever hoped to attain. We are so perfectly tranquil, that not a particle of our whole frames seems ruffled or discomposed. Mr. Locke is gayer and more sportive than I ever have seen him; his Fredy seems made up of happiness; and the two dear little girls are in spirits almost ecstatic; and all from that internal contentment which Norbury Park seems to have gathered from all corners of the world into its own sphere.

Our mornings, if fine, are to ourselves, as Mr. Locke rides out; if bad, we assemble in the picture room. We have two books in public reading, Madame de Sévigné's Letters, and Cook's last Voyage. Mrs. Locke reads the French, myself the English.

Our conversations, too, are such as I could almost wish to last for ever. Mr. Locke has been all himself,—all instruction, information, and intelligence,—since we have been left alone; and

* [Mrs. Phillips returned in less than a twelvemonth from Boulogne, much recovered in health, and settled with her husband and family in a house at Mickleham, at the foot of Norbury Park.]

the invariable sweetness, as well as judgment, of all he says, leaves, indeed, nothing to wish.

They will not let me go while I can stay, and I am now most willing to stay till I *must* go. The serenity of a life like this smooths the whole internal surface of the mind. My own, I assure you, begins to feel quite glossy. To see Mrs. Locke so entirely restored to total health, and to see her adoring husband lose all his torturing solicitude, while he retains his unparalleled tenderness—these are sights to anticipate a taste of paradise, if paradise has any felicity consonant to our *now* ideas.

I am most amazingly well and hearty. Since your letter arrived, I have not had an unpleasant thought that I have not driven away pellmell, as if it was a wasp near an open window.

TUESDAY, NOV, 9TH.—This is Mr. William Locke's birth-day; he is now seventeen: he came home, with his brothers, to keep it, three days ago. May they all be as long-lived and as happy as they are now sweet and amiable! This sweet place is beautiful even yet, though no longer of a beauty young and blooming, such as you left it; but the character of the prospect is so grand, that winter cannot annihilate its charms, though it greatly diminishes them. The variety of the grounds, and the striking form of the hills, always afford something new to observe, and retain something lasting to admire. Were I, however, in a desert, people such as these would make it gay and cheery.

I am quite enchanted with Madame de Sévigné; I think her almost all that can be wished to form female perfection. Her softness, her fond affection, her wit, spirit, and drollery, the right turn of her understanding, the gay entertainment of her abilities, but, more than all, the exquisite refinement of her quick sensibility, attach me to her as if she were alive, and even now in my room, and permitting me to run into her arms.

We go on but slowly with Captain Cook, for this siren seduces me from all other reading; but nothing can be so delightful as any reading in such society, and such reading as Madame de Sévigné has written would be delightful in any.

From Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Locke.

St. Martin's Street, Nov. 14th.

"On gracious errand bent," indeed! Dear Mr. Locke! what a day for his benevolent excursion! But he never thinks of himself, where others may be benefited by self-forgetfulness. May his success but make him recal those melancholy words I had once the pain to hear him utter—'That, though he had tried to do good,—from twenty shillings to some thousands,—he had never answered his own expectations.'

I was happy at the time, to hear you recollect for him some instances in which he had prospered,—and another instance, I hope, will pay his exertion of to-day.

And now let me give my beloved Mrs. Locke a little history of my (no) adventures.

I found at home my dear father, my mother, Charlotte, and Sarah, with two Mr. La Trobes, sons of a Moravian bishop, two tall thin, black, very good sort of young men, whom I had never seen before, but who stayed all the afternoon and evening,—probably to take off the strangeness of a new acquaintance.

On Sunday Mr. Seward called; and he stayed till dinner—not for the same reason that kept the Moravians, but because he was dying with impatience to talk over a transaction which I grieve even to think of; and I had the satisfaction of hearing all the merits and demerits of the cause fully discussed. I sate very uneasily, and spoke as little as I could: but how did I congratulate myself in being spared this cruel subject at the time I should have felt it the most, by my fortunate residence in the sweetly forbearing family at Norbury! Had I then been in town, while my whole heart was filled with sorrow and disturbance, I hardly know how I could have endured the perpetual canvassing in which I must have been made a party. To hear just blame cast upon those who are dear to us,—and to be checked both by truth and opinion from defending them,—is, at least, one of the most irksome situations in the world; especially where, as here, the person censured possessed a thousand good

qualities which her censurers never could boast. Those, however, were known to few : her defects were seen by all. Could I tell how to direct, I think I should write to her again ; for her heart must be strangely changed if this breach of all intercourse gives her no concern. I begin to fancy my last letter to her miscarried.

I had a very unpleasant morning after I left you. When the coach and I had waited upon my father, I made the visit I mentioned to you. O what a visit !—all that I pre-supposed of attack, inquiry, and acrimony, was nothing to what passed. Rage more intemperate I have not often seen ; and the shrill voice of feeble old age, screaming with unavailing passion, is horrible. She had long looked upon Mrs. T. as a kind of protégée, whom she had fondled when a child, and whose fame, as she grew into notice, she was always proud to hear of, and help to exalt. She is a woman (I can well attest !) of most furious passions herself, however at liberty she thinks she may be to show no sort of mercy to those of another.

Once, had I been less disturbed, I could have laughed ; for she declared with great vehemence, that if she had suspected “the wretch of any intention to marry the man, she would have ordered her own postchaise, and followed her to prevent it !”

Alas, poor Lady F. !

She then called upon me, to hear my story ; which, most painfully to myself, I related. She expressed herself very sorry for me, till I came to an avowal of my letter after the marriage ; she then flew out into new choler. “I am amazed you would write to her, Miss Burney ! I wonder you could think of it any more !”

I told her, I had thought myself so much indebted to her patience with my opposition to all her views and wishes, for the whole time of her long conflict, that, although I was the first to acknowledge her last action indefensible, I should be the last to forget all that had made me love her before it was committed.

This by no means satisfied her, and she poured forth again a torrent of unrelenting abuse. Some company, at last, came in, and I hastily took my leave. She called after me to fix some day for a longer visit ; but I pretended not to hear, and ran down—

stairs, heartily resolving that necessity alone should ever force me into her presence again.

One lady had come in before; but as it was in the height of our conference, her stately violence gave her courage to beg she would walk into another room with Miss B——e, as she was particularly engaged: and the poor lady looked as little gratified at being sent away as I did at being detained.

When I came home—before I could get upstairs,—I was summoned to Miss Streatfield, whom I met with as little pleasure as Lady E., since I had never seen her, nor indeed anybody, from the time this cruel transaction has been published. Not that I dreaded *her* violence, for she is as gentle as a lamb; but, there were causes enough for dread of another nature. However, fortunately and unexpectedly, she never named the subject, but prattled away upon nothing but her own affairs; and so, methinks, have I done too, and just as if I knew you wished to hear them. Do you?—I ask only for decency's sake.

Diary Resumed.

NORBURY PARK, SUNDAY, NOV. 28TH.—How will my Susan smile at sight of this date! Let me tell her how it has all happened. Last Thursday, Nov. 25th, my father set me down at Bolt-court, while he went on upon business. I was anxious to again see poor Dr. Johnson, who has had terrible health since his return from Lichfield. He let me in, though very ill. He was alone, which I much rejoiced at: for I had a longer and more satisfactory conversation with him than I have had for many months. He was in rather better spirits, too, than I have lately seen him; but he told me he was going to try what sleeping out of town might do for him.

"I remember," said he, "that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman, was also advised to sleep out of town; and when she was carried to the lodgings that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in very bad condition—for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places.

‘Oh,’ said the man of the house, “that’s nothing but by the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodgings!”

He laughed, though not without apparent secret anguish, in telling me this. I felt extremely shocked, but, willing to confine my words at least to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the unfeeling absurdity of such a confession.

“Such a confession,” cried he, “to a person then coming to try his lodging for her health, contains, indeed, more absurdity than we can well lay our account for.”

I had seen Miss T. the day before.

“So,” said he, “did I.”

I then said,—“Do you ever, sir, hear from her mother?”

“No,” cried he, “nor write to her. I drive her quite from my mind. If I meet with one of her letters, I burn it instantly. I have burnt all I can find. I never speak of her, and I desire never to hear of her more. I drive her, as I said, wholly from my mind.”

Yet, wholly to change this discourse, I gave him a history of the Bristol milk-woman,* and told him the tales I had heard of her writing so wonderfully, though she had read nothing but Young and Milton; “though those,” I continued, “could never possibly, I should think, be the first authors with anybody. Would children understand them? and grown people who have not read are children in literature.”

“Doubtless,” said he; “but there is nothing so little comprehended among mankind as what is genius. They give to it all, when it can be but a part. Genius is nothing more than knowing the use of tools; but there must be tools for it to use: a man who has spent all his life in this room will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next.”

“Certainly, sir; yet there is such a thing as invention? Shakespeare could never have seen a Caliban.”†

“No; but he had seen a man, and knew, therefore, how to vary him to a monster. A man who would draw a monstrous cow, must first know what a cow commonly is; or how can he tell

* Ann Yearsley.

that to give her an ass's head or an elephant's tusk will make her monstrous? Suppose you show me a man who is a very expert carpenter; another will say he was born to be a carpenter—but what if he had never seen any wood? Let two men, one with genius, the other with none, look at an overturned waggon:—he who has no genius, will think of the waggon only as he sees it, overturned, and walk on; he who has genius, will paint it to himself before it was overturned,—standing still, and moving on, and heavy loaded, and empty; but both must see the waggon, to think of it at all."

How just and true all this, my dear Susy! He then animated, and talked on, upon this milk-woman, upon a once as famous shoemaker, and upon our immortal Shakespeare, with as much fire, spirit, wit, and truth of criticism and judgment, as ever yet I have heard him. How delightfully bright are his faculties, though the poor and infirm machine that contains them seems alarmingly giving way.

Yet, all brilliant as he was, I saw him growing worse, and offered to go, which, for the first time I ever remember, he did not oppose; but, most kindly pressing both my hands—

"Be not," he said, in a voice of even tenderness, "be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now."

I assured him I would be the sooner, and was running off, but, he called me back, in a solemn voice, and, in a manner the most energetic, said—

"Remember me in your prayers!"

I longed to ask him to remember me, but did not dare. I gave him my promise, and, very heavily indeed, I left him. Great, good, and excellent that he is, how short a time will he be our boast! Ah, my dear Susy, I see he is going! This winter will never conduct him to a more genial season here! Elsewhere, who shall hope a fairer? I wish I had bid him pray for me; but it seemed to me presumptuous, though this repetition of so kind a condescension might, I think, have encouraged me. Mrs. Locke, however, I know does it daily; my Susan's best prayers I know are always mine; and where can I find two more innocent pleaders? So God bless you both!

Miss Burney to Dr. Burney.

Norbury Park, Nov. 29th, 1784.

MY DEAREST SIR,

I don't write because I have got anything to say, nor, indeed, because I have got nothing to say; for that were a most woeful reason for you, who are to read that nothing; but I write because—because—because—because—because—because—and if that should not be reason adequate, confess I have none more forcible!

Oh, yes, I have! Mrs. Locke is your most devoted. She will adhere, she says, most religiously to her proposed conditions; you shall have the best-selected, the sweetest-smelling, the most picturesque-formed nosegays she can procure you, made up by her own fair hand, and elected by her own discriminating nose: you shall have as long, and as broad, and as short, and as narrow a ribbon to tie them up as you shall decide yourself, and she will love you not only dearly by promise, but *tout de bon*, and without chicanery.

The housewife has not been mentioned again; but I know you may command the whole fair. This sweet place is just as I best like it, occupied only by its proper inhabitants. Winter here does not sweep away all beauty, though it deducts much from its character of smiling gaiety; but the bold and majestic form of the surrounding hills, and the thick mass of the noble, though leafless wood, still, and throughout the whole varying year, afford objects sufficiently diversified to engage, though not fully delight attention. A flat country is utterly desolate when all its trees are stripped, and its uninteresting extent is laid open to the disappointed eye, which wants some occasional check to stimulate curiosity, and give some play to fancy; and this, in summer, is done by every luxuriant branch. Here the irregularity of the ground supplies a constant variety, however variety may elsewhere regard change as its very essence; but every new gleam of light from every fresh breaking or passing cloud, so changes the point of view, and so metamorphoses the principal object, from the hill to the vale, and the wood to the plain, that much as summer is everywhere to be regretted, winter, here, has a thousand claims to being admired.

I shall come home faithfully to my time, Saturday. Mrs. Locke says she is ambitious you should know she may be trusted.

Mr. Locke has been himself to Mickleham, to give orders for the planting some trees before our captain's cottage, to shelter it from the dust, and from the staring of the road.

I wish Charlotte would have the kindness to give me a letter. I always want intolerably to hear something from home, by the time I have left it two days. I am preparing a noble folio sheet for our Susan. The weather is, I suppose, too bad for any intercourse with dear Etty.

Adieu, dearest sir. Mr. Locke desires me to give his compliments to you; for Mrs. Locke I think I have said enough. I beg my duty to my mother, and love to Charlotte, Dick, and Sarah, and am, dearest sir, yours most dutifully and affectionately.

F. B.

I suppose to-night is the first muster of the Blue forces. I want to know how they perform their exercises, who are their new recruits, and if there is ever a deserter to keep me in countenance.

Miss F. Burney to Mrs. Locke.

St. Martin's Street, Dec. 7, 1784.

Why, poor Norbury and I are now in greater disgrace than ever. To have known nothing of the Emperor and the Dutch, was indeed rather rustic; to have heard nothing of Lord George Gordon and his cockades, was, I acknowledge, somewhat defective:—but a new ignorance was discovered just now, more ignominious than all that preceded it; I was informed that the Duchess of Devonshire had cut the string of Mr. Blanchard's balloon! I had vegetated upon a spot, unconscious that Mrs. Crewe had sent up a glove in it! Oh, unaspiring Norbury! ignorant of wars, bloodshed, and rumours of war! Oh, clownish Norbury! stranger to the vagaries of the *ton*!

THURSDAY MORNING.—I was called away in the midst of my rhodomontade, and have lost all zest for pursuing it. I have been a second time to see poor Dr. Johnson, and both times he

was too ill to admit me. I know how very much worse he must be, for when I saw him last, which was the morning before I went to Norbury, he repeatedly and even earnestly begged me to come to him again, and to see him both as soon and as often as I could. I am told by Mr. Hoole that he inquired of Dr. Brocklesby if he thought it likely he might live six weeks? and the Doctor's hesitation saying—No—he has been more deeply depressed than ever. Fearing death as he does, no one can wonder. Why he should fear it, all may wonder.

He sent me down yesterday, by a clergyman who was with him, the kindest of messages, and I hardly know whether I ought to go to him again or not; though I know still less why I say so, for go again I both must and shall. One thing, his extreme dejection of mind considered, has both surprised and pleased me; he has now constantly an amanuensis with him, and dictates to him such compositions, particularly Latin and Greek, as he has formerly made, but repeated to his friends without ever committing to paper. This, I hope, will not only gratify his survivors, but serve to divert him.

The good Mr. Hoole and equally good Mr. Sastres attend him, rather as nurses than friends, for they sit whole hours by him, without even speaking to him. He will not, it seems, be talked to—at least very rarely. At times, indeed, he re-animates; but it is soon over, and he says of himself, "I am now like Macbeth, —question enrages me."

My father saw him once while I was away, and carried Mr. Burke with him, who was desirous of paying his respects to him once more in person. He rallied a little while they were there; and Mr. Burke, when they left him, said to my father—"His work is almost done; and well has he done it!"

How cheering, in the midst of these sad scenes and accounts of poor Dr. Johnson, are your words about your dear self and many selves!

One of the Moravians was here again the other evening, and was really entertaining enough, by the singular simplicity of his conversation. He was brought up in Germany, and spent the greater part of his early youth in roving about from place to

place, and country to country; for though he had his education in Germany, he is a native of Ireland, and his father and mother reside chiefly in England.

"Not being used," said he, "to a family when I was a boy, I always hated it; they seemed to me only so many wasps; for one told me I was too silent, and another wished I would not speak so much, and all of them found some fault or other. But now that I am come home to live, and am constrained to be with them, I enjoy it very much."

What must be the sect, and where the travelling, that shall un-Irish an Irishman?

Another of his confessions was this:—

"Luckily for me," said he, "I have no occasion to speak till about two o'clock, when we dine, for that keeps me fresh. If I were to begin earlier, I should only be like skimmed milk the rest of the day."

As he came in between five and six o'clock, we were still at dinner. My father asked him if he would join, and do what we were doing? "No, sir," answered he, very composedly, "I have done my tea this hour."

* * * * *

F. B.

Diary Resumed.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10th.—I went in the evening to poor Dr. Johnson. Frank told me he was very ill, but let me in. He would have taken me upstairs, but I would not see him without his direct permission. I desired Frank to tell him I called to pay my respects to him, but not to disturb him if he was not well enough to see me. Mr. Strahan, a clergyman, he said, was with him alone.

In a few minutes, this Mr. Strahan came to me himself. He told me Dr. Johnson was very ill, very much obliged to me for coming, but so weak and bad he hoped I would excuse his not seeing me.

I had promised to call for Charlotte at Mr. Hoole's; and there

I went in to tea, sure of a good reception, though too much out of spirits to be worth one. They were all at home, and their good humour and happiness were pleasant to behold, after such an unexpected blow.

Dear, dear, and much-reverenced Dr. Johnson! how ill or how low must he be, to decline seeing a creature he has so constantly, so fondly, called about him! If I do not see him again I shall be truly afflicted. And I fear, I almost know, I cannot!

At night my father brought us the most dismal tidings of dear Dr. Johnson. Dr. Warren had seen him, and told him to take what opium he pleased! He had thanked and taken leave of all his physicians. Alas!—I shall lose him, and he will take no leave of me! My father was deeply depressed; he has himself tried in vain for admission this week. Yet some people see him—the Hooles, Mr. Sastres, Mr. Langton;—but then they must be in the house, watching for one moment, whole hours. I hear from every one he is now perfectly resigned to his approaching fate, and no longer in terror of death. I am thankfully happy in hearing that he speaks himself now of the change his mind has undergone, from its dark horror, and says—“He feels the irradiation of hope!” Good, and pious, and excellent Christian—who shall feel it if not he?

DEC. 11th.—We had a party to dinner, by long appointment, for which, indeed, none of us were well disposed, the apprehension of hearing news only of death being hard upon us all. The party was, Dr. Rose, Dr. Gillies,* Dr. Garthshore,† and Charles.

The day could not be well—but mark the night.

My father, in the morning, saw this first of men! I had not

* Dr. Gillies. The learned author of the “History of Ancient Greece till the Division of the Macedonian Empire,” and several other historical works. He was appointed by George III. Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. Dr. Gillies was born in Forfarshire (Scotland) in 1750, and died in 1824.

† Dr. Garthshore. An eminent physician, son of the minister of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, where he was born. He came to London in 1763, and practised there the various branches of his profession, till his death, in 1812. He was the writer of many valuable medical and physiological papers in the Transactions of the Royal Society, &c.

his account till bedtime; he feared over-exciting me. He would not, he said, but have seen him for worlds! He happened to be better, and admitted him. He was up, and very composed. He took his hand very kindly, asked after all his family, and then, in particular, how Fanny did?

"I hope," he said, "Fanny did not take it amiss that I did not see her? I was very bad!"

Amiss!—what a word! Oh that I had been present to have answered it! My father stayed, I suppose, half an hour, and then was coming away. He again took his hand, and encouraged him to come again to him; and when he was taking leave, said—"Tell Fanny to pray for me!"

Ah! dear Dr. Johnson! might I but have *your* prayers! After which, still grasping his hand, he made a prayer for himself,—the most fervent, pious, humble, eloquent, and touching, my father says, that ever was composed. Oh, would I had heard it! He ended it with Amen! in which my father joined, and was echoed by all present. And again, when my father was leaving him, he brightened up, something of his arch look returned, and he said—"I think I shall throw the ball at Fanny yet!"

Little more passed ere my father came away, decided, most tenderly, not to tell me this till our party was gone.

This most earnestly increased my desire to see him; this kind and frequent mention of me melted me into double sorrow and regret. I would give the world I had but gone to him that day! It was, however, impossible, and the day was over before I knew he had said what I look upon as a call to me. This morning, after church time, I went. Frank said he was very ill, and saw nobody; I told him I had understood by my father the day before that he meant to see me. He then let me in. I went into his room upstairs; he was in his bedroom. I saw it crowded, and ran hastily down. Frank told me his master had refused seeing even Mr. Langton. I told him merely to say I had called, but by no means to press my admission. His own feelings were all that should be consulted; his tenderness, I knew, would be equal, whether he was able to see me or not.

I went into the parlour, preferring being alone in the cold to any company with a fire. Here I waited long, here and upon the stairs, which I ascended and descended to meet again with Frank, and make inquiries; but I met him not. At last, upon Dr. Johnson's ringing his bell, I saw Frank enter his room, and Mr. Langton follow. "Who's that?" I heard him say; they answered, "Mr. Langton," and I found he did not return.

Soon after, all the rest went away but a Mrs. Davis, a good sort of woman, whom this truly charitable soul had sent for to take a dinner at his house. I then went and waited with her by the fire: it was, however, between three and four o'clock before I got any answer. Mr. Langton then came himself. He could not look at me, and I turned away from him. Mrs. Davis asked how the Doctor was? "Going on to death very fast!" was his mournful answer. "Has he taken," said she, "anything?" "Nothing at all! We carried him some bread and milk—he refused it, and said, '*The less the better.*'" She asked more questions, by which I found his faculties were perfect, his mind composed, and his dissolution was quick drawing on.

I could not immediately go on, and it is now long since I have written at all; but I will go back to this afflicting theme, which I can now better bear.

Mr. Langton was, I believe, a quarter of an hour in the room before I suspected he meant to speak to me, never looking near me. At last he said—

"This poor man, I understand, ma'am, desired yesterday to see you."

"My understanding that, sir, brought me to-day."

"Poor man! it is pity he did not know himself better, and that you should have had this trouble."

"Trouble!" cried I; "I would come a hundred times to see him the hundredth and first!"

"He hopes, now, you will excuse him; he is very sorry not to see you; but he desired me to come and speak to you myself, and tell you he hopes you will excuse him, for he feels himself too weak for such an interview."

I hastily got up, left him my most affectionate respects, and every good wish I could half utter, and ran back to the coach. Ah, my Susy! I have never been to Bolt-court since! I then drove to poor Miss Strange, to make inquiries of the maid; but Andrew ran out to the coach door, and told me all hope was at an end. In short, the next day was fatal to both!—the same day!

* * * *

DEC. 20TH.—This day was the ever-honoured, ever-lamented Dr. Johnson committed to the earth. Oh, how sad a day to me! My father attended, and so did Charles. I could not keep my eyes dry all day! nor can I now in the recollecting it; but let me pass over what to mourn is now so

I had the good fortune at night of letter from my dearest Susy; that, and another from were alone able to draw me from this mournful day's

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THURSDAY, DEC. 30TH.—As I was engaged for this evening at Mrs. Chapone's, I found it necessary to call upon two or three people in the morning, lest my going thither, after so long a secession, should give offence. I went first to Lady Mary Duncan, who is but lately come from Bath. She was very gracious, and, as usual, very diverting. I then went to Lady F. B., and had another painful conference. Then I went to Mrs. Vesey, with whom I spent an hour very sociably, and she gave me great pleasure by showing me a letter from Mrs. Allison, late Miss Gregory, who is married very happily, though not richly, and with the world's approbation, though against Mrs. Montagu's. She would have kept me to dinner, very kindly; but I could not stay. I then left a card for Sophy Streatfield, and came home.

In the evening I went to Mrs. Chapone. I was late, on account of the coach, and all her party was assembled. Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Levison, her daughter, Mrs. Burrows, Mrs. Amy Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, Lady Rothes, Sir Lucas Pepys, young Burrows, Mr. Sandford, a young sea-officer, Mrs. Ord, and Miss Ord, her cousin.

This was the first time I had seen any of them, except Mrs.

Ord, since last spring. I was received with the utmost kindness by them all, but chiefly by Mrs. Chapone herself, who has really, I believe, a sincere regard for me. I had talk with all of them, except Mrs. Levison, with whom I have merely a curtseying acquaintance. But I was very sad within; the loss of dear Dr. Johnson—the flight of Mrs. Thrale—the death of poor Miss Kitty Cambridge, and of poor, good Miss Strange,—all these home and bosom strokes, which had all struck me since my last meeting this society, were revolving in my mind the whole time I stayed.

Sir Lucas Pepys talked to me a great deal of Mrs. Thrale, and read me a letter from her, which seems to shew her gay and happy. I hope it shows not false colours. No one else named her; but poor Dr. Johnson was discussed repeatedly. How melancholy will all these circumstances render these once so pleasant meetings.

DEC. 31st.—I called early upon my dear Mrs. Delany, who was just come to town, as Mrs. Boscawen told me the night before; but she was not up, and I could not see her. And where did I spend the rest of the day? With the sweet Lockes, in Upper Brook-street. I went to wait their arrival, with their dear little girls, and I stayed with them till bedtime. Dear, charming people! how did they soothe my troubled mind! I had felt nothing so like peace since I left them; and this real pleasure, with an exerted suppression of sadness, gave us all, I believe, an equally pleasant day. You may think how I must be guarded there—there, where I can show no sorrow that will not instantly spread to themselves.

